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ART. I.—*Life of William Blake, "Pictor Ignotus," with Selections from his Poems and other Writings.* By the late ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Illustrated from Blake's own Works in facsimile by W. J. LINTON, and in Photography with a few of Blake's original plates. In Two Volumes. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

THE great landscape painter, Linnell—whose portraits were, some of them, as choice as Holbein's—in the year 1827 painted a portrait of William Blake, the great idealist, and an engraving of it is here before us as we write. A friend, looking at it, observed that it was "like a landscape." It was a happy observation. The forehead resembles a corrugated mountain-side, worn with tumbling streams, "blanching and billowing in the hollows of it;" the face is twisted into "as many lines as the new map with the augmentation of the Indies;" it is a grand face, ably anatomised, full of energy and vitality, and out of these labyrinthine lines there gazes an eye which seems to behold things more than mortal. At the Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington, there was a portrait of the same man by Thomas Phillips; but very different in treatment: the skin covers the bones and sinews more calmly; the attitude is eager, wistful, and prompt. Comparing the two, so fine and so various, portraits, you are able adequately to conceive the man; and in both you feel that this awful EYE, far-gazing, subduing the unseen to itself, was the most wonderful feature of the countenance. It is the countenance of a man whose grave is not to be recognised at this day, while Linnell lives on in venerable

age, producing his glorious representations of the phenomena of Nature, as she appears out of doors, and, we believe, enjoying a large success, which he would merit, if for nothing else, as the reward of his kindness to William Blake. The title of the book we have in hand contains the term "*Pictor Ignotus*," as applied to the subject of the memoir. It was published in 1863, and he is "unknown" no longer. We should have reviewed the book earlier, but preferred to digest it at leisure, and not to give utterance to hasty judgments on a subject so remarkable. We hope that at this distance of time the topic may have something of that mixture of old and new which is more charming than either taken separately, and are sure that such a life is not to be classed among those things which are only interesting while the flower of novelty is upon them—for "the artist never dies."

If we wished by a single question to sound the depth of a man's mind and capacity for the judgment of works of pure imagination, we know of none we should be so content to put as this one, "What think you of William Blake?" He is one of those crucial tests which at once manifest the whole man of art and criticism. He is a stumbling-block to all pretenders, to all conventional learnedness, to all merely technical excellence. Many a notorious painter, whose canvasses gather crowds and realise hundreds of pounds, might be, as it were, detected and shelved by the touch of this "officer in plain clothes." In him there is an utter freedom from pretence. Mr. Thackeray, with all his minute perception of human weaknesses and meannesses, could not have affixed upon this son of nature any, the smallest, accusation of what he has called "snobbishness." As soon might we charge the west wind, or the rising harvest moon, or the grey-plumed nightingale with affectation, as affix the stigma upon this simple, wondering, child-man, who wanders in russet by "the shores of old romance," or walks "with death and morning on the silver horns," in careless and familiar converse with the angel of the heights. You may almost gather so much if you look on this engraving alone. Say if that upright head, sturdy as Hogarth's, sensitive as Charles Lamb's, dreamy and gentle as Coleridge's, could ever have harboured a thought either malignant or mean? It is a recommendation to the biography. He must have a dull soul indeed, who, having seen that face, does not long to know who and what the man was who bore it; and it shall be our endeavour, in our humble way, to act as a guide to the solution of the inquiry. But before we give

some account of "who," we must be permitted to offer some preliminary reflections, enabling us better to understand "what," he was.

No question in art or literature has been more discussed and with less decisiveness than that of the relations of subject matter to style or form; and on the view taken by the critic of the comparative value of these relations, will depend the degree of respect and admiration with which he will regard the products of Blake's genius. To those who look on the flaming inner soul of invention as being of far more importance than the grosser integuments which harbour and defend it, giving it visibility and motion to the eye, Blake will stand on one of the highest summits of excellence and fame. To those who, having less imagination and feeling, are only able to comprehend thought when it is fully and perfectly elaborated in outward expression, he must ever seem obscure, and comparatively unlovely. There can be no doubt that the true ideal is that which unites in equal strength the forming and all-energising imagination, and the solid body of external truth by which it is to manifest itself to the eye and mind. There are moments when the sincere devotee of Blake is disposed to claim for him a place as great as that occupied by Michael Angelo; when, carried away by the ravishment of his fiery wheels, the thought is lost beyond the confines of sense, and he seems "in the spirit to speak mysteries." In more sober hours, when it is evident that we are fixed for the present in a system of embodiment which soul informs, but does not blur, or weaken, or obscure, we are compelled to wish that to his mighty faculty of conception Blake had added that scientific apprehensiveness which, when so conjoined, never fails to issue in an absolute and permanent greatness. But, having granted thus much, let us not spoil one of the most original and charming of the many joys to be found "in stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find" along the meads of art, by hankering after what will not be found, or quarrelling with what we cannot mend. Before we can come to a true initiation into, and an abiding enjoyment of, the domains of representative art, we must have a keen, clear, settled, and contented view of its *limitations*. Far less of the fruitlessness of discontent enters into poetry and literature than into the subject of painting and sculpture. One would think that the reason of this was obvious; yet it is lost sight of continually. Our experience has shown us that there are few who receive from works of a plastic kind a tithe of their power to please, be-

cause of the narrow, uncatholic, querulous condition of mind arising from a false standard and unwarrantable expectations. They will not be at the pains to recollect the wide chasm of difference between a medium in which only that need be told which can be told with truth, and one in which *all* must be told, either truthfully or untruthfully; they will not reflect that the visible phenomena of nature are endless; that absolute perfection requires the presence of the whole series of those phenomena, and that nothing less can produce on the eye the full effect of nature; that the conditions on which representations are made are subject to such an infinity of accidents, that it would take a regiment rather than a single man to catch the mere blush and bloom of any one aspect of nature at any one time. They forget that life is short; health, variable; opportunity, mutable; means, precarious; memory, feeble; days, dark; "models," impracticable; pigments, dull; and media, disappointing.

Let us implore the visitor of gallery and studio to reflect for a while on these inexorable limitations and distinctions, and to endeavour rather to extract pleasure out of what is absolutely *there*, than to repine over the lack of sufficiencies which, probably, if demanded, would be found as incompatible with the subject treated, as to paint the creaking of a gibbet, or the shriek of a steam-whistle. For our own part, with any such persons we should hesitate until this investigation had been comprehensively and satisfactorily made, to draw forth on a winter evening, and in the sober quiet of the study, where alone such an action should be performed, that plain, grand, and solemn volume which is called *Illustrations of the Book of Job*, invented and engraved by William Blake. And we should even longer hesitate before we called his enthusiastic attention to the small, rather rude and dark-looking, but to our mind most precious fac-simile of the book which is appended to Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*. And yet our inward thought on the subject is that in the whole range of graphic art there is no epic more stately, no intellectual beauty more keen and thrilling, no thinking much more celestial and profound.

The history and career of the designer of this noble poem are as interesting as his work. Judged by the ridiculous standard most frequently used in England for the admeasurement of position, his life was unsuccessful, and his surroundings mean. Judged by that far more exalted scale which Wordsworth applies when he praises the "plain living and high thinking" of former ages and men, his life was

enviable and serene, a confluence of outward sufficiency and inward wealth ample enough to have stored a hundred minds. He was born in November, 1757, in Broad-street, Carnaby-market, Golden-square. His father was a hosier in moderate circumstances, who gave him but an imperfect education. He was a dreamy child, and fond of rambling into the country, to Blackheath, Norwood, and Dulwich. His faculties and proclivities were soon enough seen, and in startling forms. He not only imagined, but said that he actually *saw* angels nestling in a tree, and walking among the haymakers in a field.

In these country rambles, we have one of the germs of his peculiar character and genius. Human powers and opportunities act and react on each other. The fledgling bird has enfolded in its bosom the passion for flight and for song, and realises by foretaste, one might think, as the winds rock its nest, the music of the woods and the rapture of the illimitable air. So there are premonitory stirrings, as sweet and inexpressible, in the breast of the heaven-made child of genius. They are its surest sign. Talent grows insensibly, steadily, and discreetly. Genius usually has in early years a joyous restlessness, a keen, insatiable relish of life; an eye soon touched with the "fine frenzy," and glancing everywhere. It is

"Nursed by the waterfall
That ever sounds and shines,
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs aloof descried;"

and is as various, as incessant, as full of rainbow colour and mingled sound. One of our most unquestionable men of genius tells us how, as a child, landscape nature was effectually haunted to him. The cataract chimed in his ears and sang mysterious songs; the "White Lady of Avenel" fluttered about his path, or sank in the black swirl and foam of the whirlpool. A child-painter will find it a bliss to notice that the distant hills are of a fine Titianesque blue, long before he knows who Titian was, or has seen a picture. It will give him ineffable joy to see how the valley lifts itself towards the mountains, and how the streams meander from their recesses. He is not taught this; it comes to him as blossoms come to the spring, and is the first mark of his vocation. It was this inward thirst and longing that sent out the boy Blake into the fields and lanes, and among the suburban hills. The force of boyish imagination must have

been stronger in him than in most even of the children of genius, for as early as the age of thirteen or fourteen the conceptions of his mind began to assume an external form. He saw a tree sparkling in the sun, and discovered that it was *filled with angels*. When he narrated this event at home, his father was disposed to beat him for telling a lie, and would have done so, but for the interposition of his mother. Yet he continued to maintain the substantial truth of his story. In later life he perplexed friends and strangers by this mingling of the inward and outward. He was on one occasion "talking to a little group gathered round him, within hearing of a lady whose children had just come home from boarding-school for the holidays. 'The other evening,' said Blake, in his usual quiet way, 'taking a walk, I came to a meadow, and at the further corner of it I saw a fold of lambs. Coming nearer, the ground blushed with flowers, and the wattled cote and its woolly tenants were of an exquisite pastoral beauty. But I looked again, and it proved to be no living flock, but beautiful sculpture.' The lady, thinking this was a capital holiday show for her children, eagerly interposed, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake, but *may* I ask *where* you saw this?' 'Here, madam,' answered Blake, touching his forehead. The reply brings us to the point of view from which Blake himself regarded his visions. It was by no means the mad view those ignorant of the man have fancied. He would candidly confess that they were not literal matters of fact, but phenomena seen by his imagination, *realities* none the less for that, but transacted within the realm of mind." We must say that there is something baffling in this double-minded assertion. That ideas in "the realm of mind" become, where the faculty of imagination is strong, equivalent in importance to realities, is never questioned; it is a waste of our interest and sympathy to claim for them more than a mental life, since no end can be answered by it, unless it be to suggest an unnecessary charge of unsoundness of mind; and, on the other hand, the want of judgment displayed in thus uselessly tampering with the feelings of others, exposes a man to a similar charge on different grounds. But even in regard to what is called vision by the inward eye, there are certain limitations which should not be forgotten. Fuseli wished he could "paint up to what he *saw*." We have heard of other instances where this clearness of mental vision was laid claim to, where, nevertheless, the artist made abundance of various preparatory sketches. It appears to us that if the interior image does indeed pos-

sess the actual completeness of life, there is nothing to do but copy what is before the mind's eye. We know painters of the highest imagination who do not possess this extravagant sensibility and completeness of parts in the regions of conception. They have the animation of a labouring, inward idea, which glimmers before the vision. They have judgment and taste, by which they know when it is successfully translated into outward form. But all the greatest painters have referred to and depended most minutely on the aid of natural models for the whole series of facts by means of which the image was to be realised on canvas.

Young Blake's visions of angels, when analysed, would probably occur in some such way as the following:—It was in no green-topped suburban tree that he saw the heavenly visitants. We must rather suppose him returning, after the oxygen of the Surrey hill-winds had exalted his nerves, among the orchards of some vale into which the last rays of the sun shine with their setting splendours. Here he pauses, leans over a gate, looks at a large, blossom-loaded tree, in which the threads of sunlight are entangled like gossamers, which "twinkle into green and gold." A zephyr stirs the cloud of sun-stricken bloom, where white, commingled with sparkling red, flushes over leaves of emerald. Tears of boyish delight "rise from his heart, and gather to his eyes," as he gazes on it. The rays which kindle the blossoms turn his gathered tears to prisms, through which snow-white and ruby blooms, shaken along with the leaf-emeralds, quiver and dance. The impressible brain, already filled with thoughts of the "might of stars and angels," kindles suddenly into a dream-like creative energy, and the sunny orchard becomes a Mahanaim, even to his outward eye.

So it must have been with that other similar incident. He rambles among hayfields, where white-robed girls, graceful as those whom Mulready has represented in the haymaking scene in Mr. Baring's gallery, are raking the fragrant fallen grass, and singing as they move. There are times when men not particularly imaginative, looking on the bloom of girlhood, and softened by the music of youthful voices, come very near to the illusion by which the imagination raises "a mortal to the skies," or draws "an angel down." Blake, under the enchantments of boyhood and beauty, only took the short remaining stride, and fancy became sufficiently veracious fact.

He began early to draw—attended picture sales and frequented print shops—was "put to Mr. Par's drawing-school

in the Strand," where he copied casts from the antique, collected engravings from the great Italians and Germans, and before he was fourteen began to compose poetry of unwonted sweetness, and containing the germ of that strange lyric power in which he stands alone among lyrists. It was one of the happy circumstances of Blake's career that his parents did not attempt to throw hindrances in the way of his becoming an artist: most men observe with considerable anxiety any traces of special inclination to the pursuit of art shown by their children, because of the great uncertainty which, no doubt, attaches to the calling. A few words may here be worth setting down on this head. Times have greatly altered in this, as in so many other particulars, since Blake's day. The whole field and apparatus of design have been enlarged. In the year 1767 there was nothing like the variety of occupation for the painter which there is now. In those days the artist, like the poet, had little chance of success unless he were taken by the hand and "patronised," in the old sense of the word. As the likelihood of being thus noticed depended greatly on accident, it was a dangerous risk for a lad to run when he resolved on throwing his life into the pursuit of painting or sculpture. Reynolds was so fortunate as to obtain high patronage early in life, and was of a constitution of mind able to use, without abusing, his opportunities. Wilkie, when only twenty years of age, gained the life-long friendship and support of Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave. He, too, had that admiration for grand society, and that placid and humble temper, which promoted the stability of such aids to success. Jackson was found on a tailor's shop board by the same kindly and noble Lord Mulgrave, and was allowed 200*l.* a year to enable him to study, until it became evident such good fortune was ruining him, and the annuity was mercifully withdrawn. No doubt many young painters have been "taken up" by eminent patrons, who have never made their way in life. Patronage will not qualify a painter, though the want of it may prevent the highest abilities from being fairly developed. It is questionable whether even the best early patronage would have enabled Blake to succeed in any high degree. We shall see, as we proceed, that the inherent qualities of his mind—the marked and settled characteristics of his work, chosen and cultivated with a strength of conviction which no opinion of others, no baits of fortune, no perception of self-interest, could have shaken or disturbed—these, as well as the quality of his temper, were such that he never could have been largely appreciated during

his own life. In so far as he becomes more and more recognised, it will be through a medium of interpretation, partly literary, partly artistic, which will enable thoughtful and refined minds to read his works as they read the classics in the dead languages. The lapse of a century has altered all the external conditions of art. There is no longer a need for patronage, in the ancient sense of the word. No painter has to take his turn in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room—pictured for us by E. M. Ward—with the yawning parson, who comes to dedicate his volume of sermons; the widow, who wants a place in the charity-school for her son; the wooden-legged, overlooked, sea-captain, who indignantly lugs out his turnip of a chronometer; the insolent, red-coated man of the turf, who peers through an eye-glass, fixed on the end of his jockey-whip, at the frowning and impatient Samuel Johnson, in snuff-colour, who is perhaps even now chewing the bitter end of that notable sentence which begins, "Is not a patron my Lord," and ends with the words "encumbers him with help." It is comparatively rarely that an English noble buys the more precious work of the pencil. The men to whom the painter addresses himself with hope are the wealthy merchant, the successful tradesman, the tasteful lawyer, the physician in good practice. While he pushes himself up to the higher levels, most young men of any invention and skill can keep poverty at arm's length by designing on wood for "Punch," or "Judy," or the "Illustrated News," or the "Cornhill Magazine," or the "Good Words," or one of that legion of periodicals, weekly and monthly, which bristle with clever woodcuts, and in which, as in an open tilting-yard, young squires of the pencil may win their spurs. Even when the power of invention is not present in a high degree there is much work of a prosaic kind required, in doing which a fair living may be obtained by a diligent young man of average ability, not to speak of the exceedingly valuable practice afforded by this kind of labour. It seems not unlikely that this field will enlarge. Society is meeting its modern abridgments of time for reading by a rational employment of the arts of illustration—the photograph and the wood engraving. We learn in a glance now-a-days more than our forefathers learned in a page of print; yet if William Blake had lived in these days of ample opportunity his work would have been equally at a discount. He dealt with the abiding, the abstract—with the eternal, and not the fleeting, aspects of passing life. What the Book of Job is to the "Cornhill Magazine," that was the mind of Blake to "the spirit of the age."

At fourteen he was apprenticed to Basire the engraver, by whom he was set to draw the monuments in Westminster Abbey and in the old churches about London—an occupation which had a great influence on his future manner of design. The influence of these solitary Gothic studies is traceable all through the future career of Blake. While the antique is the finest school for the study of the structure of the human form in its Adamic strength and beauty, the religious sculpture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is the noblest material of study for the spiritual powers of form. The faces, though not often realising much delicacy of modelling, have far more expression than in the Greek statues. There is a mingling of ascetic severity with contemplative repose which transfuses itself into the beholder's mind, and gains upon him stealthily but surely, till he "forgets himself to marble." These monuments cannot be separated from the piles of wonderful architecture to which they belong. The niche in which a figure of bishop or king is placed is a portion of a great whole. It is usually adapted to its own position and lighting—a most important fact in monumental sculpture. There is a fine passage in Rogers' "Italy" describing the monument by Michael Angelo, where a warrior sits musing in gigantic repose under the shadow of his helmet, which casts so deep a gloom over the upper part of the face that, to the imagination of the beholder, the soul looks out of the frowning shade, and, "like a basilisk, it fascinates and is intolerable." A cast of the same statue may be seen at the Crystal Palace, but not with the same circumstantial advantages. The ghostly fascination of that glooming shadow is gone, though much remains. The power which the statuary of one of our old cathedrals may acquire over the mind is inconceivable, unless we do as Blake did during this advantageous sojourn in the Abbey, so replenished with the most august memories and images. The verger's voice must cease to echo among the soaring shafts of the nave, the last vibration of the organ must die among the groinings of the roof. An absolute solitude must settle along the marble tombs and into the shadowy recesses. There must be no sounds but those faint, ceaseless, unearthly whispers of which every large cathedral is full. Sighs as it were of the weary centuries, more stilly and enchainning than utter silence. Some definite object must be before us to hold the mind above the airy fancies of such a loneliness; some brass to be copied; some Templar to sketch and measure in his chain-mail (which the younger Stothard etched so deliciously), as he lies

stark along the dark time-gnawn marble, or crouching in the panel of a crumbling tomb; or archives to search, and worm-eaten parchments to unroll, among earthy odours. It is after months of such experience as this that we begin to realise the dreadful beauty, the high majesty, of Gothic shrines and their clinging soul of imagination—the soul of many, not of one—of the ages, not of years. Mr. Gilchrist thinks it just possible that Blake may have seen the secret reopening of the coffin which revealed the face of Edward I., and the “yellow eyelids fallen,” which dropped so sternly over his angry eyes at Carlisle. In Blake’s angels and women, and, indeed, in most of his figures, we may see the abiding influence of these mediæval studies in that element of patriarchal quietude, which sits meditating among the wildest storms of action.

The style of Basire laid the foundation of Blake’s own practice as an engraver. It was dry and solid, and fitted for the realisation of strong and abstract pictorial thinking. While here he wrote many songs, which were collected into a volume, and published by the help of friends in 1783. In order to a right view of Blake’s organisation, we must from the first bear in mind that he was a poetic thinker, who held in his hands two instruments of utterance—and “with such a pencil, such a pen,” few mortals were ever gifted. The combination of high literary power with high pictorial power is one of the rarest of endowments, and it is only among the loftiest order of minds—the Michael Angelos, the Leonardos, and the Raffaelles—that its presence is eminently distinguishable, though by them held in check.

The superb original strength of faculty to which the instrument is an accident, and which is able to work in any field, seems to be among Heaven’s rarest gifts.

Of Blake’s conditions and limitations as a general thinker, we shall have afterwards to speak. Thought with him leaned largely to the side of imagery rather than to the side of organised philosophy; and we shall have to be on our guard, while reading the record of his views and opinions, against the dogmatism which was more frequently based on exalted fancies, than on the rock of abiding reason and truth. He never dreamed of questioning the correctness of his impressions. To him all thought came with the clearness and veracity of vision. The conceptive faculty, working with a perception of outward facts singularly narrow and imperfect, projected every idea boldly into the sphere of the actual. What he *thought*, he *saw*, to all intents and purposes; and it

was this sudden and sharp crystallisation of inward notions into outward and visible signs, which produced the impression on many beholders that reason was unseated—a surmise which his biographer regards so seriously as to devote a chapter to the consideration of the question “Mad or not mad?” If we say on this point at once, that, without attempting definitions and distinctions, and while holding his substantial genius in the highest esteem, having long studied both his character and his works, we cannot but, on the whole, lean to the opinion that, somewhere in the wonderful compound of flesh and spirit—somewhere in those recesses where the one runs into the other—he was “slightly touched,” we shall save ourselves the necessity of attempting to defend certain phases of his work, while maintaining an unqualified admiration for the mass and manner of his thoughts.

At the age of twenty-one he studied for a while in the recently-instituted Royal Academy, under the care of “Old Moser,” whose fitness for his work may be judged by his recommendation to Blake to leave the study of the prints from Michael Angelo and Raffaele, and to study those from Le Brun and Rubens. His reply to Moser gives us an insight into Blake’s temper, and the strong combative modes of expression which, delivered, we are told, in quiet tones for the most part, characterised him through life:—“How,” says he, “did I secretly rage! I also spake my mind! I said to Moser, ‘These things that you call finished are not even begun;—how then can they be finished? The man who does not know the beginning cannot know the end of art.’” And the view he here took of pictorial appliances explains most of the theory which embraces his highest excellences and his greatest defects. The living model artificially *posed*, to his sensitive fancy, “smelt of mortality.” “Practice and opportunity,” he said, “very soon teach the language of art. Its spirit and poetry, centred in the imagination alone, never can be taught; and these make the artist.” And again, a still more frank, and, to some minds, fatal confession, made in old age was this: “Natural objects *always did and do* weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me.” And yet, lest this should tend to lower the reader’s interest in the faculty of the painter, let us indulge ourselves by quoting the motto selected for this biography, to show the magnificent way in which he “lights his torch at Nature’s funeral pile:”—

"I ASSERT for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance, and not action. 'What,' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

One is reminded here of the more solemn adjudication of the relative claims of Mystery and Understanding given by St. Paul to the Corinthian Church. He does not deny the validity of the mystery, yet expresses the strong views of a man of practical power. "I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." We confess that we can never glance at the wild mysteries of "Thel," and "Urisen," and "Jerusalem," without a frequent recurrence of this somewhat depreciatory phrase "ten thousand words in an unknown tongue;" and, while acknowledging that, "Howbeit in the spirit he speaketh mysteries," being strongly disposed to advance our sling-stone of "five" against the Goliath of "ten thousand." It seems to us, also, that there is something misleading in the vague use of the words "practice and opportunity." The value of the old phrase "Practice makes perfect" depends on what we mean by practice: as we take it, it means *the doing again and again of the same kind of thing, till we do it rightly*; and opportunity here is to be understood as *the presentation of appropriate and available means*.

Form, colour, light and shade, and composition, are the dictionary, the syntax, and the prosody of painting. The thought, the central idea of the picture, corresponds to its realisation, as thinking in words does to grammar. If dictionaries are of no use, and grammar has no relation to thought, then the details of the human or any other form have no relation to painting. Indeed, to deny this is to create a ridiculous paradox, which one may readily illustrate from the works of Blake himself. What his inner eye may see in the rising sun it is not for us to determine, but he has drawn most pathetically in the drama of *Job* both rising and retreating suns. It is true that he has not made them about the size of "a guinea;" rather their arcs span the gloomy horizon like a rainbow; but it is the segment of a *circle*—why did he not draw it square or pyramidal? In order to draw at all he was obliged to conform at least to *one* fact of nature; and so far as he followed her at all she did not "put him out," as Fuseli

affirmed that nature did for him likewise. The case in which he has carried realistic idealism to its utmost verge is perhaps in the strange design called "the Ghost of a Flea;" but examine the features of the ghost, and say if for *material* he is not indebted first to the baser and more truculent lines of the human skull and nose, and eye and hair, and then to those insect-like elements which he had observed in the plated beetle and the curious fly. The solemn boundaries of form become ridiculous when they wander without enclosing some expressive fact visible to the eye either in heaven above or in earth beneath, and the question only remains, *How much* of this array of fact is needful adequately to convey the *given idea*? Jan Van Huysum would here pronounce a judgment entirely at the opposite pole from that of William Blake; and there is no surer mark of the true connoisseur than to be able to put himself "*en rapport*" with the designer, and to judge at once his aim and the degree in which it has been realised. It would introduce a dangerous axiom to say that, in proportion to the grandeur and unearthliness of a thought, the aid of common facts is less needed; it entirely depends on *what* idea and *what* facts are in question. As applied to the human form, and to the highest idealisations of it yet known, and never to be surpassed, it would repay the reader who can see the collections of Michael Angelo's drawings at Oxford, to observe with what grand reverence and timidity that learned pencil dwelt on the most minute expressions of detail, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; and it was this abundant *learning* which enabled the far-stretching soul of the mighty Florentine to avoid and to eliminate, amongst a hundred details, all those lines and forms which would not accord with the brooding and colossal majesty of his prophets, the frowning eagerness of his sibyls, the cosmic strength of the first father, or the waving beauty of the mother of us all.

A leading principle in Blake's design was that "a good and firm outline" is its main requisite. The claims of colour *versus* drawing, are not very fully opened out by his practice. Most of his works were of a kind that singularly divided these elements. Such of his productions as are most delightful in colour are comparatively rude and heavy in outline—and where his line is most sharp and masterly, the element of colour is nearly or altogether absent. His colour again was not so much an imitative as a purely decorative agent. The question as to whether the highest qualities of colour are compatible with the highest qualities of form, seems to us to be not so much a matter of abstract possibility as of actual

and personal practice. Tintoretto proposed to unite the "terrible manner" and grand drawing of Michael Angelo to the colour of Titian. There seems no reason in the nature of these two elements why they should not be united in the highest perfection—whether any genius will arise who will succeed in doing this remains to be seen. Colour is to drawing what music is to rhythmic words. It is not under every set of conditions that music can be "married to immortal verse" with success. Much depends on the auditory—much on the apprehension of the musician. There are delights of the eye in colour alone which fully correspond to the delights of melody alone. We may see in so common an object as an old garden wall and in the compass of a dozen moss-grown or lichen-stained bricks, with the irregular intervening mortar-lines, such hues and harmonies as will for a while give to the trained eye the same delight as a happy air of music gives to the instructed ear. No two red bricks are alike. Some deepen into rich and mottled purples, others kindle into ruddy orange, or subside into greys of the loveliest gradation. These accidental combinations of time-stain and emerald moss-growth with the cloudy hues of the irregular brick-wall, are sufficient of themselves to satisfy an eye open to perceive and understand them. In painting we may observe all manner of pleasant sophistries, which it is a fine holiday amusement to disentangle—arising from these subtle and indefinable relations of the pleasures of colour to the pleasures of form. How often we receive—especially among the smaller and more sketchy examples of landscape art, the most bewitching impressions from this sophistical play of the elements into each other. Translate some of the sketches labelled "Evening," or "Solitude," into black and white, and their glory would sink into a compost of rude forms, gloomy and incorrect, quite incapable of existing alone. Add the daring tints—the sombre greens, the purples, clouded with fluent ultramarine—the red bands of fire seen between dark tree stems—the amber seas of air, or "that green light which lingers in the West," and you are so far imposed upon that you do not dream of questioning the legality of the magic which, by its very intensification of mutual and interchangeable errors, produces on the mind the same sensation wrought on it when beholding the splendid shows of the landscape itself. We are far from believing that the rule and square of mere *literal* truth can be rigidly applied to human reproductions of nature. The difficulty of analysing the great equations and compensatory powers of art, will ever

make it an interesting subject of pursuit to the human race. It is a sea whose horizon fades—

“For ever and for ever as we move.”

Even when colour is used in the engraver's sense of black and white alone, these comminglings, as mystic as twilight, retain their power over the eye and fancy. Opposite to page 270, vol. i. of Blake's *Life*, there are three woodcuts, which fully illustrate our meaning. They were done to ornament the *Pastorals* of Virgil, edited by Dr. Thornton, and are of a degree of rudeness apparently verging on incapacity. Yet we would venture to ask any competent judge whether an effect in a high degree poetic is not produced by the total sentiment of the design. To our eye they seem to contain a germ of that grandeur and sense of awe and power of landscape which in some of his works John Linnell has carried out so finely, where dawn-lights dream over tranquil folds or evening slowly leaves the valley flock to the peace of night.

In confirmation of our views we will quote from Mr. Gilchrist. The signal agreement of men so well qualified to judge as those named in the extracts is worth notice:—

“The rough unconventional work of a mere 'prentice hand to the art of wood-engraving, they are in effect vigorous and artist-like, recalling the doings of Albert Dürer and the early masters, whose aim was to give ideas, not pretty language. When he sent in these seventeen, the publishers, unused to so daring a style, were taken aback, and declared 'this man must do no more,' nay, were for having all he *had* done re-cut by one of their regular hands. The very engravers received them with derision, crying out in the words of the critic, 'This will never do.' Blake's merits, seldom wholly hidden from his artist-contemporaries, were always impenetrably dark to the book and print selling genus. Dr. Thornton had in his various undertakings been munificent to artists to an extent which brought him to poverty. But he had himself no knowledge of art, and despite kind intentions, was disposed to take his publisher's views. However, it fortunately happened that, meeting one day several artists at Mr. Aders's table, — Lawrence, James Ward, Linnell, and others, conversation fell on the Virgil. All present expressed warm admiration of Blake's art, and of those designs and woodcuts in particular. By such competent authority re-assured, if also puzzled, the good Doctor began to think there must be more in them than he and his publishers could discern. The contemplated sacrifice of the blocks already cut was averted.”

And so we have these three grand but uncouth blocks printed before us—in one of which the shepherd is eloquent

among the ewes and sucking lambs—another where a traveller walks solemnly on among the hills alone—while in a third “the young moon with the old moon in her arms,” rises over fallen ranks of wheat. Thought cannot fathom the secret of their power, and yet the power is there.

Blake’s reverence for “a firm and determinate outline” misled him chiefly where his works are intended to be elaborately shaded. The importance of right outline to all noble drawing cannot be over-estimated. It must never be forgotten, however, that outline only represents the surface of objects in their extreme confines right and left, above and below—nor that the eye recognises the intermediate spaces with all their projection and depression as clearly as it sees the limit which is called outline.

To take a simple illustration of this. The outline of an egg, with its lovely tapering lines, is primarily needful to record the image of an egg on paper or canvas. If Flaxman draws the egg from which Castor and Pollux issued, the oval boundary is sufficient. It is accepted as a type of the egg just as the flat figures of his designs from Homer or Hesiod are accepted as the types of men. But the case is altered if the relief of the whole has to be given by shading. An egg all outline in the midst of a shaded design would look as flat as a small oval kite. To produce its proportion of resemblance, the outline must be filled with its pale moonshine gradations up to the central “high light,” by means of which the surface appears to swell forward to the eye. These gradations and shaded forms must be in their true place as much as the bounding line, or it will not yield the correct impression. If we apply this rule to each single feature of the human face and figure, we shall see that while the firm and decided outline must be given correctly, it is only a hundredth part of the truth. Each point of the surface of the body if turned sufficiently, would *become* outline, and indeed there is no portion of the exposed superficies which may not be called outline in this sense. It is owing to a one-sided view of the question of drawing them that we have to search among the often uncouth and broken shading in the plates of Blake, for that powerful and accurate outline which we are sure almost universally to find.

After these fair, nay, ample opportunities for learning the appliances of design, Blake began to invent the long series of drawings, semi-paintings, and etchings, on which, and on a large section of his lyrics, his solid fame must ever rest. He supported himself by journeyman’s work for the

publishers. In 1780 he exhibited a drawing of "The Death of Earl Godwin," at the Royal Academy, and continued for years occasionally to exhibit there.

All his works were done in pencil or in water-colours. "With the still tougher mechanical difficulties of oil-painting he never fairly grappled," and, indeed, with his views of the inadequacy and unimportance of the solid facts of nature, it was utterly impossible that he should ever have been able to use with effect such an ample vehicle of expression. He married, and his marriage forms a pretty story, told in Allan Cunningham's sketch, as well as more at length here. His wife became the faithful "Kate," whose image is inextricably bound up with that of the old man who attained "to something like prophetic strain," in the ears of the small band of faithful young disciples, some of whom survive to this day.

"Catherine Boucher was endowed with a loving, loyal nature, an adaptive open mind, capable of profiting by good teaching, and of enabling her, under constant high influence, to become a meet companion to her imaginative husband in his solitary and wayward course. Uncomplainingly and helpfully she shared the low and rugged fortunes which over-originality insured as his unvarying lot in life. She had mind and the ambition which follows. Not only did she prove a good housewife on straitened means, but in after years, under his tuition and hourly companionship, she acquired, besides the useful arts of reading and writing, that which very few uneducated women with the honestest effort can succeed in attaining, some footing of equality with her husband. She in time came to work off his engravings, as though she had been bred to the trade; nay, imbibed enough of his very spirit to reflect it in design which might almost have been his own."

It was a fortunate circumstance for Blake, in a professional sense, that he had no children. In many cases, the necessities of a family rouse and develop the resources of the parent mind, and discover means of support where none appeared. This would have been impossible with such a nature as Blake's. He might have drudged and slaved at prosaic work with the graver, and so have been prevented from finding his own sphere as an inventor, but he could not have made his works a whit more acceptable to the general taste. He needed no spur; his powers were always awake, always on the stretch; and we have probably from his hand all that could ever have been obtained under the most favourable circumstances. Many a man is depressed by poverty and anxiety below the level of his secret capacities. It was not so here. The last touches of his steady graving tool are as

cool and strong in the latest of his works as in the earliest. It was not in the power of neglect, or pain, or sickness, or age, or infirmity, to quench a vital force so native and so fervent.

He and his wife took a little house in Green-street, Leicester-fields. He had become acquainted with Flaxman, the sculptor, and was by him introduced to "the celebrated Mrs. Matthew," of whom the oblivious waves of time have left no authentic trace, except that she loved letters and art, and held elegant *conversaciones*, at which Blake used to appear, and where he used to recite or sing his sweet lyrical ballads with music composed also by himself, to, probably, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. Carter, or Mrs. Montague. In these light, airy associations, "he was listened to by the company with profound silence, and allowed by most of the visitors to possess original and extraordinary merit." "His unbending deportment, or what his adherents are pleased to call his manly firmness of opinion, which certainly was not at all times considered pleasing by every one," was the probable cause of the cessation of his visits to these and to the like assemblies. The commerce of true genius with the genius of "respectability" seldom ends with entire satisfaction to both parties. Their current coin of interchange does not consist of measurable equivalents, the accounts at length become confused, and the books are closed.

So far, we have followed somewhat in detail Blake's entrance into life. We must not, with such materials for reflection before us, be betrayed into a minute portrayal of his history. The Memoir itself is open to all, and will amply repay perusal and study, being executed with unwonted conscientiousness, skill, and affection, by one who himself was taken away too soon to add the finishing touches. These, with the editing of the work, and the execution of several most important addenda, were completed by the two brothers Rossetti, one qualified by his magnificent powers as a painter to sympathise with the subject and to adorn it, and the other, by his penetrating insight and simple catholicity of spirit as a critic, to give a proper arrangement of, and commentary on, the catalogue of Blake's known productions. We must, therefore, endeavour to touch lightly the remaining lines of his course through life. He engraved from Stothard and others for the magazines, mortified, sometimes, to see that his own designs had been the foundation, so he said, of the subject he engraved; indeed, Fuseli himself acknowledged that "Blake was good to steal from." We may understand the force of this saying, if we only look at a design of

early date by Blake, called "Plague," engraved in the volume we are reviewing. An inexorable, severe grandeur pervades the general lines; an inexplicable woe, as of Samaria in the deadly siege, when Joram, wandering on the walls, was obliged to listen to the appeal of the cannibal mother, hangs over it; a sense of tragic culmination, the stroke of doom irreversible, comes through the windows of the eyes, as they take in the straight black lines of the pall and bier, the mother falling from her husband's embrace with her dying child; one fair corpse scarcely earthed over in the foreground, and the black funereal reek of a distant fire, which consumes we know not what difficult horror. It is enough to fire the imagination of the greatest historical painter. And yet the manner is so dry, so common, even so uninteresting, and so unlikely to find its way to "every drawing-room table," that a man of accomplishments and appreciative powers, but without the "vision and the faculty divine," would be sorely tempted to "convey" the thinking to his own canvas, and array it in forms more attractive to the taste, without being haunted by the fear of his theft being speedily recognised. In 1784, he set up a print shop at 27, Broad-street, near where he was born, and pursued his work as an engraver, in partnership with a fellow-pupil at Basire's. Mrs Blake "helped in the shop," while he wrought at the desk. The partnership came to nothing. He removed to Poland-street, and continued as before inventing poems and designs, and writing enthusiastic or sharp comments in the margins of his favourite books—Lavater and others. We may conceive of his daily attitude if we peep into the plain little room with the frame of tissue paper inclining over his desk to moderate the light on his copper plate, a thumb'd "Lavater" by his side, in which he now and then writes a tender or pugnacious comment. When he was a little over thirty years of age, he collected and published one of his sweetest and most original works, *The Songs of Innocence*, engraving the poem in a singular way with delightful designs on copper. These plates, a remnant of which we have had the good fortune to see, are somewhat like rude, deep-cut casts in copper, from engraved wood blocks. They were drawn on the copper with some thick liquid, impervious to acid; the plate was then immersed in aquafortis, and "bitten" away so that the design remained in relief. These he printed with his own hand, in various tones of brown, blue, and grey, tinting them afterwards by hand into a sort of rainbow-coloured, innocent page, in which the thrilling music of the

verse, and the gentle bedazzlement of the lines and colours so intermingle, that the mind hangs in a pleasant uncertainty as to whether it is a picture that is singing, or a song which has newly budded and blossomed into colour and form. All is what the title imports; and though they have been of late years frequently quoted, and lose half their sweetness away from the embowering leaves and tendrils which clasp them, running gaily in and out among the lines, we cannot but gratify ourselves and our readers with one light peal of the fairy bells:—

"Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head,
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,
By happy, silent, moony beams.

"Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown;
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

"Sweet smiles in the night,
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

"Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes,
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All thy dovelike moans beguiles.

"Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smiled;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

"Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me."

This is the tone of them; and there are many such strains as these that deserve to be much better known than they are, notwithstanding the bad grammar that mingles with their innocent music. There is a serene unconsciousness of arbitrary human law, in genius such as this; it floats with the lark in a "privacy of glorious light," where the grammatical hum of the critics cannot disturb its repose. We are reminded of the startling question of the Yorkshire orator when repudiating the bonds of syntax and pronunciation, "*Who invented grammar, I should like to know?*" I've as much right to

invent grammar as any of them!" Whatever we might concede to the Yorkshire orator, we may readily agree not to be inexorably severe in the application of our canons to the productions of such a genius as that of Blake.

There is one design given in this book, which affects the eye wonderfully, where huge intertwisted trunks writhe up one side of the page, while on the other springs, apparently, Jack's immortal laddered bean-stalk, aiming at heaven; between the two, on the blank white sky hang mystical verses, and below is a little vision of millennial rest. Naked children sport with the lion and ride the lioness in playful domination, while secure humanity sleeps at ease among them.

Yet Blake had a difficult and repulsive phase in his character. It seems a pity that men so amiable and tender, so attractive to one's desire for fellowship, should prove on close contact to have a side of their nature so adamant and full of self-assertion and resistance, that they are driven at last to dwell in the small circle of friends who have the forbearance to excuse their peculiarities, and the wit to interpret their moods and minds :—

" Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know."

In this sphinx-like and musical couplet, Blake himself hits the true basis of the reason why men whose genius is at once so sweet, so strong, and so unusual are largely overlooked during life, and are difficult of exposition when the fluctuations and caprices of life no longer interfere to prevent a fair estimate of their powers and performances.

After these exquisite poems, which come nearest to the universal heart, Blake struck off on his own strange wings into regions where we will not attempt to follow him. Those who wish to see what may be said for the scope and design of the series of Blake's illustrated mysteries may consult Mr. Swinburne's inquiries into and eloquent comments on them. For our own part, their chief value seems to us to consist in the fragments of astonishing pictorial invention which they contain, hints and indications of which are given in fac-simile in these profusely illustrated volumes. There can be no question that the first impression produced by them is, that they are the production of a madman of superb genius; and this impression is so strong that few people would be persuaded to do more than glance at what would confirm their

judgment. Here is one of those firm questions which the man whose mind is unbalanced will ask with unflinching eye. He is talking familiarly to Isaiah: "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so, make it so?" What an entangling preliminary question before he ventures to slip the leash of some "subjective" horror. "I was in a printing-house in hell." What a *nonchalant*, passing introduction to a subject. "My friend the angel climbed up from his station into the mill." Here is the easy way in which he treats principalities and powers. "So the angel said, 'Thy phantasy has imposed upon me, and thou oughtest to be ashamed.' I answered, 'We impose on one another, and it is but lost time to converse with you, whose works are only analytics.'" Here is a man, not exactly a fool, who "rushes in where angels fear to tread," and snaps his fingers in their faces. There is no wonder if ordinary civilians found such a "customer" to be difficult to get on with.

And yet an unconquerable indifference to his transcendental philosophy does not in the least interfere with our veneration of the artist, as such. We hold that the "creative" and the "critical" faculties are seldom found in close and powerful alliance, and that often, in proportion to the intensity and energy of the former, is the dormancy, if not the incapacity of the latter. In the procession of his own labours, the artist unconsciously selects or rejects. He is conscious that deep down in the laws of thought his justification is to be found, but he has neither time nor inclination to become a pearl diver, when the riches of the

"Eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal mind,"

come and pour themselves unsought at his feet. A life of analysis and reconstruction he leaves to others, and he is the happiest painter or singer who leaves the philosophies

"On Argive heights divinely sung,"

to the Argives; that is to say, so far as any practical intermeddling with them is concerned. Even if he be capable of entering the region, he acts most wisely who follows Mr. Ruskin's short advice to a painter, "Fit yourself for the best company and—*keep out of it.*" As to any serious consideration of Blake's vocation to teach aught of morals; of theology, or non-theology; of Christian Atheism, or Atheistic Christianity; we, with "the volume of the Book," which "is

written," in our hands—"calmly, but firmly, and finally," on a general glance at the tone and tenour of these portentous scrolls of "Thel" and "Urizen," these "Marriages of Heaven and Hell," which would look blasphemous, if we did not tenderly recollect by whom they were written, refuse any serious further investigation of their claims, and must dismiss them, not scornfully, though it may be sorrowfully. We regard them rather as we regard the gentle or exalted incoherences of a dear friend's delirium, for our theory of the mental structure of Blake renders them as harmless to us as his gentle *Songs of Innocence*, but on this ground we dismiss them—repeating the words before applied to them, only with no anger or disdain—that they are "*Ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.*" But, not shelving or ignoring the illuminated pages themselves, their inventive power remains, and they may be regarded as a repository of winged and fiery imagery which will be useful to us in our attempts to realise things invisible, in so far as the elements of matter may bridge over for our conceptive faculties the gulfs between the seen and unseen; and in so far as they may be made to illustrate phases of thought to which they were not in the first instance intended to apply. There are many such designs, and we are thankful to see the woodcuts on pages 99 to 105 given as specimens of what we mean. Take them one by one, suppose no further relation than each has to its significant title, and we are wholly satisfied. We will not say how often, and with what fine effect, one of these rude but noble squares enters before the inner eye, and allies itself with the current stream of thought.

"*Alas!*"—that is the simple title of one of them, a boy chasing winged loves, which he kills with his catching; need we move farther to seek our goal of meaning? "*What is Man?*" That caterpillar, huge and spectral, crawling over the oak leaf under which the baby-faced chrysalis lies, expecting its life and its wings—to be "crushed before the moth" in due time. Can we not find our own sufficient application of such a wondrous image? "*I want! I want!*" Here is "the globe's last verge" which both Dryden and Blake contrived (but with very different faculties and success) to see; where, according to Dryden, we may behold "the ocean leaning on the sky." Here Blake, on this hint, boldly heaves his ladder to the hollow bosom of "our rolling neighbour," the crescent moon, and begins to climb, fearless as Blondin, and cross the star-sown abyss to satisfy his "want." So with each of these precious little bald and

grand designs—the last of which is almost appalling. A white, unearthly figure with a wand—a figure neither large nor small, for it is of no size to the judgment and imagination—cowers and stares beneath the root of a forest oak; a huge worm winds round before her feet, and the inscription is, “*I have said to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.*” Surely, any one who ever sat awe-struck over the Book of Job, and heard the “deep sad music of humanity” coming on the long-drawn gust of Time from those lands of Uz, would feel that here was one worthy and sufficient interpretation of the idea of the verse, and of those other kindred up-breathings from the grave, and wailings of the haunted “house appointed for all living,” of which the early chapters of the Book of Job are full.

Laying aside these works as philosophies or preachings, and returning upon them as strange pictures intended for the informing of the imagination through the eye, it is impossible to put into words the delight and restless wonder they excite. Without referring to the large collection of Blake's drawings which we remember having the privilege of being shown to us by Mr. Gilchrist while writing his book—a treat never to be forgotten, for the various possessors of his books and designs, among whom Lord Houghton was one of the most appreciative owners of curious specimens, had furnished him with a sufficient mass of materials—we will rather call attention to such as may be accessible to every reader of these books. We invite the reader to turn to page 112, vol. i., and the opposite page, which is a fac-simile of one of Blake's leaves from “America,” reduced—but by an unerring “photo-lithographic” process—to half the size, and printed as nearly as possible in the colour used as a groundwork for his hand-tinting—so that we are looking, in fact, at an autograph. Study carefully the design on the upper part of the left-hand page. By a sheer breadth of black, sharply contrasted with the white page, there is, by some inexplicable magic, conveyed the impression of a space in the upper skies, where—coming we know and care not whence, and hasting we know not whither—is a wild swan, bridled and mounted by an elf, into whose history and significance we shall never trouble ourselves to inquire. But we appeal to the intelligent observer whether that design does not kindle the page into a silver light, and hasten the spirits into a breezy swiftness of enjoyment, and strike the harp of memory within him, making him, perhaps, recal the fine image, in the “palace of art”—

"For as the wild swan wings to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands."

It is in this, as in ten thousand other ways, that the pencil becomes the gorgeous sister and handmaiden of the poet's pen, kindling into inciting suggestion his flying images, and doubling the value of his priceless words. The eye is irresistibly drawn below to the bottom of the page; and what a rich and rare sense of visual joy comes as we see that serpent—"dragon of the prime," coming carelessly from nowhere and going by shining cloud and crescent and sparkling star into the emptiness of night, his tail curled, against all nature, into a writingmaster's flourish, his sole apparent object being to oblige three merry fairies with a morning ride! We pray you look at his eye and mouth! How he enjoys the fun, and what a large reserve of cunning meaning there is all over his corrugated face as he puts out his forked tongue, most probably at the metaphysicians, or, however ungratefully, at Blake's manuscript itself.

Turn to the right-hand page from "America." Its relations to the great Republic seem remote to the sense. Yet in the "tall talk" in the "center" of the design, the strong and terribly bloodshot tone of which is greatly subdued by the pretty little twirls and twiddles into which its letters run—we see a foreshadowing of at least an *accusation* against "America"—and in the capacity of the genii, who weigh all creation in their own scales and fly away with the sword of the earth and fling world-powers into the void as easily as Athamas dashed Learchus in pieces, and who perform Blondin feats on "Serpents of Eternity," instead of tightropes, between spires of rushing flame ascending out of the abyss, we see allusions closer than we might at first suppose to the "greatest people on the face of the earth." Yet their chief value does not lie in this. It is in the mysterious fascination of "line"—the mingling of creative might and child-like play—the astonishing power which by dark and strongly imprinted curves can give—"lucus a non lucendo"—the sense of flashing flame—the power to "make black seem white,"—which so enchains and half stupefies the fancy. As a specific example of this, look at what we may call "the prophecy of Blondin," the Herculean tumbler on the Serpent of Eternity. How amazingly grand the lines! Carve it in onyx, and have we not an antique gem of the first water, Phidias and Michael Angelo in little? Yet pass below the giant acrobat's elbow, and Michael Angelo subsides into a

school-boy finishing his little theme with an innocent flourish. This is Blake all over. Now he is a Titan hurling rocks at the gods—now a chubby boy toddling to the infant-school and singing his pretty echoing song.

Beside these books and "prophecies," Blake made many designs of a separate or serial kind, and found in Mr. Butts a kind, steadfast, and appreciative patron. A large collection of these works is still in the possession of his son, Captain Butts. For nearly thirty years the modest simple-living Blake found a constant resource in this worthy friend's patronage. It is a beautiful picture of his typical life of Arcadian simplicity and sufficiency to see this plain liver and high thinker taking his weekly design to sell for a very moderate price, and returning to dream, and draw, and engrave in his own humble home. Out of this simple life, issued in 1794 the *Songs of Experience*. Flaxman used to exclaim, "Sir, his poems are as grand as his pictures;" and "Wordsworth read them with delight." Yet words do not tell the half of Blake's poems—do not reveal half the man. Some pieces will bear separation from the rainbow pages on which they originally appeared; others, and most of them, lose half their thrill and motion when enchained in the printer's "forme." When the brown poem and rough ground-lines of the design were stamped on the rough paper by the rude press, then his lyrical fingers, playing with the prisms of water-colour, washed and touched all over them in a way not to be described—poem and picture twined fondly round each other, in a bath of colour and light, refusing to be separated. So that he who is to understand Blake must be admitted to the penetralia where such sights are to be seen. Not that he had any special aim at exceptional seclusion. "Come in," he would say; "it is only Adam and Eve," as in an anecdote narrated at length by Mr. Gilchrist, which adds another proof of our theory that a veil of innocent unreason spread its haze over one side of his nature. Surely by this time the little poem which begins—

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,"

and which Charles Lamb called "glorious," is pretty well known, as also the song beginning—

"Piping down the valleys wild."

The exceeding delicacy and sweetness of some separate verses in his poems conveys that sense of enchantment which Scott describes as coming over him at any recurrence of the stanza

"The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

It is hard to say in what this happy quality consists. To our own mind there is something of it in a song of Bulwer, in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, beginning,

"By the cool banks where soft Cephissus flows,
A voice sailed trembling down the waves of air."

To which Blake's "Song to the Muses" might have given the key-note:—

"Whether on Ida's shady brow
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun that now
From ancient melody have ceased.
"Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth.
"Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking poesy.
"How have you left your ancient love,
The bards of old enjoyed in you?
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few."

There is this ineffable charm of scenery and sound in these lines from "Night":—

"Farewell, green fields, and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight,
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright.
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.
"They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm,
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by the bed."

The same simple and tender mood of soul that originated such child-melodies as "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"—which brings tears down the cheeks of the ruggedest sailor, and has touched the secret fount of tears in many an unconfessing heart—handled this "rural pen," and "stained that water clear," and wrote that happy song—

"Every child shall joy to hear."

To such influences grown men also do well to keep open their souls; for Blake, in his "Auguries of Innocence," writes—

"He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mocked in age and death."

There is so much pleasure in copying out some of these fragments, that we are tempted to linger a little longer over them. The silver Shakspearean song of "Take, oh take those lips away!" has always sounded like a honey-laden breeze of Hymettus. There is the same nameless spell in these words of Blake rolled sweetly on each other, as the rose-leaves curl towards the heart of the rose:—

"Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be,
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly."

Here are two stanzas, not so remarkable for their pure melody, but containing a wonderfully felicitous image:—

"Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau!
Mock on, mock on, 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.
"And every sand becomes a gem,
Reflected in the beams divine;
Down back, they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine."

In a motto prefixed to the "Auguries of Innocence," he expresses that power which is given to genuine imagination, and which so distinctively separates it from the rest of the faculties, or rather, enables it both to use, and master, and transcend them all—the power

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

Thus we are led on by their alluring sweetness, as we are led from bush to bush by the piping of a bird of unusual note and brilliant plume.

But our material swells beyond expectation, and we must return to his history. He illustrated Young's *Night Thoughts* for Edwards of New Bond Street—doing forty-three plates in one year, which seems to us a wonderful testimony to his diligence and skill. These designs, however, were not among his most successful works. The most remarkable episode in his career is the four years' residence at Felpham, near Bognor, on the coast of Sussex. He was forty-three years old when it commenced, and the occasion of it was, that Hayley, the poet of the *Triumphs of Temper*, and the friend of Cowper and Romney, desired him to illustrate his life of Cowper, then under way. Here he resided in a cottage, which we visited with reverence not very long since—a cottage by the sea, within sight of its waters and sound of its everlasting roll. On the shore, at the end of a little lane leading thitherward, he often paced in the twilight, his friends and chance acquaintance in these rambles being "Moses and the Prophets—Homer, Dante, and Milton—all majestic shadows—grey, but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." Blake was a little under the "common height of men"—and it would have been a notable sight to have passed by him or seen him in the distance—walking the brown sands in the dusky air, and conversing on easy terms with these stately shades.

He was recalled to the "visible diurnal sphere" rather rudely during his sojourn by the sea, by no less an incident than that of being tried for high treason! How a man so harmless and hermit-like came to find himself in such an astonishing position may well excite the reader's inquiry. It happened in this way.

"One day in August, a drunken soldier—probably from the barracks at Aldwick or Chichester—broke into the little slip of garden fronting the painter's sequestered cottage, and was there as violent and unruly as is the wont of drunken soldiers to be. He refused to go. The red-coat was a great hulking fellow—the artist of short stature, but robust, well-knit, with plenty of courage, and capable of a supernatural energy, as it were, on occasions. In his exasperation he laid hold of the intrusive blackguard, and turned him out neck and crop in a kind of inspired frenzy, which took the man aback and fairly frightened him; such volcanic wrath being a novelty in his experience. 'I do not know *how* I did it, but I did it,' said Blake afterwards, and was himself disposed to attribute his success to that demoniac or spiritual *will*, by stress of

which he believed a man might achieve anything physical. In the course of the scuffle, while blows were being exchanged, angry words passed of course—the red-coated bully vapouring that ‘he was the king’s soldier,’ and so forth. . . [In fact, Blake swore at king and soldier.] The soldier, bent on revenge, out of Blake’s hasty words made up a story, and got a comrade to bear him out, that his rough host had been guilty of seditious language. The sequel forcibly reminds us we are here in the times of ‘the good old king,’ not in those of Victoria. The soldier and ‘his mate’ made their charge on oath before a magistrate, and Blake had to stand his trial for high treason at the next quarter sessions.”

By Hayley’s efforts, and the skill of Samuel Rose, his counsel, whose name occurs in “*Cowper’s Correspondence*,” he was acquitted.

“Mrs. Blake used afterwards to tell how in the middle of the trial, when the soldier invented something to support his case, her husband called out ‘*False!*’ with characteristic vehemence, and in a tone which electrified the whole court and carried conviction with it. Rose greatly exerted himself for the defence. In his cross-examination of the accuser, he ‘most happily exposed,’ says Hayley, ‘the falsehood and malignity of the charge, and also spoke very eloquently for his client,’ though in the midst of his speech seized with illness, and concluding it with difficulty. Blake’s neighbours joined Hayley in giving him the same character of habitual gentleness and peaceableness, which must have a little astonished the soldier after his peculiar experience of those qualities. ‘After a long and very patient hearing,’ the *Sussex Advertiser* continues, ‘he was by the jury acquitted, which so gratified the auditory, that the court was, in defiance of all decency, thrown into uproar by their noisy exultations. During the sessions the Duke of Richmond sat the first day from ten in the morning till eight at night without quitting the court or taking any refreshment.’”

The account of his work here and his agreements and disagreements with the only partially appreciative Hayley is very delightful; and the cottage, with its “thatched roof of rusty gold,” will always form a lovely element in the “study of imagination” which any one loving Blake and his works will frequently revolve. One comment from Hayley’s pen is worth extracting here, as throwing light on the characteristics of Blake’s life and mind. “Engraving,” he writes, “of all human works appears to require the largest portion of patience, and he happily possesses more of that inestimable virtue than ever I saw united before to an imagination so lively and so prolific.” Having hinted our own doubts as to the absolute saneness of his whole mind, we are anxious to set before that of the reader

an accurate outline of the developments of his life in daily habit and practice. Let us dismiss any the least image of a dangerous or lunatic mental error. A patient, plodding, regular, daily course of strenuous employment severe and distinct—with intervals of quiet, unobtrusive meditation and converse—flashing now and then with spirit, but usually mild and calm—saying his wild sayings in a way totally unalarming—this is the image which the biographer and one or two who have known him have impressed on our own understanding and memory—a man sweet and charming among the young and those who were earnest in the pursuit of truth, but like William the Conqueror, being “stronger than his foregangers,” he was stern to those who opposed his views or thwarted his will—yet speaking in a low and musical voice with a gentle enthusiasm and a natural high-pitched politeness, the fruit of reverence and love. Hayley endeavoured to persuade Blake to undertake the painting of miniature portraits while at Feltham, and introduced him to Lord Egremont of Petworth, Lord Bathurst of Havant, Mrs. Poole, and others, and obtained him commissions—thinking that this work might promote the painter’s fortunes. It was a good thought of Hayley’s, and in almost any other case might have proved the making of Blake in those days. Those days are, alas, no more. The photograph has demolished the old-fashioned delightful miniature. The mournful “turn-out” of the profession one by one into fresh fields and new labours, as the foundations of their occupation were gradually crumbling under their feet, forms one of the most interesting episodes in the history of modern art. Some retired on their well-earned savings to the quiet occasional exercise of their pencil; the larger number were absorbed in the photographic “studio,” as it is euphemistically called, and found a more profitable if less meritorious sphere of action. The older men who had not “made hay while the sun shone,” and yet were paralysed as it were by the “sunstroke,” retired to comparative indigence and neglect. But in the beginning of the century an ordinary skilful hand might gain plenty of money by the miniature, which was in constant demand among persons of any means or station. The practice, too, of portraiture is one most useful and favourable to the painter of works of imagination where the human figure is employed. Leslie has some valuable remarks on this subject in his *Handbook for Young Painters*. He points out the great advantage which accrues to a student from having a constant series of models, who not only sit to him

while he masters the millionfold details of texture, drawing, expression, colour and handling, but who pay him well for his self-given lessons, and are as a rule not difficult to please if his temper be easy and his behaviour courteous. How many a painter of middle age will recall those days before the flood of photography, when his pleasant sitters came duly from day to day, or when he was received with welcome into the country house to paint the inmates and make a new circle of life-long friends. He will sigh as he thinks how far removed and how unlikely speedily to return those days of pleasure and profit are. But though Blake might have greatly gained both as to knowledge and purse by such practice as miniature painting would have afforded, his original structure here appears vindicating itself as usual. No prospect of gain could turn him aside from the flinty mountain path on which so early he had set his feet, and which he continued to climb till he reached its summit. He studied Greek with Hayley, and had a good capacity for languages. He learned French so as to be able to read it in the compass of a few weeks; and at sixty years of age he studied Italian in order to read Dante. "The kind indefatigable Blake—our alert Blake"—for a while seems to have enjoyed his retreat by the sea. Hayley appears to have been full of kind intentions, but he had not the faculty really to understand or appreciate his guest and fellow-labourer. He was not without sensibility and taste, but he was fussy, flighty, and shallow. His wit was of the small and twittering sort—as the note of a sparrow to the prolonged and varied moonlight song of Philomel—and his sentiment was of the kind we call lack-a-daisical, the mere lady's-maid of the muse with 'watery eyne.' The oak-like strength and harebell tenderness of the painter could not very long live in such a smothering atmosphere, and an end was put to their intercourse. Hayley's society became irksome and his sentiments distasteful to Blake, and, as his manner was, he flung satirical couplets off against him into a little volume, now in the hands of Mr. D. G. Rossetti—to such effect as this,

"Thy friendship oft hath made my heart to ache;
Do be my enemy, for friendship's sake."

He returned to London—to South Molton Street, near Oxford Street—and resumed his "Prophetic" works, illustrated with the "giant forms," as usual—"Jerusalem" and "Milton," &c. On these followed an edition of Blair's *Grave*, in which the designs were made by Blake, and the etching done in a very first-rate way by Schiavonetti. We

well remember the thrill of wonder and delight with which we found this volume in a public library in the country in the days of youth. The complexities of the occasion, the treatment of Blake by Cromeek, and Blake's own indignation, we will indicate at some length.

Blake was near fifty years of age, and in the zenith of his strength, when he was recommended to the public by Mr. Malkin, head master of Bury Grammar School, who published a highly curious volume of memoirs of his son, who died in his seventeenth year, and whose precocity of intellect was something appalling. The intellectual sentiment of the time was unfavourable to the right guidance of such a mind. We catch a glimpse of it in the memoirs of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. The style of ordinary composition suffered from the heavy, rolling reverberation of the Johnsonian dialect and the detestable classicisms of the French Revolution. Every well-educated mother was Cornelia or the mother of the Gracchi; and their children were the "jewels" of the same. The little miss who became Mrs. Schimmelpenninck "preferred dining with Scipio to supping with Lucullus." The letters written to his mamma by Master Malkin, at the age of five, take away one's breath. No wonder that he did not survive to maturity. Round the frontispiece which contains his portrait—which represents a pretty, winning face—is a design by Blake, engraved by Cromeek. This design is made the occasion of a kindly and lengthened comment on the works of Blake, whom Malkin calls an "untutored proficient." The Cromeek whose name is attached to the able copperplate, and who was much employed in engraving Stothard's book-prints, was a very "canny" Yorkshireman, who had an eye for excellent art and a head for profitable trade. His health was not good, and was made worse by application to the graver; he therefore looked out for some way of using the brains of others for his own benefit. For twenty guineas he obtained twelve of the finest of Blake's designs from Blair's poem of *The Grave*. These he submitted to Fuseli, West, Cosway, Flaxman, Lawrence, Nollekens, and Stothard, to "Anastatius Hope" and to Mr. Locke, of Norbury, from each of whom he obtained high "testimonials" of their excellence. He then engaged Blake to cut them in copper. One or two were executed; but Cromeek, who was a pupil of Bartolozzi, whose style of engraving was eminently clear and fascinating to the general eye, felt, and felt justly, that such an austere rendering would never be relished by the public. He therefore put them into the hands of Lewis Schiavonetti, a native

of Bassano, who was a fellow-pupil at Bartolozzi's, and surpassed his master. The knowledge and skill, the sense of "grandeur and grace," possessed by Schiavonetti produced the happiest results. Mr. Gilchrist says that Cromeck "jockeyed Blake out of his copyright;" and that Blake was naturally enraged at being supplanted by Schiavonetti and despoiled by Cromeck. While *The Grave* was in the course of execution, Blake got hold of a magnificent subject, of which Cromeck had the wit to feel the value.

Out of the whole range of modern literature no more picturesque, ample, or central theme could be discovered than the *Canterbury Pilgrimage* of Chaucer. A fine passage from the hand of the discoverer of this admirable subject, in what seems to us the best prose document remaining from his pen, shows the dignity of the conception. "The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same character repeated again and again in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence. Accident ever varies. Substance can never suffer change or decay. Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his *Canterbury Tales*, some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter; things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men." Some of the individual criticisms in this paper seem to us very full of penetration, as, for example:—"The Ploughman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of Hercules between his Miller and his Ploughman. Benevolence is the Ploughman's great characteristic. He is thin with excessive labour, and not with old age, as some have supposed.

"He woulde thresh and thereto dike and delve
For Christe's sake, for every poore wight
Withouten hire if it lay in his might."

The Ploughman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal state divested of his spectrous shadow, which is the Miller, a terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places for the

trial of men, to astonish every neighbourhood with brutal strength and courage, to get rich and powerful to curb the pride of man."

Again, "Read Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the head and the knee to Him who in every age sends us such a burning and a shining light. Search, O ye rich and powerful, for these men, and obey their counsel, then shall the golden age return! But, alas! you will not easily distinguish him from the Friar and the Pardoner: they also are 'full solemn men,' and their counsel you will continue to follow." These observations seem to look forward to the days of revived Ritualism, when "full solemn men" are in danger of obscuring the daylight of the Good Parson of Chaucer, of whom it is said—

*"The lore of Christ and His Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself."*

The attack on Stothard's rival picture in the paper from which we quote, shows, on the one hand, the excited, yet stingless and futile, sarcasm of men of Blake's high imaginative organisation. Mr. Gilchrist truly says, "Angels of light make sorry wits—handle mere terrestrial weapons of sarcasm and humorous assault in a very clumsy, ineffectual manner." Speaking of Stothard's composition of the same subject, after pointing out a variety of inaccuracies, he says, "In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together, and is praised by his equals for it."

Cromek endeavoured to purchase Blake's invention for the same purpose as *The Grave*, viz. to have it separately engraved by Schiavonetti; but Blake, smarting under Cromek's treatment, refused to sell it on those conditions, and issued a prospectus for an engraving to be done by himself. Meantime Cromek went to Stothard, commissioned at the price of sixty guineas a small oil painting of the same subject, the etching of which was forwarded by Schiavonetti, and which was completed by several other hands, after the premature death of that eminent engraver. It had a great success. The visitor to Abbotsford, passing through that little romantic study, with the dark leathern chair where "the Great Unknown" sat through long years to write his fictions, and where fancy sees him throwing on the ground sheet after sheet of that *Life of Napoleon* which was done with such marvellous celerity, will see, in a dark broad frame over the fireplace, an impression of this engraving of the *Canterbury*

Pilgrimage after Stothard. It is the only design in the room. Sir Walter Scott admired it greatly, but remarked of the young and graceful "Squire" that "as soon as his horse moves he will go over its head." Cromek does not come well out of this adventure. As a matter of business, our sympathies go with the wronged inventor, twice deprived of the fruit of his labours, with no powerful friends to see him righted, and with, at that time, no possible appeal to the law of the land. There is a letter, printed at full length at page 205 of the *Biography*, which reveals the mind of a mean and insolent man, bent only on his own profit and aggrandisement. One sentence is worth quoting for its virulence: "Why did you so *furiously* rage at the success of the little picture (Stothard's) of the *Pilgrimage*? Three thousand people have now *seen it and have approved of it*. Believe me, yours is *the voice of one crying in the wilderness!*" Here we have quotations from the Psalms and from him who told the publicans to "exact no more than that which was appointed them," used to taunt one whom he himself, in a former part of the letter, believed to have been "altogether abstracted from this world, holding communion with the world of spirits, simple, unoffending—a combination of the serpent and the dove,"—flinging in his teeth his sublime helplessness and the vexation of his own unjust success. Blake had only the wilderness of neglect wherein to cry, and the consolation of a few not very malignant satirical verses in the dear little account-book on Mr. Rossetti's shelves. We will quote one of these feebly severe couplets—

"Cromek loves artists as he loves his meat:
He loves the art—but 'tis the art to cheat!"

As to the actual result of Cromek's doings on the fame of Blake, we must say, that no more complete instance of wise and subtle interpretation of the thoughts of another man was ever given than was given by Schiavonetti in the designs from *The Grave*. Coleridge, in translating Schiller's *Wallenstein*, founds on two suggestive lines the noble passage beginning—

"O never rudely will I blame his faith," &c.

And in something of the same spirit of ample and discerning interpretation did this intelligent Italian render those noble conceptions, so that they could be understood by the public. There is no impertinent addition, no unfeeling omission; and

yet there is a correct elegance superadded which must win every eye.

The *Canterbury Pilgrimage* of Blake is, we regret to say, on the whole, a failure, in our judgment, as to execution. The conception and composition are stately and strong. It might be taken from an early fresco in some "Campo Santo." But the horses, which he says "he has varied according to their riders," are so variously like what the Trojan horse might be, and so liable to be thought like what the less epic rocking-horse usually is; there is such a portrait-like, grim stare on all the faces—such a grotesque and improbable quality about the "Wife of Bath," who is something between a jewelled Hindoo idol and the ugly Madonna of a wayside shrine—that we cannot help feeling how, in spite of a hundred redeeming virtues of strength and grandeur, all the effort in the world would fail to recommend it to the general eye. Yet, as a quaint, "most ancient," and delightful ornament for a dim oaken staircase, we recommend its purchase to all who can by any means procure a copy of it.

The designs from Blair's poem were dedicated to the Queen of England as

"What I have borne on solemn wing
From the vast regions of the grave."

These words are truthful enough.

As the book is more readily to be seen than any other of Blake's works, we will not here speak of them in extenso; but we cannot help feeling, as we write, the wave of that "solemn wing," nor seeing, far stretching into the dimness of oblivion, the sights which Blake unveiled in those "vast regions of the grave:" "Kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves; and princes that had gold, and filled their houses with silver," lying side by side, with awful, open gaze, in the dusky silence, waiting for the trumpet of final awaking. Infancy, youth, manhood, and age, trooping hurriedly downward into the bleak darkness and "monumental caves of death." The huge, Herculean struggle of "the wicked strong man" against the victorious, impalpable "shadow with the keys;" the sweet "soul hovering over the body;" the pictured realisation of Burns' tender wish—a family found at last—

"No wanderer lost—
A family in heaven."

Above all, that elevating vision—worthy of the Sistine roof—where Age, "a-leaning on his crutch," is driven by the last

stress of the furious tempest of life into the Gate of Death ; but where, overhead, " young and lusty as the eagle," the new-born, immortal, worshipping man of the skies kneels in the radiance of the supernal sun of eternity. This book was indeed a fit overture to that still greater oratorio of *Job*, with which, as if accompanied by a mighty Miltonic organ, the Master virtually concluded his pictured lays.

It is to the thoughtful and self-denying kindness of the venerable John Linnell that we owe the production of the *Illustration of the Book of Job*. Will it be believed that Blake was nearly seventy years old when this marvellous series of designs was commenced ?

To show his manner of life at this period, and his surroundings, we must copy at some length a minute picture of the occasional visits paid by him to his friends the Linnells, at Hampstead Heath, not long before his death :—

" Blake was at this period in the habit, when well, of spending frequent happy Sundays at his friend's Hampstead cottage, where he was received by host and hostess with the most cordial affection. Mr. Linnell's manner was that of a son ; Mrs. Linnell was hospitable and kind, as ladies well know how to be to a valued friend. The children, whenever he was expected, were on the *qui vive* to catch the first glimpse of him from afar. One of them, who has now children of her own, but still cherishes the old reverence for ' Mr. Blake,' remembers thus watching for him when a little girl of five or six ; and how, as he walked over the brow of the hill and came within sight of the young ones, he would make a particular signal ; how Dr. Thornton, another friend, and frequent visitor, would make a different one,—the Doctor taking off his hat and raising it on his stick. She remembers how Blake would take her on his knee, and recite children's stories to them all ; recollects his kind manner ; his putting her in the way of drawing, training her from his own doings. One day he brought up to Hampstead an early sketch-book, full of most singular things, as it seemed to the children. But in the midst of them they came upon a finished pre-Raphaelite-like drawing of a grasshopper, with which they were delighted.

" Mr. Linnell had first taken lodgings at Hampstead in June, 1822, and in March, 1824, moved his family to a farmhouse there, part of which was let off as a separate habitation—as it is to this day ; for Collins's Farm yet stands, altered by the erection of new out-buildings and the loss of some of its trees, but not so much altered as most things in Hampstead. It is on the north, or countryward, side, beyond the Heath,—between North End and the ' Spaniards.' North End, every cockney knows, lies in a hollow over the Heath, a cluster of villa residences amid gardens and pleasure-grounds, their roofs embosomed in trees. As you walk from it, towards the ' Spaniards,'

a winding lane to the left brings you back into the same high road. A little off this there is another winding way, in the middle of which stands Collins's Farm, at the bottom of another hollow. The house, an old one, looks out in front upon the heathery hill-side; at back upon meadows and hedgerows, in summer one monotonous tint of heavy green. From the hill-side the well-pitched red roof of the farmhouse picturesquely peeps out among the trees below. To London children the place must have been a little Paradise. Blake, too, notwithstanding a theoretic dislike to Hampstead, practically enjoyed his visits. Mr. Linnell's part of the house—a later erection than the rest, and of lower height, with a separate entrance through the garden, which stretches beside,—was small and humble, containing only five rooms. In front it commanded a pleasant southern aspect. Blake, it is still remembered, would often stand at the door, gazing in tranquil reverie across the garden toward the gorse-clad hill. He liked sitting in the arbour at the bottom of the long garden, or walking up and down the same at dusk, while the cows, munching their evening meal, were audible from the farmyard on the other side of the hedge. He was very fond of hearing Mrs. Linnell sing Scottish songs, and would sit by the pianoforte, tears falling from his eyes, while he listened to the border melody to which the song is set, commencing—

‘O Nanny’s hair is yellow as gowd,
And her een as the lift are blue.’

To simple national melodies Blake was very impressionable, though not so to music of more complicated structure. He himself still sang, in a voice tremulous with age, sometimes old ballads, sometimes his own songs, to melodies of his own. The modest interior of the rustic cottage was rendered delightful, as artists generally can render their houses, by tasteful fitting up and by fine prints and pictures hanging on the walls. Many an interesting friendly gathering took place there, comprising often a complete circle of what are vulgarly called ‘characters.’ Sometimes, for instance, it would be, besides Blake and Mr. Linnell, Dr. Thornton, John Varley, and his brother, Cornelius, the latter living still, and well known in the scientific world, as a man devoted to the ingenious arts; all, as one of them confessed to me, men ‘who did not propose to themselves to be as others,’ but to follow out views of their own. Sometimes Mulready would be of the company; Richter also—a name familiar to frequenters of the old Water-Colour Society’s Exhibition—who was a fervent disciple of Emanuel Kant, and very fond of iterating the metaphysical dogma of the non-existence of matter. . . . More often the circle at Hampstead would be Blake, Linnell, and John Varley: a curiously-contrasted trio, as an eye-witness reports, to look upon in animated converse. Blake, with his quiet manner, his fine head—broad above, small below; Varley’s the reverse: Varley stout and heavy, yet active, and in exuberant spirits—ingenious, diffuse, poetical, eager,—talking as fast as possible; Linnell original, brilliant, with strongly-marked character and filial manner towards Blake,

assuming nothing of the patron, forbearing to contradict his stories of his visions, &c., but trying to make reason out of them. Varley found them explicable astrologically, 'Sagittarius crossing Taurus,' and the like: while Blake, on his part, believed in his friend's astrology to a certain extent. *He* thought you could oppose and conquer the stars. A stranger, hearing the three talk of spirits and astrology in this matter-of-fact way, would have been mystified. Varley was a terrible assertor, bearing down all before him by mere force of loquacity; though not learned or deeply grounded, or even very original, in his astrology, which he had caught up at second-hand. But there was stuff in him. His conversation was powerful; and by it he exerted a strong influence on ingenuous minds—a power he lost in his books. Writing was an art he had not mastered."

These were the quiet relaxations which Blake found while the noble plates from *Job* were being slowly engraved in the little room in Fountain Court.

Before being permitted to handle its solemn pages, every spectator ought to be forewarned and instructed that these designs are the latest products of a hand growing stiff with age, and verging on immortality; and should approach them with something of the reverence with which the young ought to "rise up before the grey hairs." It is true that the drawings for the series were made when he was in the vigour of life. But every line of these plates was cut directly by the patient, wrinkled hand. He was poor, though contented, at this period of life. He had struggled through years of shameful and Boeotian neglect into the valley of age and decline. Even his patron, Mr. Butts, was alienated from him. The Royal Academy had given him a grant of 25*l.* out of its funds, showing that want was endeavouring to stare him out of countenance. At this juncture John Linnell stepped forward and gave the commission, at his own risk, for the execution of these designs from the *Book of Job*. In pleasant little instalments of from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per week was the simple and frugal Old Master paid, while, day by day, the sharp graver cut these immortal lines.

At this time he was like a simple Stoic philosopher, surrounded, in his one room in Fountain Court, Strand (how very strange a place for such a work!—one would have thought them rather to have been graven among the mountains and Druidic cairns), by a little band of loving disciples, some of whom are amongst us at this day—two at least well known to fame—George Richmond, the eminent portrait-painter, and Samuel Palmer, whose profoundly poetic water-colour landscapes are still to be seen, year by year, on the

walls of "the Old Water-Colour Society." No profits were realised by the engravings—their sale hardly covering expenses.

The price of *Paradise Lost* will occur to the literary reader as he sighs over the last sentence; but, regardless of mere money-success, the old man ploughed over his last fields as the sun of life stood red in the horizon, and the vale darkened beneath his feet. The "long patience" of this stalwart son of toil and imagination endured to the end, and saw no earthly reward. The thin, enduring furrows of these "inventions," traced by the ploughshare of his graver, have borne fruit since then; but not for him, nor for her he left behind.

We must not attempt a full description of these inventions. Let us again say, that the style of their execution is of that intense, primeval, severe, and unaffected kind most suited to reproduce scenes of the early world—but bare and dry—and as if centuries had eaten into their substance, and left them as the torrent streams are left among the barren heights. If, with this explanation, the engravings (reduced in the second volume of this biography, but exact fac-similes of the things themselves) should greatly disappoint the observer, let him pass by them, and go forward to something more congenial. Their Runic power and pathos is not for him. Each design has a border, which is a sort of outlined commentary in harmony with the subject, and often allusive to it. It opens with a family picture of the patriarch, his wife, and children gathered under a vast tree—the parents sitting, the sons and daughters kneeling in worship; the "homestead" is seen beyond close-packed flocks of sheep. Some rams of the flock and lambs of the fold lie in the foreground, while the great sun sets and the crescent moon rises over heights stormy and barren. In the next, the vine and fig-tree of home—angel-guarded—overshades the luxurious ease of family love; but above this tender vision is one more awful. The Ancient of Days (who is to be read by the instructed eye in His cramped grandeur rather as an unlettered *symbol* of Divinity than as a *representation*) sits upon His throne, closed in by clouds and bowing cherubim, while Satan presents his malignant plea. It is granted; and in the succeeding scenes he works his fiery will. The darkening page seems to crackle with sulphurous and sudden flame; the strong pillars tremble and lurch, and fall, crushing the lovely and the strong under their ruins. The rampant, rejoicing demon dances on the cornices, and flaps his dragon-wings in glee; while, in the margin, strange glints of issuing claws and eating fires crawl upward. Then the Messengers are seen precipitating them-

selves one by one on the astonished eye of the patriarch and his wife. In the border Satan walks majestically on the circle of the earth, and round and below him the lightning shivers, "the all-dreaded thunder-stone" explodes, and the billowing waves of fire still curl and creep threateningly. Nevertheless, we see farther on the patient man—still with his attendant angels (so like the angels of *Frà Angelico*!)—relieving the poor as before; but the landscape is bereaved and desolate, and over the sharp stern ridges of the hills the sky encloses another heavenly conclave. The Father of Heaven and His shrinking hosts watch how Lucifer, in his wrath, gathers in his hand the bottles of heaven into one pliant orifice, from which he sprinkles plagues and pains on the head of Job. The outline comment shows us the now manifest dragons of the pit, with sombre eyes, among thorns and piercing swords of flame, which are soon to strike through his bones and flesh.

And again we see the faithful servant of God laid low. There is no vision in the upper air—all is cold and vaporous gloom. The bellying cloud becomes a reservoir of agony, wielded like a huge wine-skin of wrath, and poured, as before, on the overthrown form upon the ground. The sea blackens, and the mighty rims of the setting sun seem to depart in protest. The scathed hills and scattered ruins against which the now predominant Adversary rears himself, are abandoned by all blessing, while his unholy feet trample the righteous man into the dust. There is a series of symbols of lament in the border: a broken crook; a restless, complaining grasshopper; the toad and the shard; the thistle and the wounding thorn. Then come the friends, with uplifted hands and sorrowful eyes; while some strange, darting horizon-light, like a northern aurora, cuts out into gloomy relief the black mountain, which rises beyond a city desolate as *Tadmor* in the wilderness. The patriarch sitting on his dunghill, in the following design, spreads upward his pleading, appealing, protesting hands, while the friends bow beside the dishevelled wife and speak never a word. Light is withdrawn; clouds steam from the rock; and below, in the border, the dull fungus spreads its tent where evil dews drip on berries of poison. Still following down the darkening steps of grief, we behold the "terror by night"—described by *Eliphaz*—transacted in vision over a crouching group of the bereaved pair and their friends. The hair of his head stands up, while an apparition, dignified and ominous, walks arrayed with white nimbus and fire-darting cloud. Then again Job kneels, and

the six scornful hands of his friends are levelled against his expanded Neptunian breast like spears, as he proclaims his integrity; and worse than this, the fearful, hissing whisper of the over-tempted wife of his bosom rises to his ear, bidding him to curse God and die.

That is not the extremest depth of his woe. All hell seems to hurtle over his couch in the succeeding design; jointed lightnings splinter amidst a lurid gloom; demons throng the chamber, and shake their chains by the bed; innumerable tongues of fire search through and through what should be the place of rest; while the Arch-Enemy—now transformed into a voluminous incubus serpent-wreathed—presses down in thunderous imminence upon his very soul, as foul and fiendish arms grasp the limbs of Job, longing to hurry him away. The border is now *all fire*, which wavers and soars triumphantly as over a sacked city. Our memory recalls a fine MS. stanza, by a friend, which expresses the sentiment of this dark picture.

“My bones are filled with feverish fire,
My tongue hath nigh forgot to speak,
My couch is like a burning pyre,
My heart throbs wildly e'er it break.
O God, my God, to Thee I pray,
Help me—no other help I know;
I am full of tossings to and fro
Until the dawning of the day.”

But now a calm falls on the scene of sorrow. Heads are uplifted. Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, speaks, and the vast stars shine around his head out of the black pall of night. All eyes rest on him, except those of the despairing wife.

“There is a listening fear in their regard”

as he speaks, saying, “When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?” A lovely marginal illustration shows as it were the beginning of a new hope. From the prostrate figure of the saint, on whose bosom hope seems to lie dead, there is a gradual lifting up of little angel-thoughts which, rising higher and higher, at last disappear on their way to the throne of God. There follows a subject of amazing grandeur—God speaks out of the incumbent wreaths of the whirlwind; and in the outer space there are sketchings that seem to represent the very roots of creation, while its boiling energies appear to overflow above. Now the elder sons of God sing

together with clapping wings among the studded stars; the Almighty spreads His arms of command, and the coursers of the morning leap forth; the silent-rushing dragons of the night issue into its purple hollows; and, as it were, hidden in "a vacant interlunar cave," Job and his friends behold and meditate on these things. And again on other wonders: Behemoth tramps the earth; Leviathan wallows in the deep. Then, farther on, "Satan falls as lightning from heaven;" the shadows flee; the sweet returns of the Divine favour brighten on the head of Job, while they flash condemnation on the heads of his sceptical friends. Still farther, the altar of grateful sacrifice sends its pyramid of flame into the heaven of heavens.

In the border of this invention are drawn, curiously enough, a palette and pencils and a graver. We never see this without surmising some personal allusion in it, and thinking of George Herbert's poem of *The Flower*—

"Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
 Quite underground: as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root when they have blown,
 Where they together
 All the hard weather
 Dead to the world keep house unknown.
 "And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing. O my onely light!
 It cannot be
 That I am he
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night!"

How sweet and grave is the next chapter of the story. Dappled lights break over the newly-fruited fig-tree; corn waves in the morning wind. Subdued, but with more than his old dignity, the restored patriarch unresentfully and thankfully receives from "every one a piece of money."

Time flows on, and in future years we look on him once again. In "a chamber of imagery," frescoed round with reminiscences of the long past "days of darkness," Job sits. Three daughters, more lovely than those he lost, clasp his knees; while he, with longer waving beard, and an aspect of deeper eld, recounts—his arms wide floating in grateful joy—the story of his trial and his deliverance.

In the last scene of all, a full-voiced pæan rises. Under

the aged oak, where we saw the former family gathered in prayer, we now see standing, in the exultation of praise, a group of sons more strong and active, of daughters more beautiful and sweet. The psalm swells on the evening air; resonant harp keeps time with warbling lute; the uplifted silver trumpets peal; the pastoral reed soothes the close-crowding, white-fleeced flocks; a crescent rises as of yore; while the sun, darting its rays to the zenith, sinks over the hills of God, who blesses "the latter end of Job more than the beginning."

If we might have our wish, we would select some accessible but far removed, quiet vale, where Corinthian capitals could never intrude. Here we would have built a strong, enduring, grey-stone, simple building of one long chamber, lighted from above. This chamber should be divided into niches. In each niche, and of the size of life, there should be done in fresco, in low tones of simple, deep colour, one of these grand designs, inlaid in a broad gold flat, which should be incised in deep brown lines with the sub-signification of Blake's *Marginalia*. They should be executed by men well paid by the Government—men like G. F. Watts and D. G. Rossetti, and Madox Brown and Burne Jones, and W. B. Scott. At the inner end of this hall of power there should be a marble statue of Blake, by Woolner—

"His looks commercing with the skies,
His rapt soul sitting in his eyes."

He should be standing on a rock, its solid strength overlapped by pale, marmoreal flames, while below his feet twined gently the "Serpent of Eternity." The admission should be by ticket—the claim to life-tickets founded upon a short examination passed before a "Blake commission." None who could not pass this examination satisfactorily should be admitted to those sacred precincts. The trees should whisper, the brook should murmur in the glade, for the delectation of those who had earned their title to enter; and the lodge-gates, kept by "a decayed historical painter," should never open to any who would be likely to laugh at the "queer little figures up in the air," which are the symbols of heavenly realities in the little grey or dark designs we have been endeavouring to describe.

Some partially-finished and very grand and awful subjects from Dante, also commissioned by John Linnell, succeeded; and these lasted in various stages of completion till the

cunning, patient hand stiffened in death, and the over-informing mind fled to other regions of existence.

We cannot afford room for gathering up further traits of character, or narrating other incidents in his history. He died on August 12, 1827. His wife survived him till the 18th of October, 1831, having subsisted, during the years of widowhood, by the judicious, gradual sale of his remaining drawings and books, befriended and consoled by a few faithful ones, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Tatham were conspicuous. The "Kate," the details of whose history, rising up in these volumes here and there, was so fit a companion for such a husband, died in Mrs. Tatham's arms. Mr. Tatham, from whom we remember some years ago receiving some graphic touches of description of Blake's person and habits, we hope still survives. He painted the portrait of Edward Irving which is so well known by the engraving, and was intimately acquainted with him.

We shall attempt no final summary of Blake's powers and position as an artist. To pay some small tribute to his memory, from whom for many years we have received such unbounded delight and instruction, has been a growing wish; and, in our humble measure, we have been able now to carry it into effect.

He stands, and must always stand, eminently alone. The fountain of thought and knowledge to others, he could never be the head of a school. What is best in him is wholly inimitable. "The fire of God was in him." And as all through his works this subtle element plays and penetrates, so in all he did and said the ethereal force flamed outward, warming all who knew how to use it aright, scorching or scathing all who came impertinently near to it. He can never be popular in the ordinary sense of the word, write we never so many songs in his praise; simply because the region in which he lived was remote from the common concerns of life; and still more by reason of the truth of the "mystic sentence" uttered by his own lips, and once before cited in these pages—

*"Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know."*

ART. II.—1. *Some Plain Statements respecting Christian Ministry.* Birmingham: C. Caswell.

2. *The Law, Ministry, and the Sabbath.* By C. HALL.

THE history of error in the Christian Church is well known to follow the circular course which recent science has proved to mark the tracks of tempest in the material world. Church history can never become a palimpsest, in which the forgotten story of the past is overlaid for ever by the fresher inscriptions of the present; for, though centuries may intervene, it will still bring us face to face with substantially the same story of opinion. This curious periodicity of religious doctrine is nowhere more remarkably exemplified than in the history of the Plymouth Brethren, who are a modern edition of the Puritan sectaries of the seventeenth century. It would seem, by the tactics and temper of this aggressive party, as if the Antinomian controversies of the Cromwellian age had been rather adjourned than adjusted; and that the weary strife of polemics is now resumed, with all its old manœuvres and its curious stock of pious truisms and mystical paradoxes. There is not a single doctrine peculiar to modern Brethrenism—whether we refer to its views of the Ministry, the Moral Law, the Sabbath, Faith, Repentance, Justification, or Sanctification,—that we cannot find in the published works of the Antinomian Errorists; and not a single argument in interpretation of Brethrenism that was not fully refuted or exposed more than two centuries ago by Rutherford, Baxter, Hall, Brinsley, and the Assembly Divines. We know that there are various schools of Brethrenism—Darbyism, Newtonism, and Müllerism,—and that considerable diversities of opinion upon minor points exist even among Brethren of the same school; but the same varieties of opinion prevailed among the Commonwealth sectaries, who were yet leagued in a common hostility against all the other denominations of Christendom. The Brethren never cease to complain of being misinterpreted and misunderstood. If we attempt to give a sketch or abridgment of their doctrine, we are sure to omit some minute element imperceptible to the naked eye

of the uninitiated, but essential to the working out of the system of doctrine, as the balance-spring to the movements of the watch. And if we attempt to let their doctrine declare itself by quotations, we are sure to take them from the wrong place, and to represent them in false juxtaposition. But when we come to the more purely controversial part of their literature, in which they declare their views on, say, the question of the ministry, there is no risk whatever of misapprehending their meaning, for here they make war upon all the churches with a plainness of speech which defies misconstruction. The spirit of their writings, too, is exactly that of the Puritan sectaries. With a remarkable air of candour and charity and simplicity of purpose, they display toward the churches a rancorous enmity and a tenacious hatred without parallel; they eschew all ideas of evangelical brotherhood and conventional courtesy; their policy is "to gather churches out of churches"—to open a door in existing bodies, not for the exit of the faithless and falsehearted, but of the pious and the good—and to leave to the denominations generally the exclusive privilege of evangelising the masses. Besides, they are most disingenuous in the method of propagating their opinions. When they visit a town for the first time, they simply preach the Gospel in some public hall, and announce themselves as the most catholic and pacific of Christians, with a marked abhorrence of all sectarianism; but when they have succeeded in making a few proselytes, the peculiar doctrines of Brethrenism are then urged in their private meetings—at first with caution, but afterwards with no esoteric reserve—till the neophytes are ultimately induced to withdraw altogether from the communion of their respective churches. It is unnecessary to say more upon this aspect of their conduct; but their policy towards the churches wears an aspect far too aggressive and sectarian to admit of farther connivance or encouragement. They are bitterly opposed to every church which assumes to bridle the wantonness of individual pride, and which offends that pride by putting one man in a position of official superiority toward his fellows.

We purpose, in the present paper, to discuss the leading doctrine of Brethrenism upon the question of the ministry, especially as even well-informed Christians may be sometimes puzzled by the peculiarly plausible character of their arguments.

The Plymouth Brethren affirm that all the churches—Independent, Episcopalian, Presbyterian,—maintain a one-man, man-made ministry: that they all equally sin by

putting a man in the place of the Holy Ghost, and thus practically deny His presidency in the assembly of believers. They hold that all the officers of New Testament times, whether known as bishops, or elders, or deacons, have passed away as well as the inspired Apostles, and that the privilege of ministry is now common to the whole body of believers; that all believers have their right to prophesy established by the fourteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, which embodies the normal law of ministry for the Church of all times; and that the Plymouth idea is not only the most Scriptural, but the most accordant with the freeness of the dispensation of the Spirit, and the best adapted for the evangelisation of the world.

In proceeding to furnish a succinct refutation of this view, we shall, in the first place, establish the perpetuity of an order of teachers in the Church, and then examine the arguments of the Brethren, based, as we believe, on an entire misapprehension or perversion of Scripture. There is no controversy, then, as to the existence of a stated ministry in New Testament times, including such various officers as apostles, prophets, evangelists, elders, and deacons; neither is there any difference of opinion concerning the purely temporary mission of those officers whom we usually call extraordinary; for they have all admittedly passed away together with gifts of tongues, gifts of healing, and miracles. The whole question narrows itself to a single point:—*Did the ordinary officers, variously known as bishops and elders, cease to exist along with the inspired Apostles?* Now, it is plainly the duty of the Brethren to prove their position: they must not only demonstrate the fact from Scripture, but they are bound to show the precise period at which the ministry passed away and a separate class ceased to exist. The onus of proof clearly lies with them. But we have no hesitation in affirming that, neither from Scripture nor history, is there the slightest evidence that the Christian ministry was to cease, or did cease, with Apostolic times; but the most indisputable evidence that it was to continue till the coming of Christ. It is exceedingly difficult to understand, on the Plymouth theory, why the Apostle Paul should have given to Timothy and Titus such minute instructions regarding the qualifications and duties of bishops and deacons, if they had been officers who were immediately to pass away. Can it be possible that that admirable picture of a New Testament bishop, in the third chapter of the first epistle to Timothy, was intended to serve a mere temporary purpose, and to possess

a mere antiquarian interest to all succeeding ages? The idea is utterly improbable; even if we had not been informed by the epistle that Timothy was charged to keep the whole series of Apostolic commands till the appearance of Christ (1 Tim. vi. 14). But surely, if elders or bishops were necessary while apostles and prophets and evangelists were still alive, they ought to be still more necessary now, when the Church is destitute of those supernatural aids accorded to her in the first stages of her history; and when the nature of man is still depraved, the wisdom of the flesh still enmity towards God, the delusions of Satan as strong, and the multitudes of false teachers quite as numerous as ever. Some Brethren, in their anxiety to escape from the force of St. Paul's directions to Timothy, have actually dared to affirm that the Apostle surrendered, in his second epistle, all the teachings of the first epistle, on account of the corruptions and errors to which his ideas of ministry led. The fact is, that the Apostle, in the second epistle, not only gives no hint of a change of view, but actually counsels Timothy, for the regular continuance of the ministry, to "commit the truth to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also" (2 Tim. ii. 2, 24). The statement is, besides, as blasphemous as it is unfounded. When we come to consider our Lord's commission to His Apostles, we discover that it is to an order of TEACHERS that he said, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20). The Brethren reply that these words were said to Apostles, who can have no successors. How, then, did it happen that teaching and baptising were not confined to the Apostles, even in Apostolic times? The words of our Lord cannot mean that the Apostles will live till the end of the world, or that His promise will reach its complete fulfilment at their death; but that the office of ministry is to continue till the end of time. It is maintained, however, that the commission was not to last till the end of the world, but till—*ἕως τῆς συντελείας τοῦ αἰῶνος*—the end of the age; and some Brethren can exactly fix the termination of the commission at "the period of Stephen's death, when the kingdom of God passed over from the Jews to the Gentiles." But without entering into an extended collation and criticism of individual passages, we may remark that the same Greek words are translated in the Parable of the Tares:—"The harvest is the end of the world"—"so shall it be at the end

of the world:" "the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just" (Matt. xiii. 39, 49). The ministry was evidently, then, to last till the end of the world. But the argument of the Brethren, if good for anything, will prove also that preaching and baptising were to end with the downfall of the Jewish dispensation.

It is evident from the Epistle to the Ephesians that the gifts of ministry referred to in the fourth chapter, apply to the Church in its CONTINUANCE, for they will never achieve the Divine purpose of their bestowal—"TILL we all come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man" (Eph. iv. 13). The whole passage is, indeed, the great charter of the Gospel ministry: "And He gave some Apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." It is clear that the same Divine Lord who gave apostles and prophets, gave *some* to be teachers, not *all*, by way of distinction from others who were not teachers. The Brethren hold, however, that the passage proves either all these officers are passed away, or none, and as the Apostles are admittedly passed away, pastors and teachers cannot be supposed to have survived them. We answer, that the ministry was to continue "till we all come into the unity of the faith." Then, say our opponents, the Apostles still continue, for we have not yet reached "this unity of the faith." We reply, that the ministry has been continued from the days of Christ, and will be continued till the end of the world, by the very officers named in this passage, not that they all continued at one and the same time, but that some of all these various officers have continued and shall continue during the whole period. They minister not *conjunctim* but *divisim*, as a Puritan commentator puts it. The extraordinary officers were necessary for laying the foundation as wise master-builders, and, accordingly, the saints are said to be built upon "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." The ordinary officers were to feed the Church in its continuance. The Brethren believe, however, that the construction of the passage in the original makes it evident that all the officers in question, ordinary and extraordinary, were for preparing the saints themselves to discharge the work of the ministry, and edify the body of Christ, after the cessation of supernatural gifts in the Church: for they are given by Christ "for (*πρὸς*) the perfecting of the saints, unto (*εἰς*) the work of

ministry, unto (εἰς) the edifying of the body of Christ." The conclusion is that ministry, as now understood by all the churches, was to cease after the days of the Apostles. Now, without attaching too much importance to the fact that the Church at Ephesus—to which this epistle was written—had only one class of officers, bishops or elders (who were ordinary officers) when Paul met with them at Miletus (Acts xx. 17, 28), and that, thirty years after, there was an "angel," or presiding minister, at Ephesus (Rev. ii. 1); it is evident that the construction of the passage as given above will not sustain the Brethren's conclusion.* For, first, it cannot prove the right of ALL saints to minister in the teeth of Paul's significant question, "Are all apostles? Are all prophets? ARE ALL TEACHERS?" (1 Cor. xii. 29.) Not to speak of female saints who are forbidden to speak in the Church (1 Cor. xii. 29). Secondly, if these various officers were intended to perfect the saints for the work of the ministry, it must have been by direct personal instruction. And in that case the preparatory work in question must have been confined to the saints of that generation, and no provision made for preparing the saints of future generations. We say, it must have been, on Plymouth principles, by direct personal instruction, and not by the inspired writings of these various classes of officers—of whom the prophets and pastors and teachers did not add a line to the canon of Scripture—but we know of no inspired writings in the New Testament canon that do not include those very passages which contain such explicit directions concerning the qualifications and duties of bishops and deacons, those equally explicit injunctions on Christian people to "obey them who were over them in the Lord." Thirdly, it is forgotten that there are two objects, viz. ministry and edification, represented as depending upon πρὸς. Thus, the passage will mean that some saints were prepared for the work of ministry and others to edify the Church in other ways. But the passage can never be twisted to prove the right of all saints to preach the Gospel. The language

* There has been much diversity in the interpretation of this passage: some erroneously regarding the three clauses as co-ordinate. The change in the prepositions, πρὸς—εἰς, εἰς, forbids this rendering. Others translate it—"For the perfecting of saints for the work of serving one another, and for the edification of His body." This, however, involves a sense of διακονία unsuited to the context. Dr. Hodge says,—"Others give the sense thus: 'For the sake of perfecting the saints, Christ appointed these officers to the work of the ministry, to the edification of His body.' The first clause, πρὸς κτλ, expresses the remote, εἰς—εἰς the immediate end of the appointment in question. This last view is perhaps the best."—(*Commentary on Ephesians*, in loc.)

of the Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Romans—"How shall they preach except they be sent?" is equally decisive upon the point; and the fact that "the blood of prophets and of saints" was to be found in the fallen Babylon, whose history has already spanned a thousand years, is proof of the intended perpetuity of the ministerial office through anti-Christian ages.

The Brethren are very persistent in affirming that there can be no elders in the Church now, since there are no Apostles, or delegates of the Apostles, to appoint them; "the elders of New Testament times were appointed by the Holy Ghost, but the elders of modern churches are appointed by man." This is one of their favourite arguments, but it is quite delusive and unfounded. Even if the Apostles did alone appoint elders in every church, we have no reason to suppose that they were guided infallibly in their choice of ministers any more than our modern churches. Who appointed the elders at Ephesus who were afterwards to "speak perverse things, and draw away the disciples after them"? (Acts xx. 30). Who made them "overseers over the flock"? Who appointed Demas to the ministry? How could Paul have been ignorant of his real character till the period of his apostasy? Who appointed the many teachers who afterwards departed from the faith? But the question arises, Was the appointment of elders entirely in the hands of the Apostles? It is very singular that even an apostle to succeed Judas was not to be chosen without the direct concurrence of the Christian assembly (Acts i.). The Church, in the first place, appointed two persons antecedently to God's choice; one was then chosen by lot, and Matthias, the new Apostle, *συγκατεψηφίσθη*, "was reckoned by common suffrage among the Apostles." The Brethren attempt to weaken the force of this evidence by representing the whole transaction as essentially Jewish in its character—the use of the lot being Jewish—for the Day of Pentecost ushering in the Christian dispensation was not yet come; and Peter is represented as displaying his usual rashness and precipitancy in proceeding to fill up the vacancy in the Apostolic college without the express warrant of the Holy Ghost. But are we really to understand that the Apostles in this transaction acted contrary to the will of God, and that, though they prayed for Divine direction in the choice of an Apostle, they were wrong in supposing they had obtained the Divine sanction? Surely, then, the whole proceedings were a solemn mockery; St. Peter was guilty of daring presumption, and Matthias never became an Apostle. There is evidence, too,

furnished in the subsequent history of the Church, that the elders were not the sole choice of the Apostles, for Paul and Barnabas (who was no Apostle) "ordained them elders in every church" (Acts xiv. 23); or, rather, χειροτονήσαντες, "ordained them by election." But, according to the Brethren, the elders were not even teachers, but rulers appointed to preside over the assemblies of saints, who alone possessed and exercised the gifts of ministry. But the elders at Ephesus were more than rulers, for they were to "feed the Church of God," and watch against "grievous wolves" entering in, who would not spare the flock (Acts xx. 28). The elders at Crete were to be able "to exhort and convince the gainsayers" (Titus i. 9); an elder or bishop was to be "apt to teach" (1 Tim. iii. 2); and the elders who laboured in the word and doctrine, and ruled well, were to be worthy of double honour (1 Tim. v. 17). There is not a vestige of foundation for the Plymouth theory of the eldership.

We shall now consider the positive proofs adduced by the Brethren on behalf of their peculiar views of ministry. One of their great strongholds is the fourteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and especially the thirty-first verse: "Ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted." Here, they say, there is not a hint of a one-man ministry; all the Lord's people are prophets, and the Holy Ghost presides in the Christian assembly. We reply, 1. This chapter can have no bearing upon the question of ministry, unless the Brethren can prove themselves the possessors of supernatural gifts. The gift of prophecy is reckoned among the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, and is put into the midst of them, and distinguished from ordinary gifts—"the word of wisdom and the word of knowledge" (1 Cor. xii. 9—11). The Apostle says, "When ye are come together, every one of you hath a Psalm, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation" (v. 26); implying that the prophets here referred to were inspired by the Holy Ghost. 2. But, even on their own principles, the passage proves nothing for Plymouthism. Their argument is, that the Apostles can have no successors, for they were specially guided by the Spirit, and there are no officers now, whether bishops or elders, who can claim such special guidance. But if the argument be good against the successors of the Apostles, it is equally effective against the Brethren, for the Corinthian prophets can have no successors, any more than the Apostles. 3. We are prepared to affirm that the words of the Apostle, "Ye may all pro-

phesy," refer, not to the people of the Corinthian Church, but to the prophets among them. For, in the 29th verse, the Apostle says, "Let the prophets speak two or three;" and "the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets" (v. 32); evidently implying that there was a distinct body of prophets in the Corinthian Church. The saints at Corinth were not, evidently, all prophets, for the Apostle asked in the same epistle, "Are all prophets?" (1 Cor. xii. 29). The prophets were distinct from apostles and evangelists and teachers; they stand next to apostles, and always before evangelists and teachers; and there is no instance in the Scriptures in which the word prophet does not refer to one in office. It is objected to this restrictive view that the gift of prophecy here referred to was not extraordinary or supernatural, on the ground that the Apostle exhorts the saints generally to desire it (1 Cor. xiv. 1); but they might very properly desire it in an age of extraordinary gifts, and pray to God for it, as the Apostle exhorts him "that speaketh in an unknown tongue to pray that he may interpret" (v. 13).

Our view is affirmed to be untenable, on the ground that such prophesying as is here commended is that which tends to the edification of the Church, and must, therefore, be ordinary preaching. But all the extraordinary officers of the Church were given "for the edification of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv. 13), and all gifts whatever were to be employed to this end (1 Cor. xiv. 26). It is argued from the fact that women are forbidden to prophesy—"Let your women keep silence in the churches"—that men are impliedly at liberty to exercise their gifts. But such an influence is far from legitimate, first, because he has already affirmed that all are not prophets (1 Cor. xii. 29); and, secondly, because women are not mentioned in opposition to men in the Corinthian Church, but to those who possessed the gift of prophecy. Besides, the women who are forbidden to prophesy were, in all probability, female prophetesses—for we know there were such women in the Church (Acts xxi. 9)—they might exercise their gifts in private, but not in the public assembly. The allusion to the practice of "women praying and prophesying," in the eleventh chapter of the epistle, is in no way serviceable to the Plymouth theory; for in that passage the Apostle restricts his censure to the practice of women appearing in the assemblies "with uncovered head," and reserves his fuller deliverance upon female prophets for the fourteenth chapter. It is also objected that the prophets were to be tried—an ordeal

unnecessary for supernaturally-gifted men—but the trial was to have exclusive relation, not to the truth of what the Holy Ghost indited, but to the meaning and consequences of the inspired deliverances. 4. It is a significant fact that the first epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, in which he expounds so fully the qualifications and duties of bishops, as officers who were to “take care of the Church of God,” was written six years after his first epistle to the Corinthians; so that we are not entitled to consider the Corinthian epistle as displacing or superseding the teaching of the epistle to Timothy, and fixing the normal character and relations of the ministry to the end of time. Great importance has been attached to the absence of all reference in the epistle to the elders at Corinth—if there were such officers—and the question is asked, why did not St. Paul address the epistle to them instead of to “the saints”? The argument is exceedingly flimsy. Why did he not address the elders in his epistle to the Hebrews—for there were such officers among the Hebrew Christians (Heb. xiii. 7, 17); or the elders, in the epistle to the Ephesians—for there were elders at Ephesus (Acts xx. 17, 28); or the elders in the epistle to the Galatians, though St. Peter informs us that they had such officers (compare 1 Peter i. 1 with v. 1)?

Another stronghold of the Brethren is a passage in the same epistle to the Corinthians: “But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another, faith by the same Spirit; to another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy: to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues” (1 Cor. xii. 7—10). And then the Apostle proceeds to represent this variety in the Church by the variety of members—eyes, ears, hands, feet—in the human body. The inference is that all the members of Christ’s body have the right of ministry, that is, of preaching the Gospel. But the Apostle, in the immediate context, imposes an express limitation. “Are all Apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers?” “God hath set *some* in the Church—(not *all* the members)—first, Apostles” (v. 28). The Brethren’s scheme of interpretation, by making all the members teachers, vitiates the whole analogy: it makes the Church all eye, or all ear, or all tongue; it ignores the diversity of members in the body; it makes the Church to be one member, and not

many; while the passage expressly indicates a variety of offices and gifts—of which teaching is one—though it evidently implies that the gifts enumerated are almost all confined to the teaching class, without supplying the slightest ground for believing that every saint is therefore a teacher. The diversity of members in the body implies diversity of service—not that all are teachers, but that some are, as some are rulers, and some givers, and some comforters. The Brethren quote a passage from St. Peter's epistle, of somewhat similar import:—"As each man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth" (1 Peter iv. 10, 11). This passage cannot prove every man's right to minister. The *χαρίσματα* in question were to be exercised by every believer in his own sphere, but differently in the case of public and private persons. Priscilla taught Apollo privately, but Apollo preached publicly in the synagogues. The women who laboured with St. Paul in the Gospel (Phil. iv. 3) used their gifts privately, for public preaching by females was interdicted by the Apostle.

Great stress has been laid upon the account given in the Acts of the Apostles of private Christians at Jerusalem, who had been scattered abroad, going everywhere to preach the word (Acts viii. 4, 11, 19). We hold, however, that those who "preached the word" were not private Christians. The passage stands thus:—"And at that time there was a great persecution against the Church, which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the Apostles." The "all" who are scattered abroad are either all the teachers or all the Christians at Jerusalem; not all the Christians, for they are still there in the third verse. "He made havoc of the Church; entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." Had the whole Church of Jerusalem been scattered abroad, the Apostles would have been left without flocks, and "their tarrying been dangerous to themselves and useless to the Church." The "all," then, must be understood to refer to all the Church officers, except the Apostles, who went everywhere preaching. The words *εὐαγγελιζόμενοι τὸν λόγον* are never used in the New Testament but of preachers in office. It is strongly corroborative of our view, that the only individual of this scattered number at all mentioned is Philip, a deacon, and after-

wards called an Evangelist (Acts xxi. 8). Some of those scattered abroad are said to have been "men of Cyrene" (Acts xi. 20), and we find, significantly enough, that Lucius of Cyrene was one of the "prophets and teachers" belonging to the Church at Antioch (Acts xiii. 1). But even supposing that these scattered members of the Church at Jerusalem had been private Christians, the Brethren can derive no advantage from the fact; for there was nothing to prevent the Apostles from giving them a commission on their sudden departure; they preached not at Jerusalem, where there was a settled ministry, but in Cyrene and Cyprus, and other heathen parts; and even without an express commission from the Apostles, their call may well be regarded as extraordinary from the extraordinary effects of their ministry.

It is quite useless for the Brethren to defend their ideas of the ministry by quoting the instances of the woman of Samaria, who preached Christ to the Samaritans, and of the man dispossessed of the devil, who "published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him" (Luke viii. 39). For the man did no more than our Lord commanded him, and the woman simply declared what she had seen and heard; but there was no preaching in either case, or you will countenance female-preaching. Equally useless is the reference to the "house of Stephanas, addicting itself to the ministry of the saints," for it was deaconship or ministering to the necessity of saints; or the reference to the Apostle's admonition—"Despise not prophesyings"—for they were the prophesyings of men actually in office; or the reference to the memorable saying of Moses, which is always in the mouths of the Brethren—"Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them" (Numbers xi. 26, 29); for the prophesying of Eldad and Medad was by immediate Divine inspiration, it was a spirit of government (vv. 16, 17), and not of preaching; and Moses merely expressed the wish, not that all should preach, but that all should have the ability to rule. We are also reminded that all the Lord's people are priests; but they are priests unto God, and not unto men, and their position is not ministerial, but spiritual (1 Peter ii. 5). They are called priests, but they are nowhere called prophets. It is almost puerile to quote "The saints shall be taught of God," and "Ye need not that any man teach you," as evidence against a ministry; for the saints are taught of God by the ministry, which is God's gift. Such an argument will put an end to every variety of private and public instruction

—to “all teaching and admonishing one another”—and even to every form of Plymouth worship and ministry. The inward spiritual teaching is what is referred to, and does not, and did not ever, supersede external ministerial teaching.

The Brethren believe that ministry was lost during the reign of Antichrist, and that it is preposterous for any Church of the Reformation now to claim the possession of New Testament ministry. We believe, however, that there has always been, even during the darkest Christian ages, “a remnant according to the election of grace,” and it is the precise prediction of the Holy Ghost that, so far from ministry being lost, the witnesses should live to “prophesy in sackcloth, one thousand two hundred and sixty days,” that is, during the whole period of Antichristian apostasy. Besides, in Babylon was to be found “the blood of the prophets and of the saints.”

We have not hitherto adverted to the somewhat peculiar representation which the Plymouth Brethren are in the habit of giving of their own assemblies for worship. They meet, forsooth, under the presidency of the Holy Ghost, and repudiate the sin of the churches in allowing a one-man ministry, and gainsaying, perhaps, the very man whom the Lord sends. We venture to affirm that there is no church in Christendom that will dare to gainsay such a man; but the difficulty is, How is he to be known? Suppose, for example, that a Plymouth Brother should broach some new heresy in the meeting for worship—and this is no impossible or unheard-of thing, if we understand anything of the past history of Plymouth schisms—what will the assembled Brethren do? The answer is, “The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets;” they will silence the preacher, even though he claim to be the man whom the Lord sends. But what is this but the intervention of man which the Brethren repudiate as the great sin of the churches? Here we have the concurrence of the assembly established; we have what is tantamount to the call of the Church. But the idea of the Spirit’s presidency is destitute of all foundation in Scripture; there is not a passage in the Bible in which He is said to be the president of assemblies; and, though He is present in every assembly of His saints, it is only in the sense in which He is present in the heart of every believer.

We have now brought to a close the arguments for ministry against the reasonings of the Plymouth Brethren. We believe that this ministry was designed to be perpetual; and that,

as to all essential particulars, such as the classes and kinds of office-bearers, the nature and limits of their respective functions, the manner of their appointment, the mutual relations of governors and governed, teachers and the taught, and the order of admitting or excluding members, and directing and superintending affairs, the elements of a clearly defined polity are to be found in the New Testament. We do not enter upon the question of lay co-operation, or upon the duty of Christian men and women to advance the cause of the Redeemer within spheres more or less public, and within limits more or less circumscribed, for the exercise of their special gifts. But the taunt of the Brethren that *they* do not require call, ordination, or appointment to speak a word for Christ, is perfectly pointless, for Paul and Barnabas could have spoken a thousand words for Christ without the designation of the prophets and teachers at Antioch; and "the faithful men" to whom Timothy was to commit the things of the Gospel, needed no laying on of the hands of the young evangelist to authorise their speaking a word for Christ. Yet it was deemed necessary to designate them in this solemn and formal manner to the work of ministry.

It may be thought that we attach far too much importance to the Plymouth sect by attempting this formal and detailed refutation of their error on ministry; but we have been induced to notice them less from an apprehension of their power to found a strong or formidable denomination, than from the disorganising and disintegrating effect of their teaching upon the membership of other churches. They are to be found, under various disguises, in little knots and cliques, scattered over the three kingdoms, and always exhibiting the same sinister policy in relation to the churches. Their converts are usually distinguished by great zeal; they are mostly, we believe, individuals who have been converted under the ministry of other churches. Honest conviction on the part of some, in others a love of singularity, or a heroic championship of a despised cause, or a deep dissatisfaction with existing churches, account for these conversions; and converts so gained are valuable to their cause; for steadiness, pertinacity, and the pride of consistency, distinguish us as a nation above all people who form opinions for themselves. We do not blame Brethrenism for its schisms, or because it is itself a schism. Guizot has reproached Protestantism with not accepting more cordially the consequences of its own principles, as each Protestant denomination always thought division should stop with itself, and persecuted or opposed

the new separatists. Neither should we dare to say that these divisions are merely or necessarily signs of intellectual pride, and religious conceit, and a contentious spirit; for they are far more the signs of the reality of our freedom, of the intellectual activity it has awakened, and of our profound interest in religious truth. We do not usually quarrel with our summers for their growth of weeds; but we must, at the same time, take all needful means to extirpate them, or at least to restrain their rank luxuriance. The presence of the Brethren in Christendom may have its beneficial uses. They believe that they have been led into a deeper and more spiritual interpretation of the Bible than any existing church, though, to our mind, it is marked by a great deal of spiritual allegorising and mythical idealism; they claim to have cultivated a kind of exegetical conscience more sensitive than that of the churches to what is required and what is forbidden; their critical ingenuity has certainly often dug down upon some fossil senses that had never been thought of before; but, with all their pretension to lead the exodus of God's people away from regions of speculation, parched and impoverished by the schools of philosophy, into direct contact with the mind of the Spirit of God, they are just as remarkable as the philosophers for their fine, spiritual abstractions, that are often false as well as vain, and, with a narrowness and pertinacity quite unphilosophic, they assert them every day of their lives, till they become a kind of universal solvent that is to melt down the very hardest questions of theology. And yet, if it were not for the dry, hard, dogmatic spirit of their writings, which rather repels our sympathies, they might be able to pour some fresh thought into the current interpretation of the Bible, which, as we all know, might be studied to greater advantage from fresh and novel points of view, supplied by antagonism to hostile systems, than in an unvarying spirit of contentment with its first results. The spread of Brethrenism, with its disdainful contempt for forms, may also be serviceable in a ritualistic age. In fact, all the churches have occupied themselves too much in exploring the outlying regions of church polity and organisation, and spent their strength in striving to realise the external ideal of the Church as it ought to be, while the interior mysteries of the Gospel were too much neglected; and when we find such a monstrous development of Tractarianism as English Christianity at present affords in a church dependent upon the Apostolic succession—upon the false externalisation of the idea of a church—an extreme in

the opposite direction, limiting its thought and sympathies to the grand spiritual realities of Christianity, may be charged with many wholesome results to the cause of Evangelical Protestantism. Christian ministers will be obliged to attach less importance to an iron-bound conformity, in contour and substance, to doctrinal standards, and will throw all their power into the direct work of evangelisation; and especially in working upon the masses of English society, whose hold of Christianity has been attenuated in an extreme degree. But neither Churchmen nor Dissenters can regard with complacency the spread of a sect which disregards the usual courtesies of evangelical brotherhood, worms itself into communities by the most dexterous evasions and concealments, and then, after it has achieved its objects, with a spiritual pride and rancour only to be paralleled by the temper of the Commonwealth sectaries, turns round upon the churches it has forsaken only to stigmatise them as "the limbs of Antichrist," and wage ceaseless and public war against their doctrines and membership. Let us hope that three centuries will have been enough for the Reformation to have exhausted its divisions, if not to have healed them; that the periodic heresies of which history records the rise will become fewer and more limited in their range, as time advances and Christianity enlarges that circle of intelligent minds that constitutes her common sense and self-regulating power; and that the time may soon come when we shall see a high-toned Christian fervour without bigotry, and intensity of religious action without a trace of fanatical exaggeration.

- ART. III.—1. *Auguste Comte and Positivism*. By JOHN STUART MILL. Second Edition, Revised. London. 1866.
2. *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*. By JOHN STUART MILL. Third Edition. London. 1867.
3. *Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive*. Par E. LITTRE. Paris. 1863.
4. *The Catechism of Positive Religion*. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London. 1858.
5. *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Two Vols. Third Edition. London. 1867.
6. *Mental and Moral Science*. By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. London. 1868.
7. *The Conscience: Lectures on Casuistry delivered in the University of Cambridge*. By F. D. MAURICE, Professor of Casuistry and Moral Science. London and Cambridge. 1868.

"THERE are symptoms," says Dr. McCosh, "of a renewed attempt being made in our age to construct a morality without a godliness." The disciples of M. Comte, as is well known, profess to be able to solve all the great problems of mental, moral, and social science without any reference whatever to God, either in the relation of First Cause or in that of Moral Governor. Mr. Mill says:—"Though conscious of being in an extremely small minority, we venture to think that a religion may exist without belief in a God, and that a religion without a God may be, even to Christians, an instructive and profitable object of contemplation."*

Christian philosophers, however, have all but universally maintained that, in order to the existence of virtue, there must be a recognition of God as our infinitely righteous Ruler, possessing power to reward or to punish all created moral agents according to their character and deeds. Nor are they prepared, at the bidding of Positivists, to abandon a principle which they know to be of vital importance.

* *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, p. 133.

We regret to see a disposition on the part of certain Christian apologists to make concessions, which are not merely not demanded, but absolutely forbidden, by a sound philosophy.* Our present purpose, however, is to deal with the fundamental doctrines of the British Positivists. We are quite prepared to meet the followers of Comte on their own ground. We will bring their much-vaunted philosophy to the test of those very psychological principles which they are themselves compelled to assume—principles which they cannot even question without renouncing the possibility of attaining to certainty on any subject of inquiry.

We demand to know on what ground Positivists claim to be regarded as a philosophical sect at all? There is nothing new in their doctrine relating to the limitations of

* As an illustration of the tendency referred to, we select the following:—In *Discourses on Special Occasions*, by the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A. (pp. 32, 33), we read:—"Apart, indeed, from the recognition of God, human virtues lose their purest grace and their perfect beauty, but they are virtues still. Whatever theologians may teach, I will do honour to moral excellence wherever I find it. I will not pervert the plain dictates of my conscience under the pressure of any theological system whatever. Truthfulness, uprightness, unselfishness—these are noble and beautiful wherever they exist, whether they belong to a Christian or to a heathen; to the man that remembers God, or to the man that forgets Him. It is curious how this theory, that goodness and virtue lose their essential character, and cease to be goodness and virtue in men who do not love and fear God, has been accepted and maintained by theologians both of ancient and modern times, and how it has been professed by hostile churches. I could quote a long list of passages from the Fathers, in which this paradox is plainly asserted. In this error Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent have all agreed. The articles of the Church of England affirm that the good works of men who are not religious have 'the nature of sin;' and the confessions of the Westminster Assembly and the Savoy Conference affirm even more plainly that they are positively sinful." Now, while we grant to Mr. Dale that the question whether true virtue can co-exist with ungodliness, is not to be determined by an appeal to human authorities, we still think that he was bound to attempt some explanation of this remarkable agreement among theologians of various ages and nations, and the more so since their doctrine has, to say the least, the appearance of being in harmony with the letter of Scripture. If truthfulness, honesty, and unselfishness are noble, praiseworthy, and morally beautiful, for reasons in no way dependent for existence on man's relations to God, then those reasons should determine the Divine judgment respecting the agent's character and desert, as they should determine ours. But the Bible teaches explicitly that "whatsoever (i.e. in the sphere of moral action) is not of faith is sin." Mr. Dale's error is the result of looking upon man simply as a moral agent. We are morally accountable agents—and accountable to God. It certainly is a contradiction to affirm that we may refuse to make God the object of our supreme affection, and yet love our neighbour disinterestedly. In every morally accountable being love to God is the all-comprehending virtue. See Müller on *The Christian Doctrine of Sin* (vol i., p. 109, second edition). But we cannot now discuss this important point fully. We would simply express our regret that so distinguished a preacher as Mr. Dale should have taken a position which we hold to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of ethical science.

human knowledge. Long before Comte it was maintained that we could know nothing of either matter or mind, beyond their phenomena and certain relations existing among these phenomena. Hume taught explicitly that the terms substance, power, cause, have no realities corresponding; that, in fact, they can be employed only to designate specific connections of phenomena. Mr. Mill says:—

“The fundamental doctrine of a true philosophy, according to M. Comte, and the character by which he defines positive philosophy, is the following:—We have no knowledge of anything but phenomena; and our knowledge of phenomena is relative, not absolute. We know not the essence, nor the real mode of production, of any fact, but only its relations to other facts, in the way of succession or of similitude. These relations are constant; that is, always the same in the same circumstances. The constant resemblances which link phenomena together, and the constant sequences which unite them as antecedent and consequent, are termed their laws. The laws of phenomena are all we know respecting them. Their essential nature, and their ultimate causes, either efficient or final, are unknown and inscrutable to us. M. Comte claims no originality for this conception of human knowledge. He avows that it has been virtually acted on from the earliest period by all who have made any real contribution to science.”—*Auguste Comte and Positivism*, p. 6.

Thus, according to Comte, knowledge of the successions and similarities of phenomena is the sole knowledge accessible to us. In making this dogma the basis of his system, he advanced nothing new. “In germ,” says Mr. Lewes, “this is as old as science.”

Further, there is nothing in the method adopted by M. Comte and his followers to justify us in regarding positivism as a philosophy. Indeed, Positivists themselves are not at all agreed on the subject of philosophical method. Comte and Lewes employ the method of the materialists, maintaining that all our knowledge of mental, as well as of material, phenomena, is obtained by external or objective observation. Consciousness, with these writers, is nothing but a biological phenomenon; and hence, being itself presented to sense, cannot be a distinct source of knowledge. Mr. Lewes, referring to the writings of Reid and his followers, says, “there is in them much excellent analysis and sagacious remark. There is a liberal and philosophic spirit animating the pages; and in the lectures of Thomas Brown and the *Analysis* of James Mill, we find many valuable contributions to the science of psychology. But, in my opinion, not one of them had a conception of the true province of psychology,

nor of the methods by which such a science could be established. Brown came nearest to such a conception. Not one of them saw that the disputes which had so fruitlessly been carried on could only be settled by the substitution of a new method of inquiry, which in all sciences had alone been found fruitful. *Not one of them saw the necessity of thoroughly understanding the organism if they would understand the functions.*"*

Other Positivists, and among these Mr. Mill, reject the materialistic method; holding with philosophers generally, that consciousness is the source of our knowledge of all strictly spiritual phenomena. Mill, especially, represents Comte's method as "*a grave aberration.*" He says—

"M. Comte rejects totally, as an invalid process, psychological observations properly so called, or in other words internal consciousness, at least as regards our intellectual operations. He gives no place in his series to the science of psychology, and always speaks of it with contempt. The study of mental phenomena, or as he expresses it, of moral and intellectual functions, has a place in his scheme under the head of biology, but only as a branch of physiology. Our knowledge of the human mind must, he thinks, be acquired by observing other people. How we are to observe other people's mental operations, or how interpret the signs of them without having learnt what the signs mean by knowledge of ourselves, he does not state. But it is clear to him that we can learn very little about the feelings, and nothing at all about the intellect, by self-observation. . . . M. Comte would scarcely have affirmed that we are not aware of our own intellectual operations. We know of our observings and our reasonings, either at the very time, or by memory the moment after; in either case, by direct knowledge, and not (like things done by us in a state of somnambulism) merely by their results. This simple fact destroys the whole of M. Comte's argument. Whatever we are directly aware of, we can directly observe. And what Organon for the study of 'the moral and intellectual functions' does M. Comte offer, in lieu of the direct mental observation which he repudiates? We are almost ashamed to say that it is phrenology! Not, indeed, he says as a science formed, but as one still to be created; for he rejects almost all the special organs imagined by phrenologists, and accepts only their general division of the brain into the three regions of the propensities, the sentiments, and the intellect, and the subdivision of the latter region between the organs of meditation and those of observation. Yet this mere first outline of an apportionment of the mental functions among different organs, he regards as extricating the mental study of man

* *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 391.

from the metaphysical stage, and elevating it to the positive. The condition of mental science would be sad indeed if this were its best chance of being positive; for the later course of physiological observation and speculation has not tended to confirm, but to discredit, the phrenological hypothesis. And even if that hypothesis were true, psychological observation would still be necessary; for how is it possible to ascertain the correspondence between two things, by observation of only one of them?"—*Auguste Comte and Positivism*, p. 65.

Once more, we ask, are the special results attained by Comte such as to justify him in viewing positivism as "a philosophy"? The answers returned by his disciples are very various, and even conflicting. Mr. Herbert Spencer says, "M. Comte designated by the term 'positive philosophy' all that definitely established knowledge which men of science have been gradually organising into a coherent body of doctrine."

"An immense mistake," rejoins Mr. Lewes, adding, "but Mr. Spencer's superficial acquaintance with the system renders the error excusable." In this controversy Mr. Mill sides with Spencer. He says, "The philosophy called positive is not a recent invention of M. Comte, but a simple adherence to the traditions of all the great scientific minds whose discoveries have made the human race what it is."* Will Mr. Lewes tell us that Mr. Mill's knowledge of the positive philosophy also is very superficial? We certainly are somewhat perplexed to know on what ground Positivists generally claim that Comte is the founder of a new philosophy. We grant that Comte has furnished us with a new classification of the sciences; but a classification is not a philosophy. We allow that, as a classification, it possesses considerable merit. It would be strange if it did not, considering the time and energy which Comte devoted to the elaboration of his system. Even viewed as a classification, its errors are great. But then, as Mr. Mill observes, "it is always easy to find fault with a classification. There are a hundred possible ways of arranging any set of objects, and something may always be said against the best, and in favour of the worst of them. The merits of a classification depend mainly on the purposes to which it is instrumental." We certainly do not think that Comte's classification deserves the praise bestowed upon it. We have never yet been able to see the reality of Comte's twofold distribution of the

* *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, p. 9.

sciences—a division which he marks by the terms "*Abstract*" and "*Concrete*." To us it appears to rest on the assumption that the relations of co-existence and succession among phenomena may be known apart from, or independent of, the phenomena. We are not aware of any distinguished psychologist who would allow the validity of such an assumption. Certainly not Sir William Hamilton. It is with him a fundamental principle that a relation is nothing apart from related objects, and consequently, that a relation can be thought only by constituting the related things themselves the object of a single cognitive act. Hamilton's division of the sciences into *formal* and *real*—a division determined by the two kinds of truth—possesses, in our view, a vastly higher scientific value than any distinction to be found in the classification of Comte.*

It is not our intention to enter upon any examination of the complicated details of Comte's system. We have proved that Positivists have no claim to be regarded as a philosophical sect. Hence, while we deal with the opinions of individual Positivists, we shall never consent to treat positivism itself as a philosophy. We wish now to call attention to certain doctrines in the writings of Mr. Mill, Mr. Lewes, and other British Positivists, which, in our judgment, are inconsistent with any rational belief in the existence of God and the reality of moral distinctions.

Mr. Mill tells us that—

"To know rightly what a thing is, we require to know, with equal distinctness, what it is not. To enter into the real character of any mode of thought we must understand what other modes of thought compete with it. M. Comte has taken care that we should do so. The modes of philosophising which, according to him, dispute ascendancy with the positive, are two in number, both of them anterior to it in date; the theological and the metaphysical. . . . Examples are not necessary to prove to those who are acquainted with the past phases of human thought, how great a place both the theological and the metaphysical interpretations of phenomena have historically occupied, as well in the speculations of thinkers as in the familiar conceptions of the multitude. Many had perceived before M. Comte that neither of these modes of explanation was final: the warfare against both of them could scarcely be carried on more vigorously than it already was, early in the seventeenth century, by Hobbes. Nor is it unknown to any one who has followed the history of the various physical sciences, that the positive explanation of facts has substituted itself, step by step, for the theological

* *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic*, vol. iv. p. 66.

and metaphysical, as the progress of inquiry brought to light an increasing number of the invariable laws of phenomena. In these respects M. Comte has not originated anything, but has taken his place in a fight long since engaged, and on the side already in the main victorious. The generalisation which belongs to himself, and in which he had not, to the best of our knowledge, been at all anticipated, is, that every distinct class of human conceptions passes through all these stages, beginning with the theological, and proceeding through the metaphysical to the positive: the metaphysical being a mere state of transition, but an indispensable one, from the theological mode of thought to the positive, *which is destined finally to prevail, by the universal recognition that all phenomena, without exception, are governed by invariable laws, with which no volitions, either natural or supernatural, interfere.*"—Auguste Comte and Positivism, pp. 9, 12.

When we first read the clause we have marked in italics, we were reminded of a famous passage in the writings of Mr. Holyoake, the great apostle of Secularism. He is defending the hypothesis of "*a reign of law,*" as opposed to the Christian doctrine of "*a God of love, reigning according to laws or rules which He Himself has framed in infinite wisdom.*"* "Science," says Mr. Holyoake, "has shown us that we are under the dominion of general laws, and that there is no special providence. Nature acts with fearful uniformity; stern as fate, absolute as tyranny, merciless as death; too vast to praise, too inexplicable to worship, too inexorable to propitiate; it has no ear for prayer, no heart for sympathy, no arm to save." Both Mr. Mill and Mr. Holyoake are quite willing that we should believe in the existence of a personal God, provided we do not insist upon regarding Him as the Supreme Ruler. "We may believe," says Mr. Mill, "that the universe was created, and even that it is continuously governed, by an Intelligence, provided that we admit that the intelligent governor adheres to fixed laws, which are only modified or counteracted by other laws of the same dispensation, and are never either capriciously or providentially departed from. Whoever regards all events as parts of a constant order, each one being the invariable consequence of some antecedent condition, or combination

* The phrase "*Reign of Law,*" which is manifestly a metaphorical expression, is treated by the Positivist as a strictly philosophical designation. A greater blunder it is not possible to conceive. *Law cannot reign. Only an Intelligent Being can do this.* Secularists accept the dogma respecting the dominion of law as "*a regulative truth.*" "Secularism" is, in fact, the application to life and conduct of the dogmas of positivism. See *Anti-Secularist Lectures*, by the Rev. James McCann, M.A., F.G.S. These lectures are distinguished by great ability, and should be in the hands of all who have to deal with that special form of modern infidelity called "*Secularism.*"

of conditions, accepts fully the positive mode of thought; whether he acknowledges or not an universal antecedent on which the whole system of nature was originally consequent, and whether that universal antecedent is conceived as an Intelligence or not.* Mr. Mill's reasoning here rests wholly upon the assumption that law has a real existence apart from the Divine Intelligence. Only let Mr. Mill establish the validity of this position, and we are quite prepared to admit, with himself and with Mr. Holyoake, that miracles are impossible, that prayer can have no efficacy, and that there is no special providence. The god "*Law*" has "no ear for prayer, no heart for sympathy." We should like to see Mr. Mill attempt to prove that the so-called "*laws of nature*" exist anywhere in the universe but in the mind of the Great Creator and Ruler. In the meantime we beg to assure him that we will not fall down and worship the golden image—the god *Law*—which Auguste Comte and the Atheists of all times have set up.

Positivists object to be designated Atheists. They say they do not deny the existence of God; they only affirm that we cannot *know* that He exists. And what Atheist, we ask, caring to be thought intellectually sane, ever claimed to do more? Positivists, finding themselves unequal to the task of proving that there is no God, do their utmost to show that the existence of God is not a necessity—at all events, will not be a necessity of human thought when the positive philosophy shall have destroyed both metaphysics and theology. Mr. Mill takes care too not to leave us in doubt regarding his own conception of the Positivist's millennium:—*the great Creator effectually and for ever shut out of His own world, and nothing left but the bare similarities and successions of events, all governed by inexorable laws, with the operation of which neither God nor man, neither angel nor devil, can by any possibility interfere! And this millennium rapidly approaching! Good news this, for our sin-stricken world!*

Such is "*THE GOSPEL*," according to Comte, Holyoake, Lewes and Mill. Verily, the great Leibnitz must have possessed what Positivists term the faculty of "*prevision*." Writing to Arnauld, he intimates his fear that "*the last of heresies may be, I do not say Atheism, but Naturalism publicly professed.*"

The "*naturalism*" of the positive school is not by any means a new form of infidelity. The stern and well-deserved

* *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, p. 15.

rebuke which John Foster administered to the would-be Atheists of his day is equally applicable to the Positivists of our own time :—

“Is it not strange to observe, how carefully some philosophers, who deplore the condition of our world, and profess to expect its melioration, keep their speculations clear of every idea of Divine interposition? No builders of houses or cities were ever more attentive to guard against the excess of flood or fire. If *He* should but touch their prospective theories of improvement, they would renounce them as fit only for vulgar fanaticism. Their system of providence would be profaned by the intrusion of the Almighty. Man is to effect an apotheosis for himself by the hopeful process of exhausting his corruption. And should it take a long series of ages, vices, and woes, to reach this glorious attainment, patience may sustain itself the while by the thought, that when it is realized it will be burdened with no duty of religious gratitude. No time is too long to wait, no cost too deep to incur, for the triumph of proving that we have no need of a Divinity, regarded as possessing that one attribute which makes it delightful to acknowledge such a Being, the benevolence that would make us happy. But even if this noble self-sufficiency cannot be realized, the independence of spirit which has laboured for it must not sink at last into piety. This afflicted world, ‘this poor terrestrial citadel of man,’ is to lock its gates, and keep its miseries, rather than admit the degradation of receiving help from God.”

Mr. Mill, while accepting Comte's theory respecting the three modes of explaining phenomena, objects to his terminology. He says, “instead of the theological, we should prefer to speak of the personal or volitional explanation of facts; instead of metaphysical, the abstractional or ontological; and the meaning of positive would be less ambiguously expressed in the objective aspect by phenomenal, in the subjective by experiential.”* How, then, shall we distinguish these three methods of inquiry? We premise that, in philosophy, to explain phenomena always signifies to account for the existence of phenomena, and that to account for the existence of phenomena is to refer phenomena to their cause or causes. Comte avowedly rejects all inquiry into causes strictly so called. He tells us that all such inquiries are void of sense. His objection, however, lies against what he terms the theological and metaphysical applications of the word cause. Positivists find themselves compelled to employ the terms *cause*, *law*, *power*, and *force*. But these words in their strict and proper sense can have no place

* *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, p. 10.

in the vocabulary of consistent Positivists. They never employ them without first emptying them of their real significance.

But to proceed with our explanation of the three methods of inquiry:—

First, we may account for a given fact, phenomenon, or event, by referring it to the volitions of one or more agents, persons, or intelligent beings. Thus, we are said to account for the movements of a watch, when we refer them to the maker of the watch, and to the person who supplies the conditions of its continued action. Each movement of the watch is an effect, something which begins to be. As an effect, we are compelled, by the very constitution of our intelligence, to think it as dependent for existence on the will of one or more persons or agents. *That something should begin to be, and yet not be originated by some mind, is as inconceivable as that two straight lines should enclose a space.* The fact of origination is presented to consciousness. If we know anything, we know that we are the real authors or originators of our volitions. We have an immediate consciousness of self-personality. We can no more doubt that we ourselves cause or determine our acts of will, than we can doubt the fact of our existence. In the consciousness of ourselves producing our volitions we gain our first notion of cause. The term cause, therefore, in its strict and primary signification designates a person or intelligent being who possesses the faculty of will. Without this faculty we should not be agents or causes. It is now clear what is meant by the personal or volitional explanation of any given fact. This method of accounting for the existence of facts or phenomena Mr. Mill of course rejects. It cannot be otherwise so long as he maintains that there is nothing in the relation of cause and effect beyond antecedence and sequence. In opposition to Mr. Mill, we affirm that the human mind demands the existence of a person to account for any and every presented effect. When any change, event, or phenomenon is perceived, we cannot but ask who *originated or caused it*. Any professed explanation which stops short of answering this question fails to satisfy the mind, and this by virtue of the necessary laws of thought.

Secondly. What is meant by the metaphysical method of accounting for the existence of phenomena? There is constantly forced upon us the conviction that everything in nature has its own specific constitution, by virtue of which it is able to make and able to receive certain changes. In other words, we find ourselves compelled to think it as

endowed with certain properties, attributes, or qualities. Thus, for example, it is maintained by the highest authorities in the department of physical science, that matter, so far as it is or can be presented to observation, has certain properties or powers, and that this is true whether we accept the atomic theory or adopt that which resolves matter into "points of force." Sir John Herschel, in one of his addresses before the Royal Society, in noticing this important doctrine, says that "it effectually destroys the idea of an external self-existent matter, by giving to each of its atoms at once the essential characteristics of a manufactured article." Hence the constitution of the world, even apart from the results conditioned upon the exercise of the powers of nature, compels the admission of an Intelligent and All-wise Creator. Nature, as constituted, is an effect, and an effect dependent for existence upon past exercises of the power of the Creator. It is very easy to show, in opposition to our modern sceptics, who deny the efficacy of prayer, that the continued exercise of the Divine agency is absolutely essential to the continued action of the constituted powers of nature. But we must not dwell here. The properties by which an object is fitted to produce changes are termed "*active powers*," while those which render it susceptible of experiencing certain changes are called "*passive powers*." Active powers are "*capabilities*;" passive powers are "*susceptibilities*." Powers, whether active or passive, are never presented to us as "absolute objects of cognition." We can only think them relatively—as the conditions of the possibility of certain effects. Both active and passive powers are contemplated either (1) as *unexerted* or (2) as *exerted*. It is only when these powers are exerted that they can be designated "*causes*;" and then, only as *secondary, physical, or instrumental causes*. Now, whenever we predicate causation, either (1) strictly of an *agent* or (2) less strictly of a *thing*, this predication involves the notion of *power in action*. Hence, to refer to our former illustration—for it is not possible to find a better—we account metaphysically for the movements of a watch when we refer them immediately to the action of its constituted powers. We think the watch to possess, by virtue of its constitution as a watch, certain fitnesses—adaptations—in a word, "*powers*," which, when certain conditions are supplied by some *agent*, say the person who winds up the watch, become "*causes*."*

* See our article on "*Philosophy and Theology*" in the Fifty-ninth Number of this *Review*.

Thirdly, according to Positivists, we are able to account for the movements of the watch without any reference either to its inherent powers, to the agent who supplies the conditions of their action, or to the person or persons who originally created the properties and adaptations of that particular watch. They tell us that we may concentrate our attention simply upon the movements themselves; and that by so doing we shall be able to discover their relations of resemblance and succession. These relations they term *laws of phenomena*. Thus, Mr. Herbert Spencer teaches that phenomena may be classified by reference to their relations of succession. Each class must exhibit a special uniformity of sequence. This particular uniformity of sequence he designates "a special law," and represents it as affording the explanation of the related phenomena. Further, he tells us that "underneath the different groups of concrete phenomena, mechanical, chemical, thermal, electric, &c., we are able to discern uniformities of action common to them all." The highest of these generalisations he terms the law of evolution, and expresses it thus:—"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations."* Here is the precious key by which Positivists unlock the mysteries of nature! Here is the grand law which affords an explanation of all phenomena—organic and inorganic—the phenomena not only of matter, but of life, of mind, of society! In reply, we simply observe that the doctrine that laws are relations among phenomena is not recognised by a sound philosophy. *Law is a rule of action for an agent*. It can exist only as a thought in the mind of an agent, constituting a rule in harmony with which he may choose or refuse to exercise his power. We are quite aware that the term law is sometimes loosely and most unphilosophically applied to the *result* of the agent's regulated action. Here it means nothing more than a specific order of sequence. To distinguish this from law in the strict and proper sense, it is sometimes called "*law objective*." But a law objective—an order of sequence—necessarily implies the existence of an agent acting in harmony with a perceived rule. This

* We beg to call the attention of the Editor of "Curiosities of Literature" to this definition of the law of evolution, and to request that he will insert it in his next edition, lest it should be lost to science. He can place it under either of the following heads:—1st. A remarkable specimen of the very lucid manner in which Positivists are accustomed to express their thoughts! 2nd. An illustration of what seems to be a fundamental principle of the Positive Philosophy—that the main use of language is to conceal thought!

order of sequence does not explain or account for the existence of the related phenomena. It must itself be accounted for by referring it to some person or agent.

In the present article our purpose is exposition rather than philosophical criticism. Still we hold ourselves prepared to demonstrate that the so-called theological and metaphysical modes of accounting for phenomena are and must ever be the essential parts of the one only possible method of philosophy. The province of science is simply to classify observed phenomena and their relations. It belongs to philosophy to account for the existence of phenomena. Further, we are prepared to prove that what is termed the positive or scientific explanation of facts is really no explanation at all, amounting to nothing more than a re-statement in other terms of the very facts it professes to explain.* It is a contradiction to assert that we account for a given fact by referring it to a law, which law, according to Positivists, has no existence apart from the phenomena it is brought forward to explain.

Positivists overlook the fact that man has instincts—both intellectual and moral. The human intellect demands (1.) *An agent in order to account for the existence of phenomena.* (2.) *An agent, acting in harmony with a rule or law, to account for the perceived uniformities of sequence among phenomena.* When the First Napoleon was in Egypt, we are told certain sceptical philosophers undertook to prove to him that the movements of the universe might be accounted for without supposing the existence of an intelligent Creator and Ruler. The discussion was carried on in the open air, and it was night. Napoleon listened for a while in silence, and then exclaimed, "*Very good, gentlemen—very good! But,*" said he, pointing to the stars shining brightly in the firmament of heaven, "*gentlemen, tell me, who made all these?*" This must ever be the reply of man's unperverted instincts to all such sceptical reasonings. We beg to assure all Comtists that, unless they can succeed in divesting the human mind of the attribute of *reason*, men will continue to ask concerning every perceived fact, phenomenon, or event—*Who originated or caused it?* We tell Mr. Mill and Mr. Lewes, and all other British Positivists, that the healthy instincts of man's intellectual nature revolt against their "positive philosophy," falsely so called. The very dogmas which together constitute their system are all *negations*. That such a system should be

* *Reason and Faith, and other Essays.* By Henry Rogers, pp. 264 et seq.

designated "*The Positive Philosophy*," is indeed one of the marvels of this nineteenth century!

We are now prepared to listen to what Mr. Lewes has to say in favour of the positive method of accounting for phenomena. He tells us that society needs one doctrine, one faith, which shall satisfy the intellectual needs of man. Such a doctrine, he says, is impossible so long as three antagonistic lines of thought and three antagonistic modes of investigation are adopted. The present intellectual anarchy arises from the simultaneous employment of three radically incompatible modes of thought. The cessation of this anarchy depends on the adoption of one of these methods. Which, then, shall we select? According to Mr. Lewes, theology and metaphysics are impotent to furnish an explanation of the world, man, and society, their pretended explanations being in flagrant contradiction with the certainties of experience. Nothing remains, then, but that we abandon theology, abandon metaphysics, and become the humble disciples of Auguste Comte. With the creation of the positive philosophy we learn that a new era has dawned upon the human race. Hitherto the world has been in gross darkness. M. Comte finds nothing but anarchy in what Mr. Lewes calls "the upper regions"—wherever they may be: theologies opposed to theologies; philosophies opposed to philosophies; and theology and philosophy at war with each other. But now, for the first time in history—thanks to Comte—an explanation of the world, society, and man is presented which is throughout homogeneous. "A philosophy of science" was nowhere to be found when Auguste Comte came forward with the express purpose of supplying the deficiency. Hence Mr. Lewes views the positive philosophy as the all-embracing system—a system which condenses human knowledge into a doctrine, and co-ordinates all the methods by which that knowledge has been reached, and will in future be extended. Now, therefore, the renovation of society must begin.

"The positive mode of thought is that which must rule the future. This is an induction from all history, which shows that only three modes have existed, and that they have everywhere exhibited the same law of mutation, the theological, once dominant, being gradually supplanted by the metaphysical, and the metaphysical in turn gradually giving way to the positive. One by one the various groups of phenomena have fallen under the positive rule, and, as each group received its scientific character, it freed itself more and more from the influence of theology or metaphysics, the perfection of each science being accurately measured by the completeness with which

these influences have been eliminated."—*History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 633.

That there may be no room for misapprehension respecting the universal applicability of the principles of the positive method, he tells us that this philosophy *embraces all that can be known*. He asks exultingly, "*Can we have any ideas independent of experience, any thoughts whatever not derived from sensation?*" As in the opinion of Mr. Lewes the history of philosophy ends with Comte, he is totally unaware of the fact that the great doctrine of Hamilton, that "*the judgment is the unit of thought*," for ever disposes of this question, by divesting it of all significance. According to Mr. Lewes, consciousness is nothing but a vital phenomenon—a neural process or action of the organism. Hence in the new classification of the sciences, psychology must take its place as a branch of biology!

"There is indeed a philosophy which takes a very different view, that sensation, emotion, ideation are not directly functions of an organism, but are the activities of an entity living within the organism, a life within a life, having with the organism it inhabits only points of contact, none of community. I will not here discuss the pretensions of this philosophy; I only say it is not the Positive Philosophy!"—*History of Philosophy*, vol. ii., p. 627.

Thus does Mr. Lewes identify the method of positivism with that of materialism. Mr. Mill, however, is hardly sufficiently advanced in the new philosophy to assent to this. He yet thinks that psychological phenomena are altogether distinct from biological,—the former being certified to us by consciousness, the latter by external observation. M. Littré attempts a reconciliation of the two opinions. He says according to Comte there is no psychology beyond the domain of biology; according to Mr. Mill, psychology forms an *ensemble* of notions which cannot be explained by biology. "What shall I say to this, when at the outset I remark a confusion which I must clear up before pronouncing? The confusion is that the word psychology sometimes comprehends the cerebral faculties, and sometimes the products of these faculties. If the question is of the faculties, I side with M. Comte; if the question is of the products, I side with Mr. Mill." M. Littré selects as an illustration of the distinction between faculties and products the case of language. "Recent researches," he says, "have given almost a demonstration of the existence of such a faculty in one of the anterior convolutions of the cerebrum. This is a

decisive case of cerebral physiology,—a definite function to a definite organ.* But if the faculty of language belongs to biology, this cannot be said of grammar, which is a product of the faculty." Thus, according to M. Littré, who is a distinguished Positivist, the faculty of language is a reality which can be reached only by objective observation, while grammar, as the product of the faculty, is a fact of consciousness!

But to return to Mr. Lewes. Holding as he does that the province of positivism is co-extensive with the province of human knowledge, and that our knowledge is limited to such objects as can be brought into relation to our material organism, the way is now clear for the following conclusion:—

"Positivism is strictly limited to what can be known; and it is this very circumspection which has provoked the deepest antagonism. Affirming that since we cannot *know* the origins and ends of things,—first and final causes being, from the constitution of our faculties, inaccessible to us—we ought stringently to exclude them from our philosophy, which is concerned solely with what can be known. Positivism by no means denies the existence of such causes, it simply denies that by invoking them we can gain any insight into the laws of phenomena. Neither affirming nor denying their existence, it contents itself with asserting that they have not been made cognisable to our minds; and although it is permissible to every man to indulge in any phantasies he pleases, it is not permissible to introduce these into philosophy. It is no use asking for better bread than can be made of wheat. The limitations of human knowledge may be irksome to some impatient spirits—and are usually so to those who have not had patience enough to master much of what is known—but philosophy pretending to no wider sweep than that of the human faculty, and contented with the certainties of experience, declares the search after first and final causes to be a *profitless pursuit*."—*History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 635.

Hear this, ye shades of Newton, Reid, Stewart, Hamilton, Chalmers, and Whewell! The belief in the existence of an intelligent Author of the constitution of nature,—the belief that the eye was made for seeing, the ear for hearing, the hand for grasping, the feet for walking,—nothing but "phantasies" of your once fevered brains!

* If M. Littré had only said that it was decidedly a "case of surgical instruments" or even "a case of agricultural implements," his assertion, though somewhat strange, would have been much more to the point. Although theologians and metaphysicians might have felt some difficulty in believing it, Positivists would not; that is, if they are honest in declaring that they can believe that the so-called "laws of nature" operate without the guiding will of the Creator.

Such, then, is positivism,—the philosophy of the future—the destroyer of intellectual anarchy—the restorer of mental harmony—the renovator of fallen humanity!

“Am I,” asks Mr. Lewes, “claiming too much for the positive philosophy in claiming for it whatever the future may produce? To claim it for Comte would be preposterous; but to claim it for that philosophy which it is Comte’s immortal glory to have extricated from the products of all the past, is only to claim it for HUMANITY!”* So ends the *History of Philosophy*, according to George Henry Lewes.

Now, that theologians and metaphysicians should be expected to notice in any form the crudities and absurdities which abound in the writings of Comte and his followers, is surely a painful and humiliating fact. Shall we not do well to cease our congratulations on the superior enlightenment of the present age? It is an outrage on the common sense of mankind to be told that we can know nothing of either first or final causes, and that our judgments respecting the existence of such causes—judgments, too, involving a conscious necessity—are nothing but the fancies of a disordered imagination.

Will Positivists attempt to prove to us that the hypothesis that everything in nature has its use, its purpose, its design, violates any one of the conditions of legitimate hypothesis? Have not the men most distinguished for scientific research been conducted by this very hypothesis as along a pathway of light to their grandest discoveries? It is intolerable that Mr. Mill, after overthrowing, to his own satisfaction, the argument which rests on man’s moral nature for the existence of God, and, at the same time, perfectly aware that his own doctrine of causation renders it impossible to establish the existence of contrivance in the constitution of nature, should then coolly advise Christians to keep to the Design argument as the very best they can employ! We wonder whether Positivists have ceased to predicate the attribute “rationality” of the class “theologian”! We venture to tell both Mr. Lewes and Mr. Mill, that if they will but assign any reason whatever why we should believe their assertion that “ $2+2=4$,” we pledge ourselves to give a reason equally strong why they should accept as necessarily true the proposition—“*God exists both as First Cause and as Moral Governor.*”

When Mr. Lewes tells us that the positive philosophy does not concern itself with either first or final causes, he states

* *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 654.

what is not correct. As a matter of fact, Positivists do discuss the question relating to "*the origin of things*." To take the most recent instance that has come under our notice. The *North American Review* for October, 1868, contains an article on "Philosophical Biology," being a review of the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The writer of the article is without doubt a Comtist. He affirms that all Positivists are agreed respecting the origin of the various *species* of organised and sentient beings—that all, in fact, accept the hypothesis of Darwin. Not one is prepared to allow the hypothesis of successive special creations, since that would imply a belief in the possibility of miracles. That a miracle is impossible is about the first article in the creed of positivism. "*Law*," says this writer, "*without miracle is the faith of science*" (p. 389). To admit that a miracle is possible is virtually to admit that there exists a superhuman Being who by his will can interfere with what they strangely call "the operation of law." Such a notion, say Positivists, belongs to the theological stage of inquiry, and is utterly unworthy of science! But, then, suppose we accept the development hypothesis as accounting for the origin of species—an hypothesis which, whether true or false, is quite consistent with the belief in an all-wise Creator, there is, as this writer admits, another question which must be faced, viz. "*What is the origin of life in the first instance?*" He frankly says, "*Only two replies are conceivable—special creation and spontaneous generation.*"

He charges Mr. Spencer with inconsistency. "Instead," he says, "of trying to solve the problem of the first origin of life, he, like Mr. Darwin, ignores it altogether." "But the spirit and tenor of his whole philosophy are as hostile to the postulate of an initial, special creation, as they are to that of successive special creations; and this supposition as to the origin of life being set aside, no supposition remains but that of natural evolution, or, in plain English, *spontaneous generation*. If the essence of the spontaneous-generation hypothesis is the principle that *living* organisms either are or have been evolved out of" [dead] "*organic matter without any intervention of miraculous agencies, then it cannot be denied that this hypothesis should be regarded as necessarily an integral part of the development hypothesis,—bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh*" (p. 389).

Well may philosophers exclaim, "*Positivist, great is thy faith!*" We cannot help asking our readers whether, in the writings of Positivists, they have met with a single passage

in which the important term "*Law*" is correctly defined. *We* have not. Positivists perpetually confound cause with law. They speak of the operation of law, when in fact they ought to speak of the action of agents and powers according to law. *A law does not act*—a man is not hanged *by* the law, but *according to* the law. Did Sir Isaac Newton fall into the mistake of supposing that he had discovered the *cause* of gravitation, when in fact he had only discovered the *law*?

He says explicitly, respecting the various motions of matter, that "*They must be caused by an agent who acts constantly according to certain laws.*" Will our Positivists never learn these two elementary truths of philosophy?—

1st. *That law is a rule of action, and can exist only in the mind of an intelligent being.*

2nd. *That uniformity of sequence indicates the existence of law, but never constitutes it.*

The admission of these two principles puts an end to the so-called "*positive philosophy.*" The Positivists must be aware of this; for they take care never to allude to either of these well-established truths, except to state that they belong to the exploded theological and metaphysical modes of human inquiry!

We need hardly add that both Mr. Mill and Professor Bain deny the free agency of man. They tell us that "*motives*" and not we ourselves originate our volitions. We cannot now enter upon an examination of their reasonings, but would just say that the present advanced state of the science of psychology enables philosophers to deal very decisively with all forms of the hypothesis of necessity, and thereby to vindicate the argument for the existence of a moral universe, and of a moral governor of a moral universe. As regards Professor Bain, we would observe that we know of no writer on abstract questions whom it is so difficult to criticise. A reviewer can seldom be sure that he understands him. This no doubt is very convenient to Professor Bain's defenders, enabling them always to charge a critic with misapprehension. To give but one illustration. Professor Bain teaches, that is if words are to be viewed as the symbols of thought, that the first judgments of conscience—judgments relating to what is morally right and morally wrong—are determined by the hope of reward and the fear of punishment. Also that these judgments taken together constitute the "*primary germ*" of conscience, and form the basis of all subsequent affirmations respecting obligation, character, and desert. According to this theory of the origin of the moral faculty, if parents in commencing

the moral training of their children would only take care to reward them for every selfish act, and to punish them for all manifestations of disinterested good-will, their children would necessarily judge selfishness to be morally right and benevolence morally wrong! Professor Bain does not inform us how long it takes to create the "primary germ" of conscience. Once formed, then, of course, that wonderful law of "inseparable association," which has helped Mr. Mill and himself out of all sorts of difficulties,—this law will infallibly determine all after-judgments of conscience in perfect harmony with those which constitute its "germ." Professor Maurice, in his recent very valuable work on *Conscience*, has ably exposed the absurdity of this hypothesis. And now let our readers turn to the *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1868, and they will there find a writer charging Professor Maurice with misrepresenting Professor Bain's doctrine of conscience. But it is the old, old story.

We had intended giving some extracts from Professor Maurice's most recent volume. We find, however, that our space will not permit us to do so. For the present we must content ourselves with thanking Mr. Maurice for his noble and seasonable protest against the application of the dogmas of positivism to ethical science.

We are glad to see indications that British thinkers are becoming thoroughly weary of the dogmatism of such writers as Mill, Bain, Lewes, and Spencer. In spite of the positive philosophy, it is felt that man must and will inquire into the causes, both first and final, of all phenomena. Mr. Mill may tell us that there is really nothing in the relation of cause and effect beyond antecedence and sequence; but he must not for a moment imagine that he can impose on real thinkers by an hypothesis so transparently false as this. Philosophers are, equally with Positivists, willing to admit that the mind has limitations which it is vain to attempt to transcend; but they are not willing to be told that the human intellect is to be restricted to such objects only as can exist in relation to "external sense." Mr. Mill, who is said by his admirers to be "a very distinguished philosopher," tells us that *we can know nothing of things in themselves*—we can know only *phenomena*—no, not even phenomena, nothing but the *relations of phenomena*. He further informs us that the very things which we so confidently affirm to be external and substantial realities, have no real existence out of ourselves—no, not even within ourselves—they are only so many "*possibilities of sensation*"! Hence the great lesson taught by the

positive philosophy: *Be humble, do not dogmatise*, for you can never be certain that any opinion is false. Alas! man can be sure of nothing—not even sure that he is sure of nothing!

We are thankful, however, to learn from a higher, purer, and brighter philosophy than positivism, that we may be humble, yea, as little children, without having to submit to such a degradation of our reason as that necessarily involved in the acceptance of the fundamental dogmas of the positive philosophy.

Then, too, Positivists forget or seem to forget that man has a moral nature, and that as a necessary consequence he will raise questions about right and wrong, virtue and vice, duty and destiny, God and eternity. Man is conscious of a desire, in many cases of an intense desire, to know God. The human mind craves for communion with its Maker; when it seeks and finds God, then, and not till then, does it find its home and resting-place. In the enjoyment of this Divine fellowship, and in the exercise of disinterested love to God and man, all its powers unite and harmonise. M. Comte, notwithstanding all his denunciations of theology, became convinced of the folly of ignoring man's spiritual nature. He could not suppress even his own moral instincts. In the beginning of his *Politique Positive*, we find him urging the importance of acknowledging the logic of instincts. We think that we are correct in saying that Mr. Mill himself would allow that this is a flagrant violation of the principles of the positive philosophy. But, then, what could M. Comte do? He felt that he and his disciples must have a religion of some sort. Hence he constructed the *Religion of Humanity*, with its doctrines, its rites, its priesthood. And since the admission on his part of a belief in the existence of a *personal* God would have been fatal to the positive philosophy, he constituted humanity *The Supreme*, which, as adored by him, was nothing, absolutely nothing but an *abstraction*, existing nowhere but in his own clouded intellect.

Since all men conscious of a spiritual nature within them must have a religion, will the disciples of M. Comte insult our reason by asking that we give up the *Bible* and put the *Positivist's Catechism* in its place? Will they mock the most sacred necessities of our nature by demanding that we substitute the "*Religion of Humanity*" for the *Religion of Christ*?

ART. IV.—*Six Months in India.* By MARY CARPENTER, Author of "Our Convicts," "Last Days of Rammohun Roy," &c. Two Vols. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1868.

THE preface to these volumes is dated from the Female Reformatory, Bristol, and so reminds us that at the time of Miss Carpenter's departure for the East she was still engaged in the philanthropic work at home, with which her name had been identified by the labours of near a quarter of a century. Why, then, to India? Her first object, she tells us, "was to give our fellow-subjects in that great empire a token of true sympathy with them and interest in their welfare;" her second, "to learn the actual position of female education in India."

Her volumes contain the story of this journey. They are written in a singularly simple style, free from partisanship, and tinged only with a warm glow of kindly feeling towards those whom she went to visit. The facts which she communicates will be new to most of her readers, and could have been collected only by a person in Miss Carpenter's position, doing her work in her way. Their chief value, however, consists in their relation to the changes now going on in the thought and life, the creed and customs, of the Hindu people. It will be the purpose of the present article, laying aside the chronological order of Miss Carpenter's narrative, so to arrange some of its more striking incidents as to illustrate the chief features in the higher social life of the Hindus; the position and the manner of the education of their women; and the present phases of religious thought amongst their youth. It will not, then, be out of place to inquire what light these facts shed upon the work of Christian missions in India.

Let us premise that, though the incidents in question are drawn from a limited area, they are not on this account to be denied a truly representative character. Miss Carpenter landed at Bombay. A day or two after she travelled by rail to Ahmedabad, in Guzerat, where she appears to have remained about a fortnight. Returning to Bombay, she paid a flying visit to Poona, the capital of the Mahratta country,

whence she again went back to Bombay. Once more leaving Bombay, she went by steamer to Beypoor; thence by rail across the peninsula to Madras; and so by the steamer to Calcutta, returning homewards by the same way. Most of the time was wisely given to the three presidency cities—Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; while a short stay was made at the provincial towns of Ahmedabad, Calicut, and Surat—fair types of a hundred other towns in the empire, which contain a nucleus of European influence, a small band of Hindu reformers, and the rudimentary beginnings of social progress. The tour would have been more complete, and the array of facts more justly proportioned, if, instead of so many “doublings,” our author could have spent a little time in the more remote spheres of Christian activity. If, for instance, when at Beypoor, she could have visited Travancore, she would have found in that purely native state, where English influence has only an indirect force, the raw material of native society. From Travancore a visit might easily have been made to Tinnevely, the most interesting mission-field in India, and the sphere of the most systematic and pervasive effort yet put forth on behalf of the education of the females of a large Hindu population. A sketch or two of village schools amongst the low-caste Shanar tribes, likewise, would have been instructive companions to the pictures taken from high life in Calcutta or Bombay.

From the beginning of her travels, Miss Carpenter was thrown into circumstances favourable for observing the inner life of the “upper ten thousand.” She had, as companions of her voyage, a young Hindu gentleman from Calcutta, nominally a heathen, who had been called to the English Bar after four or five years’ study in this country; also a young Hindu lady, a Christian, who, having been six years in England for her education, was now returning to her father, a native physician in Calcutta. At Ahmedabad, our author was the guest of Mr. Satyendra Nath Tagore, a highly-educated Hindu, and a member of the Civil Service, recently appointed judge at that station. Subsequently, the sheriff of Bombay; Sir A. Grant, the Director of Public Instruction at Poona; Mr. Powell, who held a similar position at Madras; the Governor of Madras; and the Viceroy of India; all extended to the fair philanthropist the generous hospitality characteristic of the Englishman in India. Under such auspices the information which Miss Carpenter sought was brought immediately within her reach. The noble, wealthy, and learned of the Hindu community, not a little

vain of their opportunity, exhibited to her the various lines of progress along which they were moving under their own conduct. Information was sought and opinion elicited in visits and *soirées*, in drawing-room conferences, and congresses of social science. The facts selected from this peculiar stratum of observation must be appraised highly as illustrations of the advance of the Hindu people in the customs of social life, in education, and in religion.

There can be no surer test of social progress than the position accorded to woman among a people, and nowhere can the test be more justly applied than in India. The incidents bearing on this point which Miss Carpenter describes would appear trifling in the case of any other country than India; and even for India their significance can only be fully brought out by putting them in contrast with the position allotted to woman by the ancestral opinion of the Hindus—an opinion but too faithfully acted upon down to the present generation. The status of woman having been fixed by Manu in his *Institutes*, the ethical writers of India have done little else for eighteen centuries than plagiarise his words, or transmit his ideas. Here are the *ipsissima verba* of the great lawgiver.

"Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence; but in lawful and innocent recreations, though rather addicted to them, they may be left at their own disposal.

"Their fathers must protect them in childhood; their husbands protect them in youth; their sons protect them in age: a woman is never fit for independence.

"No man can wholly restrain women by violent measures, but by these expedients they may be restrained.

"Let the husband keep his wife employed in the collection and expenditure of wealth, in purification and female duty, in the preparation of daily food, and the superintendence of household utensils.

"By confinement at home, even under affectionate and observant guardians, they are not secure; but those women are truly secure who are guarded by their own good inclinations."—*Inst. of Manu*, ix. 2, 3, 10—12.

Such maxims taken up by poets and purānas have filtered through the centuries with petrifying influence, and affected the position of the mothers of even the present generation of Hindus. It is instructive to place side by side with these maxims, dating before the Christian era, the following picture, drawn with the graphic force which only personal knowledge could supply.

"Look now at the position of the wife: but it is difficult to find anything to compare this with. There is no freedom for a man even in our families; how can there be, then, for a helpless woman? Her condition is simply that of a slave. As soon as she is married, she begins to be tormented. In some families, when the daughters go to their father-in-law's house, they may be considered as entering on the torments of hell (*Yunyatana*). She must rise first in the morning, and go to bed last at night; she must do the most work and eat the worst food in the house; but she must be properly dressed, and must not appear in rags. As a reward for her labour, she gets abuse, and sometimes blows; but she must bear all this in silence, else what more will she not get? She has also to hear vile abuse of her parents and forefathers. Is she the servant of one person only? No; all in the house, great and small, exercise an iron rule over her. Until she is grown up she may not speak to her husband—who, then, will protect her? When she is grown up, if her husband is good and earns his own living, she may begin to have a little comfort; but, even then, she and her husband may not speak in public together. If they do so speak, they get the reputation of being immodest and babblers; besides which, her husband's relations will begin to suspect her and be envious of her. If she have children, it is not proper for her husband and her to show even ordinary affection or pleasure: but we cannot describe the strife, envy, and grumblings of the other women. In short, the houses of our people are often, from this cause, like the fireplaces of hell."—Vol. ii. p. 64.

It is almost needless to suggest that education was not dreamt of by lawgiver or moralist, by father or husband. Little more than a quarter of a century ago the mothers of India would have deemed letters and licentiousness, poetry and prostitution, inseparable.

Now let us look at the contrast. On the evening of Miss Carpenter's landing, a native gentleman called upon her, accompanied by his wife; and he followed up this daring act of courtesy by afterwards bringing his three daughters, with some of their young friends, to see her. The young ladies, we are told, were dressed in good taste; their manners were easy and unaffected; and they spoke English fluently. The last was a singular excellence; for, with the exception of these ladies and Mrs. Tagore, none of the ladies whom Miss Carpenter met were able to converse with her in English. Husband, son, or brother, was obliged to act as interpreter.

The maximum indication of what may be called drawing-room progress was reached at the residence of the native assistant-judge, Mr. Tagore. Miss Carpenter writes:—

"At length we passed through a large wooded-compound to a handsome-looking house, with a portico, and were introduced to drawing-rooms, fitted up in English style, where Mrs. Tagore kindly received us, and led Miss C. and myself to our apartments, which she had taken pains to arrange so as to promote our comfort. When dinner was announced, she conducted us in, doing her part as hostess admirably. The table was spread as in an English gentleman's house, and, except the presence of Hindu servants, there was little to remind me that I was separated from my native land by nearly a whole hemisphere. There was even less to make me realise the idea, as we were conversing with animation in English round the hospitable table, that I was the only individual there of the Saxon race; that the young lady with me, to whom English had become more familiar than her own language, and who was a Christian, was the daughter of a Coolin Brahmin—one of the highest and most exclusive of sects; and that my other friends, who had not embraced Christianity, were of the ancient mixed races of Hindus, who had, without renouncing their nationality, broken through the bonds imposed by ancient custom, and were anxious to bring Western civilisation into their own country."—Vol. i. p. 34.

We are not surprised, after this, to hear of Mrs. Tagore presiding at a dinner-table around which were gathered a number of Hindu ladies and gentlemen, assembled to do honour to the fair stranger; or to meet with her at the drawing-room levée of the Viceroy, and to find that, though she was the first native lady who had ever been present in such a scene, she

"Went through the trying ordeal with great self-possession. With much good taste, she had retained the graceful features of the Hindu dress, while she adopted only such portions of English costume as were essential to a public appearance. Her demeanour and appearance were the objects of much admiration, and the event was considered an important one in social progress."

At Ahmedabad from twenty to thirty ladies assembled in an Anglicised drawing-room, for consultation on female education. Little children, gay with pearls and jewels, were present, shy and silent in the strange scene. Such scenes will have lost their novelty by the time these girls have become wives and mothers. One of the ladies present spoke with much energy and fluency. At Surat there was a mothers' meeting, no gentleman having the *entrée* save those needed as interpreters. At the close of this meeting a young wife came forward and handed to Miss Carpenter an address

composed and beautifully written by herself in Guzerathi. A very successful meeting of a similar kind was held at Keshnagar, a suburb of Calcutta.

Escaping from these public engagements, our author introduces us to two or three home scenes, which, if possible, exhibit in a still higher degree the forward movement of the daughters of India—a movement which advances, it must be observed, despite the combined opposition of rank, wealth, and caste; for it is a singular element in this social phenomenon that these three form the chief *vis inertiae* of obstruction. There are hundreds of humble homes in Southern India where forms of family life, greeted in the higher circles of the north as hopeful novelties, have taken root and become established customs. A zemindar or country squire of Bengal may be taken as the type of this obstructive class, and his house as least likely to afford access to forces unsanctioned by ancestral teaching. To one such home Miss Carpenter conducts us. Her host summoned the ladies to the drawing-room: one after another they appeared: his mother, wife, daughters, and innumerable female relatives of every degree, numbering altogether nearly forty! The younger ladies brought their books in their hands, and seemed pleased to show their advancement in education by reading some Bengali lessons. What indications of “things ready to pass away” might be read in the wrinkled brows of those grand-mammas—what bringing in of a better hope in the rudimentary knowledge of those girls! The next scene takes us from orthodoxy to heterodoxy; from Brahmanism to Brahmoism. The house is capacious; the zenana light and roomy, opening into a garden; the ladies all kind and intelligent; and the younger ones advanced scholars. The gentleman of the house is a Brahmo, a philosopher, and sanitary reformer; he has paid off his Brahmin, and become himself the priest of the family; the arrangements of his house are completed by a *poojah*-hall, or oratory, in which every morning he conducts family worship in honour of the one true God.

There is a drawback on one's pleasure in reflecting upon these and similar scenes: they are not a little *outré* in character; they are rather adjuncts to social life than natural outgrowths from it. It is pleasant to meet in Miss Carpenter's pages with at least one scene in which there is ease and repose. It is the home of a young Brahmo, who, having renounced idolatry, was excommunicated from his caste, and deprived of part of his patrimony.

"For the first and last time during my whole visit, had I the happiness of being in a simple native dwelling, which had the domestic charms of an English home. The young wife came forward gracefully to welcome us to her pretty sitting-room, where well-chosen prints covered the otherwise bare walls, and a simple repast had been prepared for us. Her little boy, a fine child, was quite happy to see his father and be noticed by him; and the only drawback to the pleasure of the visit was my inability to converse with my hostess through her ignorance of English."—Vol. i. p. 252.

"Women have no business with the texts of the Veda; thus is the law fully settled." So spake Manu, and his erring descendants of the Brahmo Samaj have not yet so far wandered from his precepts as to permit their wives and daughters to unite with them in the exercises of their theistic worship. A hopeful compromise, however, has been effected; the ladies are permitted to have a prayer meeting of their own. Miss Carpenter was present at one of these devotional gatherings; the ladies, after a little preliminary courtesy, seated themselves on a carpet, and reverently covered their faces to engage in prayer. Chundu Sen, the Brahmo apostle, then entered with an assistant, and taking his place on a raised dais, conducted the devotions of the occasion.

What guarantee do the higher classes in India give for the sustenance of a movement thus happily commenced? What schools have they established? Of what character are they? The information furnished in these volumes is neither so full nor so accurate as we could have desired on these subjects, though it is sufficient to afford us some guidance. The first school visited by Miss C. was at Ahmedabad, and, deducting for the bright colouring of a holiday occasion, it may be taken as a specimen of what are called in India, Caste Girls' Schools:—

"We were introduced into a large schoolroom, where about eighty little girls, whose ages ranged from six to eleven, were sitting in order on benches. The very slight clothing usual in this country did not conceal the profusion of jewels with which their persons were adorned—bracelets and anklets of every description, rings on the fingers and on the toes, pearl earrings and noserings, arranged according to the individual taste of each. The adornings were evidently special, in honour of the occasion, many wearing on their little persons two hundred pounds' worth of jewels. . . . Having observed the children, we called for the mistress of the school. There was none, masters only or pundits were there, and also two or three inspectors of schools. The older classes were examined in our presence in some of the ordinary branches of education, and they seemed

familiar with them ; but all the younger classes, constituting nearly three-fourths of the school, were unable to take any share in what was going on. The infant system of education appears to be entirely unknown in these parts. I requested to hear the children sing, and they performed to the best of their power a kind of harsh intoning of the poetry they were learning. One of the pundits professed to teach needlework to the girls, and appeared somewhat proud of the specimens he produced ; the attempt at fancy work was not bad, but the plain sewing would certainly excite much amusement in an ordinary needlewoman at home."—Vol. i. p. 53.

Fifteen years ago, a number of educated young men in Bombay formed themselves into a body called *The Students' Society*, with a view to the promotion of female education. They established a number of small girls' schools, they sustained them at their own expense, and, in many cases, became teachers in the schools. This is the brightest incident in the book, and redeems the gentlemen of Bombay from the charge which, we think, may be honestly brought against their countrymen of the same rank in the other presidencies, that they have not yet done what they might, either by gift or labour, for a cause which they profess to have so much at heart. In one of the schools belonging to this society, Miss C. found two hundred young ladies arranged in classes in the various rooms, and she was of opinion that the whole of their schools were as good as they could be made without female teachers. The Parsis have four schools in the same city, founded for the benefit of the children of their own race, which contain 483 girls, of whom 233 pay a monthly fee of one rupee. The school founded by Mr. Bethune at Calcutta, for the education of young ladies of the higher classes, for the sustenance of which he bequeathed a large sum of money, does not fall within the province of our inquiries ; and, excluding this, the rest of the schools sustained by the Hindu community in Calcutta and its neighbourhood appear to be of much the same character with the one at Ahmedabad. Madras our author deems to be more advanced than the other capitals in educational institutions for girls ; and as she gives but little information on any but mission schools, we may infer that this honourable position is due to the fact that Madras is proverbially the stronghold of missionaries.

Prompted, perhaps, by a feminine dislike of statistics, Miss Carpenter does not furnish us with any numerical statement of schools or scholars in the Madras Presidency ; and the

following is the only guide afforded as to the state of things in the other two Presidencies—

	Pupils.
Hindu and Parsi schools in the City of Bombay . . .	1,600
Forty-seven schools in the Northern Division of the Bombay Presidency	1,906
Seventy-seven schools in South-Eastern Bengal . . .	1,208
	<hr/> 4,714

The inspector of the division last named happily gives us a table by which some idea may be formed as to the ratio of progress. He began his work in 1861 with four schools. There were in this division in

	1863.	1864.	1865.
Schools	26	44	77
Girls	496	767	1,208

Doubling the numbers given in the first table for parts of India not represented, we may conclude that there were in 1866 about 8,000 girls in purely native non-Christian schools, two-thirds of whom were probably taught in schools supported by that class of society amongst whom Miss Carpenter's visits lay. In 1862, nearly 12,000 girls were in the schools attached to the various missions, and this number has largely increased since that date. A rough estimate will thus give about 25,000 pupils in both classes of schools, a number small, indeed, compared with the vastness of the population, yet indicating an amazing development in public sentiment, not less truly forming the basis of a very hopeful prospect for the future.

If our readers will cast a glance back upon the sketch given of the school at Ahmedabad, they will have a key to the hindrances which more immediately impede the progress of female education. The ages of the girls ranged from six to eleven; the teachers were men, more or less qualified for their post—for, by the way, the title "pundit" is a very uncertain indicator of scholastic ability—and the infants and younger children were altogether untaught. The first obstacle arises from the objectionable practice of early marriage: girls who are brides at eight, wives at twelve or thirteen, and then mothers, must necessarily complete their schooling at rather an early period of life. The abolition of "baby marriages" is one of the rallying cries of social reformers in India; and, as that practice decreases, the period allotted to the education of girls will of course be extended. Meanwhile,

wives, and even mothers, might remain at school much longer if female teachers could be found to take the place of the pundits. The next hindrance is the employment of gentlemen as teachers at all. The last is the absence of efficient training for the work of teaching.

The constant observation of these defects, supported by the opinions uniformly and strongly expressed in the frequent conferences held on the subject of female education, induced Miss Carpenter to place before the Supreme Government, and also before the Secretary of State for India, a proposition for the establishment of a Female Normal School, at an annual cost to Government of 1,200*l*. The Governor-General declined to sanction the scheme; for the reason, apparently, that the efforts made by the native community had not been sufficiently generous hitherto to warrant the assistance of the State. He promised, however, that when any earnest and genuine effort should be made by the natives, the Government of India would be prepared to co-operate "by a liberal interpretation of the Grant-in-aid Regulations, by assistance in procuring teachers from England, and by guaranteeing the teachers the continuance of their salaries for a certain stated period, subject to such reasonable conditions as may be determined upon."* We do not think that this decision of Government could be counted unwise or over-cautious; for the boasted principle of neutrality would require that as much support should be given to the efforts of missionaries as to those of Babus and Brahmins. It would be scant comfort to the former to see any special arrangement made by which a large proportion of Government patronage and prestige should be secured to the latter.

Since Miss Carpenter's return to England, however, Government has so far revised its decision as to allot 1,200*l*. per annum to each presidency, for the purposes of training native schoolmistresses; and we do not doubt that the Grant-in-aid Rules will be so interpreted as to encourage a similar class of efforts in connection with the various missions.

The change of religious belief now passing over the youth of India stands closely connected with the new social life of which we have endeavoured, in the preceding pages, to give a brief sketch. Upon this very interesting topic Miss Carpenter gives us some valuable information, beginning appropriately with a brief memoir of Rammohun Roy, the pioneer of the present movement. Born about twenty years before

* Vol. ii. p. 154.

the close of the present century, of Brahmin stock, he grew familiar in his own home-circle with the modes of thought deemed orthodox by the members of his caste. He became an adept in the Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit languages, and travelled into Thibet, that he might study Buddhism in its pontifical seat. He appears very early in life to have thrown off allegiance to the rites of Hindu idolatry, and to have conceived a liking to the monotheistic teaching of the Koran. About the year 1814, he ventured upon authorship in an Arabic work entitled, *Against the Idolatry of all Nations*; and in 1818, being then in Calcutta, he formed a coterie of followers who joined with him in a sort of theistic worship. He proposed to convert his countrymen from idolatry by educating theistic doctrine from the Vedas; and he published a work with this object in Bengali, Hindustani, and English, entitled, *The Vedānta, or Sum of the Vedas*. Still continuing his researches, he mastered Hebrew and Greek, with the view of reading the Christian Scriptures in their original forms. About this time, he thus expressed his views on the Christian system:—"The consequence of my long and uninterrupted researches into religious truth has been, that I have found the doctrine of Christ more conducive to moral principles, and better adapted for the use of rational beings, than any others which have come to my knowledge."* This conviction was embodied in a work printed in English, Sanscrit, and Bengali, entitled, *The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness*. Subsequently, he identified with "Unitarian Christianity," and established a place of worship in accordance with his views. In 1831 he visited England, and became the guest and friend of Dr. Carpenter, the father of our author. Rammohun Roy died at Bristol in 1833, and lies buried in the public cemetery of that city. The sacred thread which distinguishes a Brahmin was found upon his person, after his death, passing over his left shoulder and under his right. Miss Carpenter, who has elsewhere traced the biography of this remarkable man, thus summarises his creed:—"His value for Christianity continually increased: he distinctly declared his belief in the Divine mission of Christ, in the miracles and the resurrection; though he was never baptised, he was in the habit of attending Christian worship; and he was regarded, at the time of his death, as being in full sympathy with the Christian religion."

* Vol. i. p. 173.

It does not appear that the movement thus inaugurated made much progress for twenty years after the rajah's death. There was nothing worth contending for in the religious tenets or the social position of the party; both were weak, because negative. About eighteen years ago, a schism took place, and a new party was formed, which threw the old association into the shade. It broke loose even from nominal allegiance to the Vedas, started off with pure deism, and professed entire freedom from sect, dogma, and worship. Within this period it has shifted its bases rapidly, it has now reached something like a compact existence, and owns, under its present leader, Chunder Sen, a creed, a worship, and a church. The movement under this able chief is not Christian, but Christward; Christ is regarded rather as a hero to be admired than a Saviour to be believed and loved. Chunder Sen's lecture, referred to in a recent Number of this *Review*, may be taken as an illustration of this, and the words of Jesus still continue to furnish the texts for the Brahmo's sermons. Thus, on two occasions when Miss Carpenter was amongst his auditors, he discoursed upon "Ye must be born again," and "The kingdom of God is within you;" though we have no information as to the mode in which he handled his subjects. It is a matter of gratitude and hope, however, that the atoms of the true and beautiful which have so long flitted in unsteady motion in the atmosphere of modern Hindu thought at last acknowledge the attraction of one pure, majestic presence—the person of Jesus Christ.

In the southern presidency the new wine yet smacks of the flavour of the old bottles. The creed announced is pure theism: the authority is still professedly the Vedas. Idolatry is abandoned: and a firm stand is taken on several important points of social progress, *e.g.* the gradual surrender of caste distinctions; the discontinuance of nautches and public prostitution; the remarriage of widows; the discouragement of early marriages; the prohibition of bigamy and polygamy; and the education of females. These sentiments are embodied in the rules of a society formed in Madras about four years ago, called "The Veda Samaja," or Church of the Vedas. Public worship is conducted in an elegantly furnished drawing-room on Wednesday evenings. It is not difficult to foresee the changes which must pass over this society: it is but an outgrowth of the stronger life of Calcutta, and will in all probability follow the same form of development. The Vedas must be left behind: the creed of the party will manifest

considerable elasticity: it will give up at each change more of the old and take in more of the new; and if ever it reaches fixity, it will be in the "Name which is above every name." It would be difficult to overstate the influence of these bodies of young men in the matter of social reform. The changes which they advocate were first proposed by the missionaries; and every step onward must be a gain to the Gospel.

It is somewhat singular, that, whilst Bombay has obtained a degree of excellence higher than its fellows in public spirit, in commercial enterprise, and in female education, it should have fallen behind them in religious organisation. At Miss Carpenter's suggestion, a few gentlemen of advanced opinions—pure theists, "and many of them of a very religious and devotional spirit"—established a prayer-meeting on Sunday evenings, without distinction of sex or age; and the place of assembly now scarcely suffices for the numbers who desire to attend.

A perusal of Miss Carpenter's book cannot but awaken consideration on another question of public interest—How do her facts illustrate the history, position, and prospects of Christian missions in the East?

First, as to the missionaries themselves. In the year 1813 there was a notable debate in the House of Commons on the renewal of the charter of the East India Company: one result of that debate was the opening of our Indian possessions to missionaries. On that occasion, a Mr. Charles Marsh, a *quondam* Madras barrister, opposed this novel and, as he thought, dangerous step. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the missionaries as "crawling from the holes and corners of their original destinations, apostates from the loom and anvil, renegades from the lowest handicraft employments." To this gentle rhetoric he appended the following graphic sketch of native society in India:—

"When I turn to the philosophers, lawyers, and moralists, who have left oracles of practical wisdom to restrain the passions and awe the vices which disturb the commonwealth; when I look at the peaceful and harmonious alliance of families guarded and secured by the household virtues, when I see among a cheerful and well-ordered society the benignant and softening influences of religion and morality, a system of morality founded on a system of mild and polished obeisance, and preserving the surface of social life smooth and unruffled; I cannot hear without surprise, mingled with horror, of sending Baptists and Anabaptists to civilise or convert such a people, at the hazard of disturbing or deforming institutions which appear hitherto to have been a means ordained by Providence for

making them virtuous and happy."—*Memoir of Carey, Marshman, and Ward*, ii. 36.

How strangely history has, in both particulars, reversed the opinions thus positively expressed, we need not stay to show. It is worth while to place in contrast with Mr. Marsh's harangue the expressions used by Chunder Sen, in the lecture already referred to, and loudly echoed by a crowded audience of his countrymen :—

"It cannot be said that we in India have nothing to do with Christ or Christianity. Have the natives of this country altogether escaped the influence of Christianity, and do they owe nothing to Christ? Shall I be told by my educated countrymen that they can feel nothing but a mere remote historic interest in the grand movement I have described? You have already seen how, in the gradual extension of the Church of Christ, Christian Missions came to be established in this distant land, and what results these missions have achieved. The many noble deeds of philanthropy and self-denying benevolence which Christian missionaries have performed in India, and the various intellectual, social, and moral improvements which have been effected, need no flattering comment; they are treasured in the gratitude of the nation and can never be forgotten or denied. That India is highly indebted to these disinterested and large-hearted followers of Christ for her present prosperity, I have no doubt the entire nation will gratefully acknowledge. Fortunately for India she was not forgotten by the Christian missionaries when they went about to preach the Gospel."

That within so short a time, with the language, creed, and customs of the natives opposed to them, for many years under the suspicious surveillance of Government, and with little sympathy from their countrymen, the missionaries should have worked their way to the position thus frankly stated and heartily accepted, is matter of gratitude and surprise. Nor is the fact less pregnant of hope. The relation of the missionary to the Hindu people is more clearly understood than it was; the vigorous efforts of the younger population in the way of education and social reform leave him more exclusively to his peculiar work; whilst the change in religious feeling, in no small degree the result of his toil, presents a sphere of sympathy such as India has never before exhibited.

A visit to two or three of the more celebrated shrines of Hinduism, with an occasional sight of a street procession or wayside idol, constituted the whole of Miss Carpenter's experience of Hindu idolatry. Had she seen more of it and

felt more about it, she would have gained for herself and given to her readers more correct *data* for measuring the great advance in native thought, as well as for detecting the source from which mainly that advance has sprung. "The horror I felt," she says, "on seeing this Jain temple remained with me to the end of my journey; for I increasingly perceived that the system perpetuated in these places degraded morally and intellectually a great people, and keeps woman bound in moral and spiritual thralldom." "It is observable that the open relinquishment of idolatry appears in all cases to be the first step towards enlightened benevolence—in fact, I may venture to assert that, except in the relief of the hungry and starving, I have never found this virtue manifest itself among the Hindus, unless where idolatry was abandoned." At the beginning of the present century India was wholly given to idolatry. Whence, then, have sprung the "nobler modes of life," the "sweeter manners," and the "purer laws" of which Miss Carpenter writes so hopefully? Not from the thresholds of temples, or the homes of their priests, but from the influence of foreign evangelism, from the labours of "renegades from the lowest handicraft employments." Such influence the missionary continues to wield. In up-country provinces, where the Brahmo Samaja has never been heard of, and the name of Chunder Sen is unknown, in towns and villages where the Brahmins are still little less than divinities—where a block of granite rudely carved still continues to be the type and centre of the religious life of the community—the missionary delivers his testimony amongst a people who are still "sweet upon their idols."

Nor can the progress made in the social life of the Hindus spare Christianity as its vanguard. We have already remarked, that the scenes brought before us by Miss Carpenter have in them an appearance of what is *outré*. The life which they represent is somewhat exaggerated; it is an effort rather than an outgrowth; a copy of English customs rather than a product of life at work in the homes of the natives themselves. This cannot be wondered at, for the principles upon which the relation of the sexes, the position of woman, and the courtesies of home depend, are held even by the advanced party in a spirit of painful compromise. Those principles are a part of Christianity, and they have fair play in the Christian creed alone. Let our readers contrast with the drawing-room grandeur of Ahmedabad or Calcutta, the scene referred to at page 194 of Miss Carpenter's first volume: "The little homestead looked very much like England, with its cattle

and children at play;" or that of the Christian villages at Bhoroampore and Krishnagur; or that other one in the neighbourhood of Ahmedabad, of which the writer says, "This little colony appeared to me a striking instance of the natural effects of Christianity. An air of cheerful contentment pervaded the place, and I was informed that the members generally lead consistent lives, and endeavour to lead others to join them. Early marriages are entirely abolished; the young men not being married till they arrive at the age of eighteen; and the girls at sixteen. Multitudes of such little stations all over the land would do incalculable good. 'Fear not, little flock,' I thought, on leaving them; 'it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom'" (i. 80). Had Miss Carpenter's time allowed her to visit the older scenes of mission labour in Tanjore, Madura, and Tinnevely, she would have found such phases of native life meeting her everywhere; happy effects of the Gospel of Christ carrying its influence to the very heart of the people, and exercising its benign influence in their families.

Nearly allied to these reflections, is the effect of Christian missions upon the lower classes of the people, and especially the female members of those classes. We cannot refrain from quoting at length Miss Carpenter's remarks on the relation of the upper and lower classes in India.

"The educated natives, not having embraced Christianity, do not feel the impulse which animates us to seek and to save the lost; on the contrary, their religion, as far as it still influences them, would rather keep them aloof from inferior castes, than lead them to attempt to raise them by education to their own level. Even if they should theoretically accept the doctrine that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and that all are children of one common Father, yet the despotic rule of custom compels them practically to ignore this great truth. There is no desire, then, on the part of the educated Hindus to elevate the lowest grades; but, on the contrary, I have heard a native gentleman argue strongly against any attempt of the kind being made."—Vol. i. p. 201.

For more than a quarter of a century Christianity has sought to fulfil its mission to the poor by seeking to elevate the lowest of the daughters of India. Schools were founded and sustained, for their benefit chiefly, in which, as the only means then available for obtaining pupils and bringing them thoroughly under Christianising influences, food and lodging were provided for the children. Many references to such schools will be found in Miss Carpenter's pages; and from

what she says, a fair inference may be drawn as to the effect of the education thus given upon native society. We learn from Dr. Mullen's Tables, that there were in Ceylon and India, in 1852, 102 mission boarding-schools; and that in 1862 the number had increased to 114; whilst the numbers in attendance had risen from 2,779 to 4,098. As the rules of caste forbid the attendance of the daughters of caste families at such schools, we may conclude that nearly the whole of these pupils are of the lower orders. Ten per cent. of the girls probably leave school annually, and take their places at the head of Christian households, carrying with them an amount of knowledge and culture which their high-caste-sisters might envy.

Nor does the work of missions show an inferior state of things with regard to female education in day-schools, for children of the respectable castes. The account given in this book of the school attached to the Free Church Mission at Madras may be taken as a type of the difficulties which had to be overcome by Christian zeal long before young India had begun to stir itself. In 1843 four or five girls were with difficulty induced to attend school by the promise of a reward; and to secure regularity of attendance it was for some time found necessary to give the children a small daily allowance of rice, or a very small payment in money. All such inducements have now ceased; and so much has the desire for education increased, that a small fee is required from the scholars; while from the day-schools in connection with that mission, the sum of 32*l.* was received in one year as scholars' pence. The majority of the pupils in these day-schools—often the whole of them—are of the middle class. It may therefore be inferred, that the prejudices against Christian education so frequently referred to by the *élite* of Miss Carpenter's friends, are a little overstated. In 1852 there were 347 day-schools in connection with the missions in Ceylon and India, containing 11,519 pupils; in 1862 the schools were 371, and the pupils 15,899. So that the movement of the education of Hindu females not only had the missionaries for its pioneers, but still acknowledges them as its most helpful leaders.

In the new era of this work, Christianity has everything to gain. Its plant, if we may borrow the phrase, is complete. Able men are on the spot to watch and use every opening, untrammelled by caste or compromise. A large number of educated women may now be found in the native church, from whom teachers of moderate efficiency might at

once be selected, while the elder girls now under instruction generally receive some training as pupil-teachers under European superintendence. There being no early marriages, young women may remain at school until sixteen; so that the best specimens of educated native ladies must for many years to come be selected from the native Christian Church. Admirable school-books have already been issued in the vernacular languages, and from the mission presses alone will that literature be provided which educated women will require. The Church will feel the effect of these advantages, not within her own limits only. Instances, like some mentioned in this book, will be multiplied, when, prejudices and caste notwithstanding, Christian women will be sought for as teachers in high-caste families and Hindu schools. A terse Tamil proverb says: "As is the thread, so is the cloth; as is the mother, so is the child;" and the adherents of Christian missions may look forward to a bright future, now that the mothers of India are likely in so large a proportion to pass under the influence of the Word of God.

How far is Christianity prepared to take advantage of the new epoch in religious thought? The answer to that question may be found in the position of the native ministry, in the state of Christian education, in the provision of Christian literature, and in the measure of strength existing in the native church. Were all these subjects considered in detail, a most hopeful conclusion would be reached. We can only briefly touch upon some of them. In ten years, from 1852 to 1862, the number of native ministers increased from 48 to 140, and of native catechists from 698 to 1,365; so that in the latter year no fewer than 1,500 Hindus were engaged in preaching Christ to their countrymen. Those intimate with the subject know best that this increase in number coincides with an advance in the qualifications of the native agency. Here a singular parallelism of providence may be noted; just when native society has thrown up to its surface a body of influential young men to inaugurate a movement which, whatever it leaves undone, must break up the antiquated apathy of Hindu thought, the Christian Church, once derided as the refuge of pariahs, and the home of rice-converts, has attached to herself men of the same rank and advantages. The few sketches of such men given by Miss Carpenter may serve to illustrate the character "of the able ministers of the New Testament" thus gained to the native church. These men have not, perhaps, the talent of the Brahmo leader, Chunder Sen, but they are his

equals, and some of them his superiors, in prescriptive rank; they have more than his knowledge, and have the advantage of concentrated labour, and complete freedom from a weakening compromise between the old and the new.

We turn from the preachers to the literature of Christianity; and here the translation of the Sacred Volume may be taken as the index of power. Twenty-five years ago, a sudden call and a wide field would have found the Church scarcely prepared with the chief munition of war. The Scriptures now speak in twelve of the native languages, so that as modern religious thought—at this time and among the higher classes, very much identified with the language of Bacon and Milton—distils down into the masses, it will find for its guidance the book from which, directly or indirectly, the new movement has taken its rise. Already, around the One Book, a literature has grown up with marvellous speed, characterised by purity of style and thought, and dealing with almost every branch of knowledge, from the alphabet to the differential calculus, and from Watts's *Songs* to Butler's *Sermons*. The possession of such a literature gives the Christian Church a vantage-ground which none of its opponents can hope to overtake.

From literature to education. After much misunderstanding on the part of friends at home, and after difficulties almost insurmountable on the spot, the missionaries are receiving a fair reward for their patient pursuit of educational schemes. In 1862, there were 185 superior schools connected with the missions in India and Ceylon, containing more than 23,000 pupils; whilst in schools of an inferior description, there were 40,000 scholars. It is quite true that the majority of these pupils are not Christians; but from them the Church has gathered her modern race of ministers and numerous converts, whilst those who do not embrace her faith return into the heart of native society impressed with her teaching.

An epoch of agitation has dawned upon India, in trade, politics, literature, and the customs of social life; and this agitation is so vigorous that it would appear as though the country were about to make up in the activity of half-a-century for the sleep of a thousand years. Let the bravery which commenced the enterprise of Christianity in the East be only answered in the present generation by fortitude to sustain it, and this continent of shrines and temples will, by-and-by, "be inlaid with houses of God as with rich

jewels, sounding with the voice of prayer and praise, as with celestial music." *

We cannot close this article without drawing the reader's attention to the probable bearing of these changes upon the relation of India to England. Were it the policy of England that India should for ever be a subject, never an allied or affiliated power, it would be a strange inconsistency to educate the youth of her vast possession in the history of the western hemisphere, with its many chapters of wars, of independence, or of civil revolutions. It would be still more inconsistent to evoke and strengthen the spirit of independence by throwing open positions of political power to the ambitious and the able. What is most to be desired for India is, that she should by safe stages become less a possession and more a dependency; that she should assimilate, as far as her foreign climate and alien inhabitants will permit, to Canada or Australia, having [their independence, and with it retaining their allegiance to that country which has been, for her swarthy denizens as well as for her own fair children, a mother and a nurse. What is most to be dreaded, in working out this difficult problem, is the recurrence of such convulsions as dyed with red the year 1857. But such commotions have been brought about not by the young, but by the old—by old principles and old forms of life, resisting with convulsive throes the approach of the new and the change. So to advance with the new as not to draw on a conflict with the old is indeed a difficult problem—a problem, the solution of which, now that it is begun, must be worked, and in the working out will task the skill and prudence of statesmen of some generations to come. The Reform Bill of 1868 will have past almost out of memory before the issue will be reached. Its most hopeful side is that which rests upon the educated youth of the Hindu people. They appear to be moved by an intelligent loyalty to the Crown. That loyalty can derive nothing but strength from a large infusion of Christian belief into the several changes as they unfold themselves. Many illustrations of this feeling amongst the educated classes lie scattered through Miss Carpenter's pages, but none of her friends have succeeded in putting it in more felicitous language than her host, the native judge of Ahmedabad.

"It is not for nothing that India has been placed under British rule. It is impossible to think that her destinies have been ruled by

* Whewell's *Sermons*, 190.

a blind, unsparing fate, or that it is for the glory and power of England alone that such a wonderful bond of connection has been established by an inscrutable Providence, between two countries, separated from each other by half the world and a whole world of ideas and feelings. There is one hope, one intense conviction, from which no true patriot can escape: that is, that England and India are to be a mutual blessing; that our country, once famous in the world's history, is destined to be helped out of her present degeneracy and utter stagnation. And is there no reason for this hope? And are there no *data* to base this conviction upon? What was India a few years ago, and what do we see around us now? We see a marked progress brought about by the influence of Western civilisation; we see a nation domineered over by caste and idolatry—a nation of which the men are completely enslaved to custom, and the women kept down and tyrannised over by the men by dint of sheer physical strength, which they cannot resist;—a nation which has long ceased to be progressive, and of which inertia and stationariness is the natural condition. Even this nation, opening its eyes to the enormous evils around it, is gradually waking to the influences of the bright light of thought and knowledge before which millions of false stars are fading away. India had sunk down under the weight of the accumulated corruption of ages; foreign influences were requisite to rouse her. These are being felt through her length and breadth. A steady though slow progress is perceptible. The tyranny of society is slowly succumbing to the gaining force of individuality and intellect. Superstition is losing its strongholds one after another. Ceremonial observances are being replaced by true principles of morality. There are many things still wanting; hideous defects to be remedied; but let us work, each of us individually, and hope for a brighter future. May India be grateful to England for the blessings she has been enjoying under her benign rule! May England feel that India is a sacred trust and responsibility which cannot be thrown away."—Vol. i. p. 80.

All this is encouraging to the promoters of enlightened Christian efforts on behalf of Hindustan. True philosophy, true philanthropy, and genuine Christian zeal, consist in sustaining missionary enterprise for the education and conversion of the rising generation in our vast appanage of India.

- ART. V.—1. *The Queen-Mother. Rosamond.* Two Plays. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1860.
2. *Atalanta in Calydon.* A Tragedy. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1865.
3. *Chastelard.* A Tragedy. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1865.
4. *Poems and Ballads.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1866.
5. *A Song of Italy.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: John Camden Hotten. 1867.
6. *William Blake.* A Critical Essay. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. With Illustrations from Blake's Designs in *fac-simile*, Coloured and Plain. London: John Camden Hotten. 1868.
7. *Notes on Poems and Reviews.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: John Camden Hotten. 1866.
8. *Fortnightly Review for July and October, 1867, and July, 1868.* London: Chapman and Hall.
9. *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads.* A Criticism. By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. London: John Camden Hotten. 1866.
10. *A Selection from the Works of Lord Byron.* Edited and Prefaced by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1866.
11. *Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1868.* Part I., by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Part II., by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: John Camden Hotten.

SPEAKING of Southey, Mr. Swinburne says, in his preface to Moxon's "Miniature Byron," "A poet by profession, he had assaulted with feeble fury another poet—not on the fair and open charge of bad verses, but under the impertinent and irrelevant plea that his work was an affliction or an offence to religion and morality."* Now, we would crave permission, as a preliminary step, to discuss the issues involved in this remark.

Mr. Swinburne may be assumed to write feelingly, under the sense that his own productions are an offence to religion

* P. xxii.

and morality; yet, without any desire to be unmannerly, we would ask, "On what ground is a poet, more than another artist, or even another man, to claim exemption from attack when he commits such offences?" Were the *Lascivie* of Giulio Romano unjustly suppressed because they were executed with the combined mastership of a Giulio Romano and a Marcantonio Raimondi? Should the police have orders to allow the exposure for sale of such Holywell-street *Lascivie* as are faultless in production? Even Mr. Swinburne would surely answer "No," in both these cases: and, if so, on what possible grounds can a lascivious work of art claim to be exempted from molestation because the materials with which it is produced are mere language, instead of shapes and hues? Indeed, if one class of artists is more responsible than another for offences against morality, poets are that class; for they paint in a language which all can understand, and address themselves to a wider audience than is commanded by any other set of artists.

There are two elements in every work of art which it is the critic's business to appraise: first, the ideal kept in view by the artist while producing; and, secondly, the amount of perfection attained in working towards that ideal. Why do we expel from among us Dutch paintings of boors in bestial revelry of lust and drunkenness, or St. Anthonies undergoing temptations and persecutions, depicted without regard to any sense of propriety or decency? Not usually because they are ill painted: they are frequently painted far better than glorious saints and Madonnas of the early Italians, which any curator of a public gallery would be only too glad to acquire at large prices. If we merely desired perfection of manipulation, we should accept the Dutch abominations with hearts full of thankfulness; but we reject them because the ideal, which has been realised with entire success, is low and beastly—is an offence to religion—morality—decency—whatever you please to call it.

Now this principle being clearly as applicable to one art as to another, we may fearlessly apply it to the criticising of any poetry whatever—even Mr. Swinburne's, which will bear the test as badly as that of any writer of the present day. The mission of art is before all things a beneficent one. She has been from time immemorial a handmaiden to the religions and moralities of the various times and places through which her protean transformations have been flashed since the commencement of history. The main bulk of valued art-product has always been that which was most in accordance with

the spirit of its time—most helpful and grateful to the general mind of the age; and a very important consideration in appraising an artist's ideal is—"What degree of correspondence has it with the contemporary manners and feelings?" Art never becomes separated from human interests; and the interests with which it is most intimately blended are obviously those of contemporary humanity. Should we tolerate a Catullus now, however exquisitely he hymned his uncongenial objects of worship? No! Witness the fate of *Little's Poems*, even when Moore wrote them. Conceive an early Christian poet venting his rhymes to a polytheistic community: he would of course be hooted down at once; not because his periods were bad or his language poor, but because he prated of things unseemly to polytheistic ears—or, as Mr. Swinburne flippantly phrases it, "under the impertinent and irrelevant plea that his work was an affliction or an offence to religion and morality." And so it will always be: a poet may "trundle back his soul five hundred years," without meeting with anything like opprobrium, so long as he does not happen to trundle it on to matter offensive to the religious or moral codes of his contemporaries; but, let him stir up any antique mud and offer it as valid art-ware, and he will find that there are plenty of honest critics ready to dare the charge of impertinence and irrelevance for the sake of protesting against such a breach of good feeling and propriety.

When we talk of offences against the religion and morality of the age, we must not of course be understood to refer to the actual intensity of religious or moral action in individuals, because we shall always find that there are plenty of people who commit, almost without shame, deeds which the accepted codes of the time would condemn uncompromisingly. In morality, as elsewhere, there is a grave distinction between the abstract and the concrete; and when an artist selects for treatment a subject of which critics are unanimous in proclaiming the age's condemnation, the verdict is founded, not on the fact that no one is so depraved as to enjoy the work of art, but on the unassailable consideration that the subject is such a one as the generally accepted ideas upon morality and propriety would hold unfit for the mind to dwell on with pleasure. No one is so Utopian as to suppose that there are not plenty of specimens of "villanous man" ready to revel in all that is base; but these are the hideous lower *stratum* of human nature that has always existed—the ugly frayed edges of humanity that no shears of civilisation have availed to trim utterly off. If they have been unable to work their

filthy minds up to the level of their age, and must needs have works of art to batten on such as were current coin under a grosser system, let them go back and unburrow filth for themselves from among the works of the artists congenial to that grosser period: do not let the æsthetic minds of the present day of superior refinement take part in the degradation, by producing for them, in a modern garb, matter to gratify their lawless appetites. The artist who does this lays himself open to be attacked for the falsity and impropriety of his ideal; and he has no right to turn round and say we are attacking the man, not the artist—for the flaws in his work are as much artistic flaws, if detected in the ideal towards which the elements of his product are made to converge, as if they were found in the convergent elements themselves.

Thus much having been said in support of the position that the critic is guilty of no excess of duty in commenting on poetry from a moral, as well as from a purely technical point of view, it is unnecessary to make any further excuse for the blending of the two classes of considerations which will be met with in the present article.

Of those who aspire to the reputation of poets at the present time, few, if any, have created as much stir as Mr. Swinburne has; but it is scarcely over-bold to say that the immense notoriety that that gentleman has attained is far more attributable to the offensive attitude he has taken towards most generally received views than to any measureless ability. That he has considerable talent is undoubted; but nothing less than a supreme genius ever conquered so rapid a notoriety through the excellence of his productions, and that Mr. Swinburne is no supreme genius is a proposition as evident as that he is of talent considerably beyond the average of verse-writers. This becomes patent on a calm survey of his works—a survey which leaves us nothing but his offences in explanation of the width of his report—fame we cannot call it. The technical ability which he has displayed, both imitative and original, is such as appeals to a very small circle of readers—composed chiefly of the poetic faculty and of the studiously critical: for purposes of minute dissection his works are most interesting, as might be easily shown if our object were to exhibit the *minutiae* of the composite *technique* which he has mastered; but there is but little in his volumes that can be called *popular*, except in the constrained sense in which that term can be applied to novels of the most unwholesome tendency, such as are annually compiled in considerable numbers from

the police reports, or some such source, and made use of by a number of foolish persons, who glean from their half-read pages a certain amount of hot excitement which they deem pleasurable, but which all moral sense and the Divine law pronounce to be foul and vicious. Some such excitement as this may be gathered from the pages of Mr. Swinburne in a very intense form; and, doubtless, the well-reported fact that such is the case has led many to obtain his books; but this popularity is not the popularity of genius, as shown by the fact that it subsides after a season or two in the case of sensation novels. With Mr. Swinburne it is not likely to subside so soon, because his works are not all of the same class throughout, and the abnormal notoriety which he obtained by the publication of indecent works, brought into a greater prominence than they would have otherwise commanded, works of his not disfigured by indecency; and now that these have been thus implicated in a certain celebrity, they are found, with all their glaring defects, to possess sundry technical excellencies sufficiently well marked to save them from being immediately forgotten. Had Mr. Swinburne written nothing but *The Queen-Mother* and *Rosamond*, published in 1860, we should have heard little more of his name. No one beyond the circle of his acquaintance, and the few reviewers who in their daily or weekly work had to make a few notes on the volume (and perhaps not these), would have known any significance in the words Algernon Charles Swinburne. In the volume in question there is the faintest possible germ both of the present individual though mannered style of the author, and of the tendency to treat subjects indecently, but nothing sufficiently original in technical ability, or sufficiently offensive in tone, to make a name; and to this statement the most significant witness is borne by the fact that the book has only now gone to a second edition—the first edition of 250 copies having followed the author from publisher to publisher like the ghost of a dead hope. Published originally by Mr. Pickering, it appeared with a new title-page bearing the imprint of Messrs. Moxon and Co., and when that respectable firm suspended the issue of his works in consequence of the opprobrium which attached to the publication of *Poems and Ballads*, the same first edition made a fresh appearance with the imprint of Mr. John Camden Hotten.

The Queen-Mother is a play of the usual five-act dimensions, on the Elizabethan model; and the subject is by no means a bad one for dramatic purposes. The scene is laid in the court of the odious Catherine de' Medici and the weak Charles IX., at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and this

subject affords ample scope for dramatic treatment of character, situation, and motion; but unfortunately the adaptability of a subject for dramatic treatment is merely a necessary condition to the production of a good play, and no step towards that happy issue: and the drama in question shows an acute critical understanding of the Elizabethan drama, rather than a complete original, dramatic faculty. Mr. Swinburne has probably read every play produced in that great epoch of dramatic history; and his study, whatever the extent, was effected with sufficiently close application and discriminative intelligence to leave in his mind every element of construction employed by the Elizabethans. Consequently, when he set to work to write a play, the result was a close imitation of the school in question—an imitation, too, in which many of the very faults of the school are not only followed, but frequently exaggerated, and this in minute details of structure as well as in the broad outlines of form. This is just what is certain to be the result when a minute copyist sets himself to reproduce the manner of a master; as witness those wretched productions of Overbeck and others of his school, which, if placed at a certain distance from the observer, might be taken for a gallery of Raphael's pictures, but which, when examined, are found to be tame imitations of a master who is, always was, and ever will be, inimitable. So with the Elizabethan drama; we can no more reproduce the precise aggregation of circumstances which gave rise to that school of dramatists and bespoke tolerance for its defects, than we can recall the social surroundings which led to the supreme pictorial efforts of Raphael; and, though there are plenty of particulars in which it will be always well to follow the great painter and the great dramatists in question—though we may find in Raphael principles of composition and idealised representation such as are always to be held in mind, and in the Elizabethan drama certain broad outlines of construction and innovations in dramatic procedure not to be improved upon—still a close and minute imitation of either must lead to failure as inevitably as the close and minute imitations by artists of anterior schools has always been found to do. Judged by modern *criteria* as to *minutiae* of elaboration, the plays of even Shakspeare are found faulty. The varying length and structure of the iambic line employed by him and his school is a fault in the eyes of modern critics; and the irregular way in which the blank verse dialogue of the Elizabethan school is pieced, so as to leave jagged fragments of iambic lines, and lines consisting of more feet than the typical line

is composed of, is a thing to be regretted—not to be imitated. It was doubtless the precedent furnished by this school that induced the author of *The Spanish Gypsy* to pass many of the irregularities pointed out in this *Review* in October last; but in this work of Mr. Swinburne's these faults do not seem to be put forward in the light of precedented licences, but sanctioned as details to be imitated for their excellence. In some of the dialogues of Shakspeare which are most remarkable for vivid and rapid raillery there is a ruggedness of form which is anything but pleasing, if we consider the make of the lines apart from the brilliancy of the composition; and a ruggedness, too, which was obviously permitted to himself by the supreme dramatist as an economy of labour—not put forward as a studied effect; but in *The Queen-Mother* we get speeches from Cino Galli, the Florentine fool of the Medici-woman, which are of a studied ruggedness wonderful to contemplate as the work of a modern poet. Take this for instance:—

Yolande. 'Ware stakes, my Cino; is this a head to roast?
Think, my poor fool's tongue with a nail through it,
Were it no pity?

Cino. Fire goes out with rain, child.
I do but think, too, if I were burnt to-morrow,
What a waste of salt would there be! what a ruin of silk stuff!
What sweet things would one have to hear of me,
Being once got penitent! Suppose you my soul's father,
Here I come weeping, lame in the feet, mine eyes big—
"Yea, my sin merely! be it not writ against me
How the very devil in the shape of a cloth-of-gold skirt
Lost me my soul with a mask, a most ungracious one,
A velvet riddle; and how he set a mark on me,
A red mark, father, here where the halter throttles,
See there, *Yolande* writ broad;" yet, for all that,
The Queen might have worn worse paint, if it please you note me,
If her physic-seller had kept hands cleaner, verily.

Fol. Kind Cino! dost not look to be kissed for this now?

Cino. Be something modest, prithee: it was never good time
Since the red ran out of the cheeks into the lips.
You are not patient; to see how a good man's beard
May be worn out among you!

Anne. Virtuous Cino!

Cino. Tell me the right way from a fool to a woman,
I'll tell thee why I eat spiced meat on Fridays.

Fol. As many feet as take the world twice round, sweet,
Ere the fool come to the woman.

Cino. I am mocked, verily;

None of these slippers but have lightened heels.
I'll sit in a hole of the ground, and eat rank berries.

Vol. Why, Cino?

Cino. Because I would not have a swine's mouth
And eat sweetmeats as ye do. It is a wonder in heaven
How women so nice-lipped, discreet of palate,
Should be as easy for a thief to kiss
As for a king's son; like the common grass
That lets in any sun or rain, and wears
All favours the same way; it is a perfect wonder."

—*The Queen-Mother, Rosamond*, pp. 6, 7.

What a graceless, clown-like figure does a poet cut in writing, laboriously, such verse as this! We can tolerate it well enough in works of that stage in the development of English poetic art to which they belong, and with Shakspeare it is but seldom that the ordinary reader gives a thought to the make of his verse; but now, that a more regularly perfect form of verse has come into use, and is looked for by the public, it is an insult to offer such stuff as this. It is impossible to ignore the dramatic intelligence displayed in the outline of this play's structure; but the imitation is so palpable, the faults are so many, and the style so largely lacking in individuality, as to make the work quite uninteresting. The little play of *Rosamond* displays the same constructive ability in a less degree, and the same lack of individual style. The five scenes of which it is composed, are well put together, but not interesting on the whole, though there is great pathos in the close, the death of *Rosamond*. The last speech of Henry shows some force of diction as well as thought, but still no true originality of style:—

"*K. Hen.* Sir, pardon me, I know she is but dead,
She is not as I am; we have sense and soul;
Who smites me on the mouth or plucks by the hair,
I know what feels it; stab me with a knife,
I can show blood: and when the eyes turn wet,
There's witness for me and apparent proof
I am no less than man; though in the test
I show so abject and so base a slave
As grooms may snarl at, and your stabled hound
Find place more worth preferment. For the queen,
See how strong laughter takes her by the throat
And plucks her lips! her teeth would bite, no doubt,
But she keeps quiet; she should live indeed;
She hath mere motion, and such life in her
Accuses and impeaches the Lord God,

Who wrought so miserably the shapes of man
 With such sad cunning. Lo you, sir, she weeps;
 Now see I well how vile a thing it is
 To wear the label and the print of life
 Being fashioned so unhappily; for we
 Share no more sense nor worthier scope of time
 Than the live breath that is in swine and apes
 As honourable, now she that made us right
 In the keen balance and sharp scale of God
 Becomes as pasture and gross meat for death,
 Whereon the common ravin of his throat
 Makes rank invasion. Time was, I could not speak
 But she would praise or chide me; now I talk
 All this time out, mere baffled waste, to get
 That word of her I find not. Tell me, sweet,
 Have I done wrong to thee? spoken thee ill?
 Nay, for scorn hurts me, Rosamond; be wise,
 As I am patient; do but bow your face—
 By God, she will not! Abide you but awhile
 And we shall hear her; for she will not fail.
 She will just turn her sweet head quietly
 And kiss me peradventure; say no word,
 And you shall see her; doubtless she will grow
 Sorry to vex me; see now, here are two
 She hath made weep, and God would punish her
 For hardness; ay, though she were thrice as fair,
 He would not love her; look, she would fain wake,
 It makes her mouth move and her eyelids rise
 To feel so near me. Ay, no wiser yet?
 Then will I leave you; maybe she will weep
 To have her hands made empty of me; yea,
 Lend me your hand to cover close her face,
 That she may sleep well till we twain be gone;
 Cover the mouth up; come each side of me."

—*Ibid.* pp. 215—217.

It would not have been worth while to disinter this first volume for purposes of criticism, had it been allowed to rest in the well-earned oblivion which it seemed to have attained; but, as the author has now issued a second edition which is a mere reprint, he gives the sanction of his present supposed-to-be-matured self to the work of his remote and immature self; a step which constitutes a challenge to canvass the merits of the work. In it, as already implied, the moralist has not a great deal to object to, but the art-critic has little to bring forward as unexceptionable; and in the first work of the author which attracted much attention, *Atalanta in Calydon*, the art-critic has still much to object

to—the moralist somewhat. That work is by no means devoid of beauties; indeed, they are constantly met with in its pages, unattractive as is the Greekish form of the poem. A tragedy cast in the lyric-dramatic mould of the Greeks is now-a-days an incongruity; and anything like a close analysis of the *minutiae* of their motives and psychological characteristics has an air of affectation, when forced before a modern society so vastly different from theirs in all its complexities of life and thought. It is not, moreover, practicable to perform such an analysis with great effect; the artist, of whatever class, must study nature direct if he would excel, and modern society affords no possibilities for the effectual study of a subject Greek in incident and Greek in spirit. Such a subject, therefore, cannot be treated without an overplus of imitation of Greek authors, the fault which, in its extreme form, condemned the entire artistic literature of the Romans to a subordinate place, and which must always lead to failure, greater or less. Subjects doubtless abound in Greek history and mythology which, from the universality of their interest, may be treated in modern verse with advantage; but then they are seized as essentially human, not as essentially Greek, and are treated from such a point of view as to be of interest to all ages. In Mr. Tennyson's *Ulysses*, it is not the traits distinctive of the Greek which grasp the heart of the modern Englishman, but the sense of a struggling, energetic, undaunted hardihood of human endeavour, as vital now as then. Our sympathies are claimed by Ulysses the *man*, not Ulysses the *Greek*. And so it is with other pieces of the Laureate's as well as with many of Mr. Browning's magnificent studies of human nature. In *Atalanta*, on the other hand, the characters are Greek in half-savage simplicity, Greek in motive, Greek in action, but not Greek in calm breadth of delineation, and, therefore, rather *pseudo-Greek*. The characteristics seized on by Mr. Swinburne are, for the most part, not such as appeal to a modern society, but such as might be assumed to have weight in the times depicted: from their entire alienation in thought and motive, the actors in this tragedy do not claim our sympathy, and what admiration the work calls forth is mainly for details of manipulation and isolated beauties of expression. Now this plan of selecting subjects is altogether false. Whatever period we take up for artistic rendering, we can always find in it features of never-dying interest; and it is on those features that the artist's forces should be concentrated.

Provided that the execution be equal in a given number of works of art, they are durable and great, or transient and mean, in proportion as the salient features of the subjects which they treat are of eternal and universal interest or of mere ephemeral importance. Thus, there are certain grand works which stand as everlasting models in some respects, though none are to be narrowly imitated: *pseudo*-Greek tragedies are as valueless to us moderns as groups of statuary attempted "in the manner of Praxiteles," or as those hosts of German pictures supposed to be Raphaelesque in manner, and characterised by some one (probably Mr. Ruskin) as "the muddy struggles of the unhappy Germans;" and works of these three categories are equally vicious through the absence of the objects which the artist requires to study, by direct observation, and not through the medium of another's eyesight.

In treating historical and antique subjects, therefore, an artist requires, before all things, a keen and well-balanced appreciation of the relative importance of the elements of character, and it is this faculty that would seem to be utterly wanting in Mr. Swinburne. As will appear from the present analysis of his works, he has not given evidence of any insight into the value of the characteristics of the persons whom he depicts. His principal productions are renderings of subjects affording ample materials for the delineation of the savage passions of man, and these savage passions are made predominant, and treated, to all appearance, with barbaric delight.

The hunt of the Calydonian boar does not afford for artistic development that wealth of lust, that abundance of chambering and wantonness, which a mind attuned to lewd suggestions and cultured in lewd impulses can find plentifully in such subjects as that of the drama *Chastelard*, and in the multitude of unhistoric, nameless intrigues that have been since the world began. Nevertheless, the primitive hunting instinct of man, an unquestionably savage instinct in the main, gives matter for some forcible fierce passages; and the still more savage instinct of vengeance has full treatment; in fact, revengeful passions yield the chain of causation which constitutes the plot of *Atalanta*. The boar is a curse sent by Artemis, because that goddess is piqued at an omission of sacrifice to her. Meleager slays the boar, and gives the spoils to the Arcadian huntress, Atalanta, of whom he is enamoured. Meleager's uncles, wroth at this appropriation of the spoils, and jealous of the huntress,

attempt to reverse their nephew's act by force; and their nephew turns upon them and slays them. His mother, Althæa, hearing of the manner of her brothers' death, forthwith compasses the death of her son, and regards this as a sort of tribute due to her brothers' memory.

This same Althæa, of whom the chorus says, "A noble wisdom and fair words the gods have given this woman," is made the exponent of sentiments ultra-Greek in discontented, ungracious submission to the will of the gods; sentiments such as have a still fuller exposition in speeches of the chorus. Althæa says, for example:—

"O king, thou art wise, but wisdom halts; and just,
But the gods love not justice more than fate,
And smite the righteous and the violent mouth,
And mix with insolent blood the reverent man's,
And bruise the holier as the lying lips."

—*Atalanta in Calydon*, p. 31.

But the most poison-breathing utterances of this sort are in a long chorus, extending over seven pages, upon which the finest workmanship of the artist has been lavished; the periods of this chorus are so tenderly lingered over, so delicately tinted, that it is impossible to see in them any hand but that of a workman thoroughly in love with his subject; and the sentiments are so completely in keeping with the negative, revolutionary spirit, characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's aggregate writings, that the effusion strikes as the spontaneous utterance of an eloquent but misguided orator.

"In fact," says his friend, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, whose critical acumen is doubtless well sustained in this judgment by personal knowledge, "what might have been and was shrewdly surmised from '*Atalanta in Calydon*,' that the sentiments of the famous and overpoweringly eloquent chorus,

'Yea, with thy hate, O God, thou hast covered us,'

(minus the submissive close thereof), were the sentiments of Mr. Swinburne himself, is fully confirmed by various passages in the '*Poems and Ballads*;' passages which either reinforce the same sentiments dramatically, but with a gusto and insistence not to be mistaken, or, as especially in '*Félise*,' rend the thinnest of dramatic veils, and are manifestly spoken in the author's person. The same is still more clearly the case in the ode '*To Victor Hugo*.' Our poet has a singularly acute and terrible conception of the puppet-like condition of man, as acted upon by the forces of nature and the fiat of her Ruler; and he draws some appalling outlines of it with an equal sense of power and powerlessness, an equal entireness of despair and of desperation. . . .

Intellect pitted against a material and moral *pieuvre* appears to be his conception of the state of man; and no wonder the fight looks to him a most ghastly one, unconvinced as he is (to use the mildest term) of the justice of the umpire, and convinced, or all but convinced, of the mortality of the soul. His only outlet of comfort is his delight in material beauty, in the fragmentary conquests of intellect, and in the feeling that the fight, once over in this world for each individual, is over altogether; and in these sources of comfort his exquisite artistic organisation enables him to revel while the fit is on him, and to ring out such peals of poetry as deserve, we do not fear to say it, to endure while the language lasts." — *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, a Criticism*, pp. 26, 27.

Of the fulfilment of this implied prophecy, we do not entertain the slightest fear. Attractive as is the workmanship of the chorus in question, it is part and parcel of a work full of grave faults, and itself—one of Mr. Swinburne's most esteemed pieces of writing, be it remarked—constitutes also one of the gravest errors, even from a technical point of view; for, after opening in due polytheistic order, this chorus suddenly makes a violent and unnatural transition into monotheism, apparently for no other reason than the gratification of the author, to which all principles of dramatic unity are thus sacrificed. First, *the gods* are blamed in the name of the chorus, and then words relating to *God* are quoted:—

- " But up in heaven the high gods one by one
 Lay hands upon the draught that quickeneth,
 Fulfilled with all tears shed and all things done,
 And stir with soft-imperishable breath
 The bubbling bitterness of life and death,
 And hold it to our lips and laugh; but they
 Preserve their lips from tasting night or day,
 Lest they too change and sleep, the fates that spun,
 The lips that made us and the hands that slay;
 Lest all these change, and heaven bow down to none,
 Change and be subject to the secular sway
 And terrene revolution of the sun.
 Therefore they thrust it from them, putting time away.
- " I would the wine of time, made sharp and sweet
 With multitudinous days and nights and tears,
 And many mixing savours of strange years,
 Were no more trodden of them under feet,
 Cast out and spilt about their holy places:
 That life were given them as a fruit to eat
 And death to drink as water; that the light
 Might ebb, drawn backward from their eyes, and night
 Hide for one hour the imperishable faces:

That they might rise up sad in heaven, and know
Sorrow and sleep, one paler than young snow,
One cold as blight of dew and ruinous rain ;
Rise up and rest and suffer a little, and be
Awhile as all things born with us and we,
And grieve as men, and like slain men be slain.

“ For now we know not of them ; but one saith
The gods are gracious, praising God ; and one,
When hast thou seen ? or hast thou felt his breath
Touch, nor consume thine eyelids as the sun,
Nor fill thee to the lips with fiery death ?
None hath beheld him, none
Seen above other gods and shapes of things,
Swift without feet and flying without wings,
Intolerable, not clad with death or life
Insatiable, not known of night or day,
The lord of love and loathing and of strife
Who gives a star and takes a sun away ;
Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren wife
To the earthly body and grievous growth of clay ;
Who turns the large limbs to a little flame
And binds the great sea with a little sand ;
Who makes desire, and slays desire with shame ;
Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his hand ;
Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,
Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,
Smites without sword, and scourges without rod ;
The supreme evil, God.

“ Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us,
One saith, and hidden our eyes away from sight,
And made us transitory and hazardous,
Light things and slight ;
Yet have men praised thee, saying, He hath made man thus
And he doeth right.
Thou hast kissed us, and hast smitten ; thou hast laid
Upon us with thy left hand life, and said,
Live : and again thou hast said, Yield up your breath,
And with thy right hand laid upon us death.
Thou hast sent us sleep, and stricken sleep with dreams,
Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be ;
Thou hast made sweet springs for all the pleasant streams,
In the end thou hast made them bitter with the sea.
Thou hast fed one rose with dust of many men ;
Thou hast marred one face with fire of many tears ;
Thou hast taken love, and given us sorrow again ;
With pain thou hast filled us full to the eyes and ears.

Therefore because thou art strong, our father, and we
 Feeble; and thou art against us, and thine hand
 Constrains us in the shallows of the sea
 And breaks us at the limits of the land;
 Because thou hast bent thy lightnings as a bow,
 And loosed the hours like arrows; and let fall
 Sins and wild words and many a winged woe
 And wars among us, and one end of all;
 Because thou hast made the thunder, and thy feet
 Are as a rushing water when the skies
 Break, but thy face as an exceeding heat
 And flames of fire the eyelids of thine eyes;
 Because thou art over all who are over us:
 Because thy name is life and our name death;
 Because thou art cruel and men are piteous,
 And our hands labour and thine hand scattereth;
 Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
 Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
 At least we witness of thee ere we die
 That these things are not otherwise, but thus;
 That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith,
 That all men even as I,
 All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high."

—Pp. 50—54.

It is hardly necessary to point out how very inartistic is this sleight of making a Greek polytheist quote what one said about God, especially when the whole of what one said is saturated with an anti-theism of such late date that it could not possibly have been quoted by the chorus in *Atalanta*. This fault, however, is wilful, not careless, and does not in the least affect the minute manipulation of the chorus. That such careful workmanship should be misemployed in the production of baneful matter like this is a crying shame, and even the plea of dramatic rendering would be weak to stifle our indignation at such misapplied powers. This sort of writing, when beautiful enough to obtain a wide hearing, is only calculated to stir up revolt in the spirits of weak and unsettled readers, and offers them nothing of satisfaction or repose. To our thinking, the workmanship of Mr. Swinburne is far too full of mannerism for complete excellence (though the passage just quoted is unusually free from that besetting fault); nevertheless, thorough poets are so rare, that the enlistment of even such powers as Mr. Swinburne's in a good cause is a thing desirable, especially as it is impossible to ignore, on comparing closely these extracts from *Atalanta* with those given from *The Queen-Mother* and *Rosamond*, that the inter-

val of years between the production of the two works has sufficed Mr. Swinburne for the formation of a distinctly individual style and manner. The possession of an individual poetic manner is the first *expressional* requisite for a poet; and when we see, in any aggregation of works, this requisite unquestionably existent, in spite of flaws in manner and matter, we cannot but hope, or at least wish, that a twofold enlargement of heart and judgment may ultimately remedy the defects, and give the world a poet that shall be bountiful rather than baneful. Meanwhile, remembering that "the gods themselves cannot recall their gifts," we cannot but reprobate the neglect of one who ought to give good gifts, and who has devoted no small labour to the elaboration of a potent faculty which is very favourably exhibited in *Poems and Ballads*, in the pages of which, whether prurient or pure, there seem to be clearly enough marked the footsteps of progression from the no-manner of *The Queen-Mother* to the manner of *Atalanta*. Although the volume of *Poems and Ballads* is of later publication than *Atalanta*, a large portion of its contents are of earlier birth, as is apparent from the various degrees of executive ability, and as is confessed in the dedication, wherein these pieces are described as

"The songs of dead seasons, that wander
On wings of articulate words;
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,
Light flocks of untameable birds;
Some sang to me dreaming in class-time,
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young."—*Poems and Ballads*, pp. 341, 342.

In verse, whether original or imitative, Mr. Swinburne is never prosy, with all his vices of sentiment and expression; and of his prose the same is true, as we shall see when we come to that portion of our subject; and it is this witness, borne by the whole voluminous bulk of his works, to the fact that the processes of his mind are carried on in the poetic, as technically distinguished from the prose, method, that makes his manifold defections from moral and artistic rectitude a matter of noteworthy regret. A consideration of the style of the extracts, given further on, from prose works of Mr. Swinburne will convince the reader of the truth of this remark, as to the method in which the author thinks; and his prodigality of poetic elements of style (especially of rhythm)

is a striking instance of the reverse of what was praised in George Eliot's prose style in the October Number of this *Review*.

Viewed as a drama, *Atalanta* is very imperfect, and deficient in distinctive treatment of characters. We get in it none of that strongly-accentuated variation in the several speeches which we find in the plays of a master of the dramatic art; and to call the work a tragedy is as great an absurdity as it would be to affix that title to a scanty tale, with a *dénouement* composed of the elements of tragedy; or to talk, as the *Times* does, of "the dramatic unity in intricacy of *Atalanta*." In regard to the drama *Chastelard*, no such unqualified criticism would be just. In that work, Mr. Swinburne has unquestionably shown some aptitude for dramatic labour, shown that he is not incompetent to apply, without close imitation, the principles upon which our great ones have built up everlasting plays, or, indeed, to produce a very original drama. Still, the handling of situation is very insufficient, and the handling of character yet more so. Of these defects the latter would seem to arise in part from that weakness of perception already referred to, and in part from the artist's inveterate mannerism, which blurs to a common semblance the utterances of a Darnley, a Chastelard, a Queen Mary, and her four attendant Marys. The other defect comes apparently of extreme obliquity in the inventive faculties. There is a certain amount of invention in the conception of this historic subject, but Mr. Swinburne's interpretations and superadditions cannot be too strongly condemned. It may be argued that history is common property, and that an artist may treat an historical topic from what point of view he pleases; still, it will probably be conceded by the bulk of intelligent persons that it shows but scanty artistic propriety to paint the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots as a wanton, cruel, and unhesitating strumpet, void of any womanly feelings of compassion or compunction, without religion of heart or soul, and caring for nothing but her own abominable gratifications. And yet these words are weak to describe the hideous portrait which Mr. Swinburne has drawn of the Queen—hideous morally, though not devoid of lineaments touched with delicacy of pencilling.

Indeed, here again Mr. Swinburne's best powers are shown forth only in the entire elimination of religion and morality. The finest pieces of expression are those devoted to scenes free from any colour of morality, or indeed of decency, as, for

instance, the interview in which the Queen encourages Chastelard, after he has discovered himself in her bedchamber, during the absence of Darnley—her new bridegroom. The ideal harlot whom Mr. Swinburne has draped in the ermine of the Queen of Scots smiles upon Chastelard propitiously throughout the play, and sends him to the block when it has become necessary that they should part. To the last moment passages of love are between them, and these are painted with a mellowness of tone and a fineness of touch worthy of holier loves; and the same may be said of many of the less disgusting productions of the *Poems and Ballads*. The most objectionable pieces in that volume we do not care to bring forward, now that the scandal has somewhat abated, and that the public are well aware of the nature of the pieces objected to. Suffice it to note, that many of them are far worse than *Chastelard*, as regards both abomination of thought and outspoken indecency of expression, while there are many pieces that are not indecent at all; and many that, by virtue of their technical ability, inspire the same regretful thoughts as we have expressed in regard to *Atalanta*.

Besides the more capital offences of Mr. Swinburne against all sense of morality, there are minor grievances, on account of his very distasteful way of treating the grotesquely horrible. This is one of the most crying faults of Gustave Doré, between whom and Mr. Swinburne there is considerable affinity. Doré, not content with depicting the possibly horrible, goes widely into the impossibly so, and treats the hacking of human forms, for instance, in a manner for which "disgusting" and "revolting" are terms too measured: similarly Mr. Swinburne, in some passages, shows a fierce uncurbed hand in painting horrors. In *Atalanta* we have these lines—

"So through crushed branches and the reddening brake
Clamoured and crashed the fervour of his feet,
And trampled, springing sideways from the task,
Too tardy a moving mould of heavy strength,
Ancæus; and as flakes of weak-winged snow
Break, all the hard thews of his heaving limbs
Broke, and rent flesh fell every way, and blood
Flew, and fierce fragments of no more a man."—P. 60.

It will be as well that the charge of mannerism preferred in the present article should be more definitely stated and sustained. The vice in question is one more easy to feel than to define; but we may say broadly, that mannerism in poetry

consists chiefly in the repeated use of peculiar words, or forms of expression or versification, which are obtrusive without being beautiful or necessary to the unity of the poem. Sometimes it strikes as mere slovenliness; but this is not often the case with Mr. Swinburne: sometimes it is clearly affectation; but more often it would seem to arise from an inveterate sameness of presentation. The great executive feat for a poet to accomplish is the formation of a style individual in *manner*, but unsullied by *mannerism*; and this has been done by two living poets—the Laureate and Mr. Browning. In the works of our great woman-poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, we are frequently shocked by slovenly mannerisms—such as false rhymes and make-weight, unmeaning feet. Her vigorous sympathetic soul seems to have flashed off poems at a greater speed than her executive powers could maintain; and no poems have been more successfully touched on in new editions than some of hers—such as *Casa Guidi Windows*, for example. Now that she has gone from us, leaving us with such a heavy demand on our gratitude and admiration for noble work done, it is hard to say a word of dispraise, though it has been expedient to draw on some of her works for illustration. In two beautiful poems, *Catarina to Camoens* and *The Cry of the Children*, we get such rhymes as “whisper” and “vesper,” “enter” and “peradventure,” “sitting” and “written,” “heaven” and “unbelieving,” “children” and “bewildering,” &c.; and in others of her works we not uncommonly find mannerisms of pedantry (such as the crude production of scientific ideas). Now, it is not this class of mannerism which we condemn in Mr. Swinburne, nor even that copious and inappropriate use of “female” rhymes which is blameworthy in the poetess: the bulk of these are surface faults, which might be touched out, and sometimes were; but the mannerisms of Mr. Swinburne are more deeply seated in the aim and principles of his style and the construction of his rhythm. For instance, we frequently get monosyllables strung together so as to afford no distinct and necessary form of scansion, as in this iambic—

“And the sound stung me right through heart and all.”

—*Chastelard*, p. 69.

The frequent repetition of such lines, wanting in landmarks of intonation to indicate the divisions, is an offence, and creates a great deficiency of light and shade; but far worse is the terrible abuse of elision of which Mr. Swinburne is guilty. Elision, when properly used, is a graceful and

effective artifice, and affords a richness and fulness highly desirable at times; but the reader must not have to find out which syllable or syllables he is to elide: this must be shown in the make of the lines, each of which should flow as easily as if no elision were required in the scansion. In such lines as—

“I would I had been at hand and marked them off.”—*Ibid.* p. 71.

and—

“We fought best there. I would I had seen you fight.”—*Ibid.* p. 71.

there is not the slightest difficulty; and a line of which the normal type is five feet of two syllables each may consist of twelve or thirteen syllables, and yet be easy and graceful; but the rhythm must be natural. The following line, however, though possible, is difficult: it arrests attention by its want of perspicuous form—

“Yea, and for all this I am not penitent.”—*Ibid.* p. 105.

and this degree of defectiveness is very common to the author. Sometimes the effect is ludicrous, as in this—

“And yet I wot not. Said he, he loathed his life?”—*Ibid.* p. 158.

in which the “he, he,” resulting from an attempt to make the requisite elision, is sadly out of place. This contrasts very unfavourably with the beautiful line—

“Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs.”—*Atalanta*, p. 2.

in which the elision comes necessarily on the word “ripple,” and makes a pleasing ripple in the line. This next is a very bad sample, requiring the elision of two syllables of the word “furiously”—

“Leapt and fell furiously, and from raging lips.”—*Ibid.* p. 60.

and the following is still worse—

“Seeing; but Meleager bade whet knives and flay.”—*Ibid.* p. 60.

for here the reader scans the line naturally as an alexandrine, and has to return and make it scan as an iambic by two awkward elisions. Almost as awkward is this—

“Lands indiscoverable in the unheard-of west.”—*Ibid.* p. 25.

in which it is necessary to slur the termination "able" as well as the article "the."

It is needless to multiply examples of this vice: suffice it to say, that it is a constant source of annoyance. Not less annoying is the reiterated use of words, good intrinsically and in moderation, such as "violent," "fierce," and "faint," which are samples of several excellent words made to do service on all sorts of occasions, appropriately and inappropriately. This mannerism is very ill-judged; but much more serious is the creation of needless harsh neologisms, such as "dis-create," "disseated," "disfleshed"—samples of a host of new words quite out of place in a work of art—where purity of language should be aimed at as one of the chief *desiderata*.

But the catalogue of mannered vices is not nearly exhausted yet. We must not omit to notice Mr. Swinburne's perfectly wearisome employment of alliteration, and his very tasteless use of Biblical phraseology. These two faults can scarcely be called occasional, for they pervade his works throughout. He has an ugly trick, too, of placing the same word more than once in a line, which, when often repeated, as it is in some poems, gives a very *bizarre* effect. Worse still is the effect produced by double possessives, one of the most prominent of Mr. Swinburne's vices of diction. The following poem, while written with considerable muscular force, affords examples of these last-named four mannerisms:—

"A SONG IN TIME OF REVOLUTION, 1860.*

The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high-priest covers his head:
For this is the song of the quick, that is heard in the ears of the dead.
The poor and the halt and the blind are keen and mighty and fleet:
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of their feet.
The wind has the sound of a laugh in the clamour of days and of deeds:
The priests are scattered like chaff, and the rulers broken like reeds.
The high-priest sick from qualms, with his raiment bloodily dashed;
The thief with branded palms, and the liar with cheeks abashed.
They are smitten, they tremble greatly, they are pained for their pleasant things;
For the house of the priests made stately, and the might in the mouth of the kings.

* *Poems and Ballads*, p. 161.

They are grieved and greatly afraid; they are not taken, they shall not flee :

For the heart of the nations is made as the strength of the springs of the sea.

They were fair in the grace of gold, they walked with delicate feet : They were clothed with the cunning of old, and the smell of their garments was sweet.

For the breaking of gold in their hair, they halt as a man made lame : They are utterly naked and bare ; their mouths are bitter with shame.

Wilt thou judge thy people now, O king that wast found most wise ?

Wilt thou lie any more, O thou whose mouth is emptied of lies ?

Shall God make a pact with thee, till His hook be found in thy sides ?

Wilt thou put back the time of the sea, or the place of the season of tides ?

Set a word in thy lips, to stand before God with a word in thy mouth That 'the rain shall return in the land, and the tender dew after drouth.'

But the arm of the elders is broken, their strength is unbound and undone :

They wait for a sign of a token ; they cry, and there cometh none.

Their moan is in every place, the cry of them filleth the land :

There is shame in the sight of their face, there is fear in the thews of their hand.

They are girdled about the reins with a curse for the girdle thereon :

For the noise of the rending of chains the face of their colour is gone.

For the sound of the shouting of men they are grievously stricken at heart :

They are smitten asunder with pain, their bones are smitten apart.

There is none of them all that is whole ; their lips gape open for breath ;

They are clothed with sickness of soul, and the shape of a shadow of death.

The mind is thwart in their feet ; it is full of the shouting of mirth ;

As one shaketh the sides of a sheet, so it shaketh the ends of the earth.

The sword, the sword is made keen ; the iron has opened its mouth ;

The corn is red that was green ; it is bound for the sheaves of the south.

The sound of a word was shed : the sound of a mind as a breath,

In the ears of the souls that were dead, in the dust of the deepness of death ;

Where the face of the moon is taken, the ways of the stars undone,

The light of the whole sky shaken, the light of the face of the sun :

Where the waters are emptied and broken, the waves of the waters are stayed ;

Where God has bound for a token the darkness that maketh afraid ;

Where the sword was covered and hidden, and dust had grown in its side,
 A word came forth which was bidden, the crying of one that cried :
 The sides of the two-edged sword shall be bare, and its mouth shall be red,
 For the breath of the face of the Lord that is felt in the bones of the dead."

The poem is given complete, not only as substantiating these accusations, but as a specimen of the temper in which the author's works are conceived. Of the double-possessive vice no more ludicrous instance could be found than the line—

"Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of their feet ;"

a line at once turgid, ugly, tautologous, and *pseudo*-Biblical. This next line is pretty, but has the same vice—

"And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night."—"Hymn to Proserpine," *Poems and Ballads*, p. 83.

Here, from the same poem, are two lines comparing Venus and the Virgin Mary, and affording samples of the repetition vice—

"For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected ; but she Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea."—*Ibid.* p. 82.

We might fill pages with sample lines of this description, especially of the double-possessive sort, for wherever anapæsts are—and Mr. Swinburne is very fond of those vigorous integers of rhythm—there may be found abundant double-possessives, probably because it is easier to get anapæsts with the two short feet ready made from the words "of the," than to exercise a little ingenuity in working the language into anapæstic forms without this sleight.

While enumerating the *faults* of the author under discussion, it has been thought unnecessary to supply examples for the express purpose of exhibiting his *prowess* in the field of verse—a task which has been very warmly taken up by a few critics whose taste Mr. Swinburne seems to have hit exactly.

The poet, so long as he keeps to his sphere of verse, may, with a certain show of reason, deem himself unassailable by the critic, for he is a denizen of another element altogether ; and community of element is essential to a perfectly fair and

equal contest. The poet may turn to the critic, if so disposed, and say, "What knowest thou *practically* of the laws of flight, oh walker on the dull earth?" And what shall the critic answer? Again he may claim exemption from blame on the plea that he has written figuratively—dramatically—or what not—that he does not mean what the same things would mean in prose, but something else, if the critic could but understand—that his exaggerations are an essential element of his art, all art being allowed exaggerations, only under the more euphonious name of "idealisations"—that, in fact, the critic, from the necessary inferiority of his intellectual processes, is not qualified to judge of the matter. But the case assumes a different aspect when the poet comes down out of the blue, casts off his wings, and takes to plain legs—to simple walking on the ordinary earth. When our artist condescends to play the part of a critic—then we are on common ground, with common weapons; and the contest is more equal. When a poet writes prose, we may fairly presume that he does so with the view of being understood to mean precisely what he says; and we may expect him to say it as plainly as ordinary people do. Now, Mr. Swinburne's prose writings are of no inconsiderable amount; and his power of writing fine prose is almost as remarkable as his success in certain walks of the verse business. We cannot deny that he expresses himself splendidly in his essays; but then we must not forget that in prose, at least, the *matter* is universally admitted to be the main thing, and the *manner* subsidiary. Fine prose, therefore, with no meaning or a bad meaning, is valueless, whatever admirers may be boasted by fine verse with signification null or evil.

Mr. Swinburne is by no means the first professed poet who has deigned to speak to the world in its own homely unversified tongue; and, when a poet does this, we have a right to expect him to tell us the truth, however precedent may warn us against such expectation: especially might we expect truth, and not be deemed unreasonable, if the poet's communication were of matters connected with the blue depths in which it is his privilege to soar at will over our heads. Yet on one occasion, at least, we find Mr. Swinburne giving us a piece of information, the absurdity of which would be palpable to the merest tyro of a critic—and that on a question where so able a rhymers might have been expected to be infallible. In talking of *terza rima*, he says, "I do not, of course, forget that our own time has produced two noble poems in this foreign and alien metre; but neither 'Casa Guidi Windows,'

nor 'The Defence of Guenevere,' will suffice to establish its general excellence or fitness."* *Casa Guidi Windows* in *terza rima*! Every student of verse must surely know the construction of that metre, peculiar as it is—must know that its ordinary component lines of five feet are not arranged, as in *Casa Guidi Windows*, in distinct groups of six, rhyming alternately, but in a continuous stream, from which it is impossible to extract six consecutive lines so as to give a sample of the metre. Take any six lines of *terza rima*, of which three have rhyming terminations, and you will find that the terminations of the other three do not rhyme *inter se*, but have complementary rhymes in the groups above and below. This gives a vastly different effect from that of *Casa Guidi Windows* metre; and one would have thought that the distinction could hardly have escaped a poet. *Terza rima* affords an effect of continuity as well marked as that produced by a fugue in music, while the other metre is as reducible to stanzas, and therefore bare of necessary continuity, as Spenserian metre or *ottava rima*.

Mr. Swinburne's most considerable essay in the *Fortnightly Review* is devoted, to a remarkable extent, to the inordinate praise of a "poet" who has received no wide recognition, and with whom, *if with anybody*, must be classed Mr. Swinburne himself—Mr. Matthew Arnold. That gentleman need not start at seeing himself in such company—we only mean as regards exaggerated affection for, and affectation of, antique classicism, and marked deviation from the "psychological" and "idyllic" schools. Now, if a prominent painter in the Pre-Raphaelite school came forward as a critic avowedly pledged to the glorification of that school, we should take his criticisms with a certain reserve, and consider his eulogiums not without deduction for possible motives of self-interest in the aggrandisement of his class; for artists are but flesh, and flesh is weak. Similarly with Mr. Swinburne—the vast praise bestowed by him upon Mr. Matthew Arnold is so striking to those who are but little enamoured of the works of that gentleman (the bulk of readers), as to make it difficult to avoid the conclusion that, in the treatment of this poet of very ordinary merits, *esprit de corps* has created a rosy mist before eyes which, as those of a critic, ought to have kept free from any such hallucination. *Couleur de rose* is a fine tint for the poet to deal in, but it is not quite the tone suitable for critical uses. Here is a sample of the misuse of that tint by

* Preface to Byron, p. xx. (footnote.)

Mr. Swinburne. He quotes from Mr. Matthew Arnold the stanza—

“ That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre,
 That famous, final victory,
 When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire ;
 When, from far Parnassus’ side,
 Young Apollo, all the pride
 Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
 To the Phrygian highlands came.”

And then comments on it thus—

“ Verse stately as the step and radiant as the head of Apollo ; not ‘ like to the night ’ this time, but coming as the morning to the hills. How clear it makes the distance between Parnassus and Phrygia, the beautiful scorn and severe youth of the god, leaving for these long reed-beds and rippled-lakes and pine-clad ridges of hill, the bays and olives of his Greece ; how clear the presence of the listening Muses, the advent of the hurrying Mænads, the weeping Olympus, and the implacable repose of Apollo. No poet has ever come so near the perfect Greek. . . . ”—*Fortnightly Review*, October, 1867, p. 422.

The commentary is certainly conceived with some poetic feeling, and is really fine in expression ; but as a piece of prose criticism it is too absurdly hyperbolic to be passed over. This rhapsodic encomium on a few lines as dry, bald, and unbeautiful as you would meet with in a day’s march along the flats of flattest verseland, is written with all a special pleader’s artifice ; but when we compare the comment closely with the text, the *hyperbole* is transparently ludicrous.

Not a whit less beautiful or less hyperbolic is the commendatory passage on Mr. Matthew Arnold’s *Forsaken Merman*—a poem perhaps better known than any other of the same parentage—a poem laboured in the execution and pagan in thought—and betraying what our ignorance would call an excessively faulty sense of metre. This lack of metrical instinct is oppressive in Mr. Matthew Arnold’s poetry, the versification of which Mr. Swinburne seems to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of metrical execution. Of the *Forsaken Merman* he says that it

“ Has in it the pathos of natural things, the tune of the passion we fancy in the note of crying birds or winds weeping, shrill and sweet and estranged from us ; the swift and winged wail of something lost midway between man’s life and the life of things soulless, the wail overheard and caught up by the fitful northern fancy, filling with glad and sad spirits the untravelled ways of nature ; the clear cry of a

creature astray in the world, mild and gentle and mournful, heard in the sighing of weary waters before dawn under a low wind, in the rustle and whistle and whisper of leaves or grasses, in the long light breaths of twilight air heaving all the heather on the hills, in the coming and going of the sorrowful strong seas that bring delight and death, in the tender touch and recoil of the ripple from the sand; all the fanciful pitiful beauty of dreams and legends born in grey windy lands, on shores and hill-sides whose life is quiet and mild."—*Ibid.* p. 431.

Here as before the comment far exceeds the text in beauty of expression, and one might almost be tempted to regard Mr. Swinburne's words as quite a little poem, but for the inexorable fact of the poet having donned the professor's robe—a fact which compels us to look at the absurdity of the words rather than their beauty.

Again, in speaking of Mr. Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*, Mr. Swinburne treats us to fine writing, not entirely borne out by fact. Thus:—

"The *descriptive and decorative beauties* of this romance of 'Jason' are excellent above all in this, that, numberless though they be, they are *always just and fit*. *Not a tone of colour, not a note of form, is misplaced or dispensable*. The pictures are clear and chaste, sweet and lucid, as early Italian work. There are crowds and processions, battle-pieces and merry-makings, worthy of Benozzo or Carpaccio; single figures or groups of lovers in flowery watery land, worthy of Sandro or Filippo. The sea-pieces are like the younger Lippi's; the best possible to paint from shore. They do not taste salt or sound wide; but they have all the beauty of the beach."—*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1867, p. 23.

We would not for a moment desire to slight the claim of Mr. Morris to the wide fame he has recently been obtaining; but Mr. Swinburne's expressions (italicised in the above extract) seem to put forward the claim on very absurd and false grounds, considering the fact, elsewhere undisputed, that Mr. Morris makes no pretension whatever to delicate finish and minute perfection of execution. His talent, which is an unquestionable one, lies away from what is indicated in this additional neat specimen of "special pleading." It would be out of place in this review of one man's labours to go digressively into those of another; suffice it for the present to say that the poem in question, though far from tedious as a romance, and not altogether bare of pictures fit for comparison with the masters of pictorial art cited by Mr. Swinburne, is, like the works of its critic, open to the charge of man-

nerism, and it is further often disfigured by slovenliness. In imagination and invention of subject Mr. Morris is very rich; but minute technical inventiveness he does not possess, nor does his work show that *extreme* condensation of thought and language which in the works of the greatest modern poets flings out a distinct and beautiful image in a few wondrously tessellated words, leaving an impression vividly incised on the mind. This condensation occurs in Mr. Swinburne's works at times, in a certain manner and measure, and he is in some respects superior in ability to the two gentlemen he has so kindly taken by the hand. Whatever be his faults as a poet, he has certainly climbed higher in execution—in the manipulatory part of the poet's art—than they have, while keeping well below Mr. Arnold as a literary critic. Mr. Arnold is an able essayist, if anything; Mr. Swinburne is at least a competent versifier and word-painter; but on his *judgment* the public have had ample ground to pass *theirs* adversely, as the passages already cited are sufficient to show. The exaggerated views he expresses on Mr. Arnold's works may be summed up in the two lines in which he speaks of that gentleman as being "the most delicate and thoughtful of English critics,"* and "established and acknowledged as a poet standing in the first rank among his own people."† Mr. Swinburne says, "We demand of the student who stands up as a judge, to show us as he best may, how and why this man excels that;"‡ and he says well. But why not do as well as say? In all his long rant about Mr. Matthew Arnold, including a superabundance of cant about what that gentleman calls "provinciality" and "philistinism" (things never very clearly defined), no success whatever has been achieved in showing how and why he excels others; and certainly the extracts given from his works throw no great reflection of glory on him; nor, since Mr. Swinburne has been before the public as an essayist, has the splendour of the advocacy sufficed to create in our minds the intended hallucination of a nimbus flickering around the head of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

Of Mr. Swinburne's articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, by far the most pleasant to read is one entitled "Notes on Designs of the Old Masters at Florence," a series of notes which are at once interesting in subject and intelligent in expression of views. The fact that the Old Masters in question are such as have an undisputed place in the

* Preface to Byron, p. v.

† *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1867, p. 438.

‡ *Ibid.* July, 1867, p. 19.

history of art renders appreciative and elegant comments on their designs grateful to the general body of the tasteful; and it is a real pleasure to find Mr. Swinburne engaged in delivering himself of any criticism untainted by polemical revolt, or "the factious maintenance of groundless opinions." This is in a great measure true of the notes in question, as well as of those on the Academy pictures of 1868, which latter form, on the whole, a not unpleasant demi-pamphlet, though much more open to discussion than the notes on the Old Masters. The quality of the criticism to be found in these disjointed notes is much higher than that of the two literary essays, inasmuch as the remarks on pictorial art display more intelligence as well as more ingenuousness than the literary criticisms. The sensual tendency crops up at times, however, even in this ground—as, for instance, in some of the remarks on drawings, by Frà Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto, of their respective consorts. In speaking of Lucrezia Buti, Mr. Swinburne seems utterly to ignore the mutual sin committed in the elopement of the monk Lippo with the nun Lucrezia; and the following paragraph seems to sneer at the creed which aggravated the sin, as well as to slur over the absolute fact that a sin was committed—a fact irrespective of creed:—

"The world has changed for painters and their virgins, since the lean school of Angelico had its day and its way in art; this study assuredly was not made by a kneeling painter in the intervals of prayer. More vivid, more fertile, and more dramatic than Lippo, the great invention and various power of Benozzo never produced a face like this. For pure and simple beauty it is absolutely unsurpassable: innocent enough also for a Madonna, but pure by nature, not chaste through religion. No creeds have helped to compose the holiness of her beauty. The meagre and arid sanctities of women ascetic by accident or abstemious by force, have nothing in common with her chastity. She might be as well a virgin chosen of Artemis as consecrated to Christ. Mystic passions and fleshless visions have never taken hold upon her sense or faith. No flower and no animal is more innocent; none more capable of giving and yielding to the pleasure that they give. Before the date of her immortal lover there was probably no artist capable of painting such a thing at all: and in none of his many paintings does the stolen nun look and smile with a more triumphant and serene supremacy of beauty."—*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1868, p. 22.

Of Andrea del Sarto and his baneful wife, Lucrezia del Fede, he writes thus, after describing a picture of Salome dancing before Herod:—

"The time came when another than Salome was to dance before the eyes of the painter; and she required of him the head of no man, but his own soul; and he paid the forfeit into her hands. With the coming of that time upon him came the change upon his heart and hand; 'the work of an imperious whorish woman.' Those words, set by the prophet as a brand upon the fallen forehead of the chosen bride, come back to mind as one studies in her husband's pictures the full calm lineaments, the large and serene beauty of Lucrezia del Fede: a predominant and placid beauty, placid and implacable, not to be pleaded with or fought against. Voluptuous always and slothful, subtle at times no doubt, and sweet beyond measure, full of heavy beauty and warm slow grace, her features bear no sign of possible love or conscience. . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 39.

And then he talks of "her full face in all its glory of form without a fault—not heavenly, but adorable as heaven."* In the pamphlet on the Academy Exhibition he refers to *Made-moiselle de Maupin* as "the most perfect and exquisite book of modern times,"† and delivers one or two other sentiments almost as astonishing. Talking of "the love of beauty for beauty's sake, the faith and trust in it as a god indeed," he says:—

"This gift of love and faith, now rare enough, has been and should be ever the common appanage of artists. *Rien n'est vrai que le beau*; this should be the beginning and the ending of their belief, held in no small or narrow sense, but in the largest and most liberal scope of meaning. Beauty may be strange, quaint, terrible, may play with pain as with pleasure, handle a horror till she leave it a delight; she forsakes not such among her servants as Webster or as Goya. No good art is un-beautiful; but much able and effective work may be, and is. Mere skill, mere thought and trouble, mere feeling or dexterity, will never on earth make a man painter, or poet, or artist in any kind. Hundreds of English pictures just now have but these to boast of; and with these even studious and able men are often now content: forgetful that art is no more a matter of mere brain-work than of mere handicraft. The worship of beauty, though beauty be itself transformed and incarnate in shapes diverse without end, must be simple and absolute: hence only must the believer expect profit or reward. Over every building made sacred to art of any sort, upon the hearts of all who strive after it to serve it, there should be written these words of the greatest master now living among us:—

La beauté est parfaite,

La beauté peut toute chose,

La beauté est la seule chose au monde qui n'existe pas à demi."

—*Notes on the Royal Academy*, pp. 50, 51.

* *Ibid.* p. 40.

† *Notes on the Royal Academy*, p. 46.

This opinion accounts for much of his own work—some of which is an attempt at mere beauty, and nothing else, and a great deal of which is a struggle to render beautiful, as we have seen, what is horrible, immoral, or indecent.

Exaggerated views concerning artists of mediocre quality are just what we should expect from a poet who writes in the fierce unbridled style of Mr. Swinburne. If we chanced on any of these prose passages isolated, we should marvel who was the theme; and the solution of the marvel would only be the stepping-stone to a greater. This is precisely the effect on turning to certain passages of his verse: in the *Song of Italy* we get this:—

“Praise him, O winds that move the molten air,
 O light of days that were,
 And light of days that shall be; land and sea,
 And heaven and Italy:
 Praise him, O storm and summer, shore and wave,
 O skies and every grave;
 O weeping hopes, O memories beyond tears,
 O many and murmuring years,
 O sounds far off in time and visions far,
 O sorrow with thy star,
 And joy with all thy beacons; ye that mourn,
 And ye whose light is born;

* * * * *

Praise him, O gracious might of dews and rains
 That feed the purple plains,
 O sacred sunbeams bright as bare steel drawn,
 O cloud and fire and dawn;
 Red hills of flame, white Alps, green Apennines,
 Banners of blowing pines.”—*A Song of Italy*, pp. 39, 41.

“Praise whom?” asks the astonished reader; and so strong an analogy is between these lines and the canticle, *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, that the conclusion suggested is that the impious lips of Mr. Swinburne have fallen in a sudden frenzy of praising God. But no—we turn back a few pages and find that the adorable object is—Mazzini!

The one fact that gives hope of Mr. Swinburne's eventually extricating himself from the baneful grip of the muse who has hitherto inspired him, and of his following a line of work not without possibilities of permanent merit, is this worthy successorship to the great ones who have forerun him in incompetence to be at once artists and critics of their art. This thread of hope is slender and negative enough; but that is a

dismal view of things which rejects even the most "pitiful infinitesimal fraction" of a hope for improvement.

The great fault in the bulk of the "criticisms" written on Mr. Swinburne, has been that they are more reproaches than criticisms, and that they generally lack sufficiency of evidence. It has been attempted to avoid that fault as far as possible in the present article, and it is regretted that it has not been practicable to give more of pointed illustration than has been given: as it is, the article has filled a greater space than could be well afforded to the subject; but, to quote Mr. Swinburne's words once more, "The question at issue is wider than any between a single writer and his critics;"* it is not, however, as Mr. Swinburne continues, "whether or not the first and last requisite of art is to give no offence; whether or not all that cannot be lisped in the nursery, or fingered in the schoolroom, is therefore to be cast out of the library; whether or not the domestic circle is to be for all men and writers the outer limit and extreme horizon of their world of work."† No! the question is not this—not whether art shall adapt itself to the exigencies of infancy and youth, but whether art shall have liberty any more than life to be lawless, impious, immoral—baneful to the normal adult—and yet go out into the world without a word of protest or condemnation.

* *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, p. 20.

† *Ibid.*

- ART. VI.—1. *Within and Without*. A Dramatic Poem. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1855.
2. *Poems*. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1857.
3. *Phantastes*. A Fairy Romance. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1858.
4. *The Portent*. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1864.
5. *Adela Cathcart*. A Novel. Three Vols. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1864.
6. *David Elginbrod*. A Novel. Three Vols. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1865.
7. *Alec Forbes of Howglen*. A Novel. Three Vols. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1865.
8. *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood*. A Novel. Three Vols. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London and Edinburgh. 1867.
9. *Unspoken Sermons*. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London and Edinburgh. 1867.
10. *Dealings with the Fairies*. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1867.
11. *Guild Court*. A Novel. Three Vols. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1868.
12. *Robert Falconer*. A Novel. Three Vols. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London. 1868.

WE have here the voluminous writings of one of the most popular authors of the day; of a man whose influence over the younger portion of society is already both wide and deep, and is constantly increasing for all.

That it is fair to think and write of Mr. Macdonald chiefly as a teacher, will be obvious to those most slightly acquainted with any one of the long list of books named above: it is the character he is most careful constantly to claim; and it is because so popular a writer is at the same time so zealous and untiring a teacher; because he ever acts the part throughout his writings of a moralist, and even a theologian, that it becomes our duty gravely to test and weigh the import of his teaching. Mr. Macdonald possesses a style seldom surpassed for natural ease and graceful flow, although marred in a strange fashion by punctuation which is often simply grotesque, and which might, in itself, be taken as symptomatic of a want of early education, that is both traceable in

other respects and hinted at here and there. The faults of the style, however, are not such as to deter any reader; while the beauties are enough to attract readers of every age and class.

The fascination of his style is his great power, and suffices to carry his doctrine into every circle. As verse-writer—as novelist—as fabulist—as sermon-writer, Mr. Macdonald never forgets that he has doctrine to preach, and never belies his creed. A preacher he is to the backbone; the same preacher since 1858, when he first appeared before the public, up to the last date of the last number of the last periodical to which he may be contributing.

But some men—and Mr. Macdonald is one of those men—begin with quiet self-confidence, an intensity of dogmatism, an imperturbable deafness, an irremediable blindness, to the lessons on many points, and in certain respects to be derived from men and things around them, and are almost identically the same at the end as at the beginning of their course. With this self-assertion—which looks like strength to many an untrained eye; with the inherent fascination which seems to be a peculiar endowment of the more relaxing heresies; with his avowed devotion to the cause of youth; with artistic power of a rare order; with the charms of style of which we have spoken, it is easy to see that here is a familiar who will not easily be dislodged where once he has laid his grip, nor easily checked where chance may in future make room for his advance.

His dominion may be said to be over young people; more accurately, it should be described as lying in the region of *young-ladydom*. Girls whose highest wish is to carry out the ideal of a religious home, and to live as gentle Christian ladies, are charmed with the exhortations Mr. Macdonald gives to charity of the widest sort in certain directions. His descriptive power appeals to those whose æsthetic tastes prevail overall else. Heretical talk, under the rose, is fashionable in some most carefully guarded homes, and Mr. Macdonald's novels bring fresh food for those who would fain share in the freethinking of which they can only get whispers from the outside; and they supply, too, specious answers to many of the deep and terrible questions which more thoughtful young readers are not yet wise enough to leave in the hands of a Higher than they. To yet another class Mr. Macdonald is the prophet of the day. Some mothers would be startled to find what an opinion their daughters' favourite novelist has of them as a class—to see how admirable in his heroines is an attitude of pure defiance

of all authority, of contempt for all that is less youthful than themselves. Some young women believe, and learn the lesson—no difficult thing, indeed—and to them Mr. Macdonald must be an angel. An early publication—a versified allegory—contains these lines—the hero is having a wall built to conceal from him the delights of the world :—

“ Ah ! alas ! some beauties vanish ;
Ah ! alas ! some strength I banish !
Maidens listening with a smile
In confiding eyes the while.
Truths they loved so well to hear
Left my lips.
Now in thirsty draughts they take
At open eyes and ears the truth,
Spoken for their love and youth,
Not, alas ! for bare truth's sake.”

Happily, this is true of only some maidens. There are not a few who feel that, while strength vanishes from the pages, and though much beauty remains, there is left less truth than it is worth their while to extract from great masses of feebleness and folly overlying it.

In plots Mr. Macdonald is decidedly not great. What rudimentary fragments of them are to be found we shall leave in their concealment, only premising, for the sake of some readers, that there are, as a rule, a hero and a heroine; that the heroine always sits on an eminence of goodness to watch the aberrations of her lover; that they marry after the hero has been half inclined to propose to another, and after (generally speaking) some one has either proposed, or nearly done so, to the heroine; and that they live happily ever after. Aiming at the delineation of human nature, our author is to be judged by this power of portrait-painting; and though we shall not take up space by giving extracts to illustrate this, we hope so far to gain the confidence of our readers, as to be believed when we say that the pictures are more after Leech's fashion than after Millais', occasionally getting a touch from the hand of Mr. Punch himself, but wanting in most of the grace and pure good-humour of the popular caricaturist. Nor can we give extracts to describe sheets and volumes of diluted small talk or wearisome repetitions of familiar and superficial heterodoxy. If we select pieces, it must be generally for their beauty or point, and we shall do more than justice in the choice to the author's average of

taste and power. Our general remarks are founded on the whole mass of his writings.

The first production of this fecund pen was *Within and Without*, a dramatic poem, in which we find just one passage worth quotation—

“ My friend, if one should tell a homeless boy,
 ‘ There is your father’s house, go in and rest ;’
 Through every open room the child would go,
 Timidly looking for the friendly eye ;
 Fearing to touch, scarce daring even to wonder
 At what he saw, until he found his sire.
 But, gathered to his bosom—straight he is
 The heir of all ; he knows it ’midst his tears.
 And so with me : not having seen Him yet,
 The light rests on me with a heaviness ;
 All beauty seems to wear a doubtful look ;
 A voice is in the wind I do not know ;
 A meaning on the face of the high hills,
 Whose utterance I cannot comprehend,
 A something is behind them : that is God.
 These are His words, I doubt not ; language strange ;
 These are the expressions of His shining thoughts ;
 And He is present, but I cannot find Him.
 I have not yet been held close to His heart.
 Once in His inner room, and by His eyes
 Acknowledged, I shall find my home in these,
 And sights familiar as a mother’s smiles,
 And sounds that never lose love’s mystery.
 Then they will comfort me.”

The occasional roughness of metre, characteristic of Mr. Macdonald’s verse, means nothing but a defective ear, and is not much amended in the next volume—*A Hidden Life, and other Poems*—which is, in many respects, an advance upon the former, and may be favourably contrasted with subsequent writings. It is not easy to select any specimen for its beauty. A description of a child, with her little baby-charge in her arms, wandering through fields, and caring first for the baby when both fell into the ditch, is perhaps the prettiest. *The Lost Soul* serves, by its title, to show that when he wrote this piece Mr. Macdonald did believe in the possibility of a soul being lost, though its description is at least strange :—

“ It heareth not, brothers, the terrible thing !
 Sounds to its ear no sense will bring.

Hath God forgotten it, alas !
Lost in Eternity's lumber room ? . . .
It lies above in its lifeless world
As a frozen bud on the earth lies curled,
Sightless and soundless, without a cry,
On the flat of its own vacuity."

It was probably a consciousness of his want of mastery over numbers which induced the author to confine himself for the next few years to prose, passing to it through a highly fantastic "romance," in which a youth, led away into Fairyland on his twenty-first birthday, is tutored by a series of weird and grotesque adventures, ending in death, and an awakening to prosaic life, "somewhat instructed (as he hoped) by the adventures that had befallen him in Fairyland."

"Could I translate (he says) the experience of my travels there into common life? This was the question. Or must I live it all over again, and learn it all over again, in the other forms that belong to the world of men, whose experience yet runs parallel to that of Fairyland? . . . If I am not unfrequently sad, I yet cast no more of a shade on the earth than most men who have lived in it as long as I. I have a strange feeling sometimes that I am a ghost, sent into the world to minister to my fellow men; or, rather, to repair the wrongs I have already done. . . . I know that good is coming to me—that good is always coming; though few have at all times the simplicity and courage to believe it. What we call evil is the only and best shape which, for the person and his condition at the time, could be assumed by the best good."

After reading this, we were among those who lack courage and simplicity. We had a pile of these books before us, and our fears were realised. Good was *not* coming to us.

In 1863 Mr. Macdonald began to be generally known, through his novel of *David Elginbrod*, to which half a dozen more have been added. And from this point the spirit of the writer is much more clearly discernible, as there is an unmistakable identification of himself with some one character in each story.

The person who gives a name to the first, "an unusual man," was the bailiff or griever and factotum of a Scotch laird. His independent fashion of thought had brought him to conclusions so diverse from those of his neighbours, "that the fact of his having been requested to fill the vacant place of elder, is proof enough that David was not in the habit of giving open expression to his opinions. . . . Everybody

respected him . . . though few suspected him of being religious beyond the degree which is commonly supposed to be the general inheritance of Scotchmen, possibly in virtue of their being brought up upon oatmeal porridge and the *Shorter Catechism*." David Elginbrod's ideas on theological matters are the substance of the book, as they emanate either from himself or from his idolising daughter Margaret. To know David or Margaret is represented as equivalent, for other people, to learning to know God; and so it is natural to conclude that in their talk we have Mr. Macdonald's views of Divine truth. What, then, are David's ideas? Well; he says, in talking of a sermon on justification—

"'That man, and that man only is justified, who pits himsel into the Lord's han's to sanctifee him. Noo! an' that'll no be dune by pittin' a robe o' richteousness upo' him, afore he's gotten a clean skin aneath it. As gin a father cudna bide to see the puir scabbit skin o' his ain wee bit bairnie, but wude to hap it a' up afore he cud lat it come near him. This is my quarrel wi' a' thae words an' words an' arguments, an' seemilies as they ca' them, an' doctrines, an' a' that—they just haud a puir body at airm's length oot ower frae God himsel.' An' they raise a mist an' a stour a' about him, 'at the puir bairn canna see the Father himsel', stan'in' wi' his arms streekit out as wide's the heavens to take the worn crater—and the mair sinner, the mair welcome—hame to his verra hert.' A kind of tremulous pathetic smile flickered about his beautifully curved mouth, like the glimmer of water in a valley, betwixt the lofty aquiline nose and the powerfully but finely modelled chin,"

says Mr. Macdonald, with a wonderful leap from the "seer-like" conditions into the depths of bathos. Father and daughter are glad to get help in their studies from Hugh Sutherland, the young tutor of the laird's sons; and he becomes a frequent guest, giving something, but gaining more, in intercourse with natures of a higher type than his own. A charming piece of descriptive writing introduces a triumph of physical force that substantiates his claim to muscularity, while his Christianity is yet in process of education from David's discourse:—

"Hugh had watched the green corn grow, and ear, and turn dim; then brighten into yellow, and ripen at last under the declining autumn sun, and the low skirting moon of the harvest, which seems too full and heavy with mellow and bountiful light to rise high above the fields which it comes to bless with perfection. The long threads on each of which hung an oat-grain—the harvest here was mostly of oats—had got dry and brittle; and the grains began to spread out

their chaff-wings, as if ready to fly, and rustled with sweet sounds against each other, as the wind, which used to billow the fields like the waves of the sea, now swept gently and tenderly over it, helping the sun and moon in the drying and ripening of the joy to be laid up for the dreary winter. Most graceful of all hung those delicate oats; vexed bowed the bearded barley; and stately and wealthy and strong stood the few fields of wheat, of a rich ruddy golden hue. Above the yellow harvest rose the purple hills, and above the hills the pale-blue autumnal sky, full of light and heat, but fading somewhat from the colour with which it deepened above the vanished days of summer."

Sometimes the writer steps from behind the cover of his hero; and then the flippant tone in which the religious teachings and books of less modern and stricter times than these are spoken of is most offensive. Take, for instance, the account of the little library handed down by David's mother:—

"Boston's *Fourfold State*, in which the ways of God and man may be seen through a fourfold fog; Erskine's *Divine Sonnets*, which will repay the reader in laughter for the pain it costs his reverence, producing much the same effect that a Gothic cathedral might, reproduced by the pencil and from the remembrance of a Chinese artist, who had seen it once: Drelinecourt *On Death*, with the famous ghost-hoax of Defoe, to help the bookseller to the sale of the unsaleable; *The Scots Worthies*, opening of itself at the memoir of Mr. Alexander Peden; *The Pilgrim's Progress*, that wonderful inspiration, failing never save when the theologian would sometimes snatch the pen from the hand of the poet."

It is true these books—all but *The Pilgrim's Progress*—are out of fashion, and would seem grotesque to many readers; but they were real and strong in their day, and at all events do not pretend, like some of those before us, to an inspiration superior to that of the Bible. A decent respect for opinion divergent from his own, and for feeling in which he is unable to sympathise, would, equally with a more cultivated literary taste, have caused the writer to expunge so crudely juvenile a passage. But everywhere we find the strong revulsion against extreme Calvinism breaking all bounds, and including in its bitter scorn much that is among the most precious articles of belief. It is easy to misstate a truth so that it becomes an irreverent exaggeration; and that is surely to sneer—to be guilty of what Mr. Macdonald calls "the worst thing that God has not made." Yet what else is this?—"Gin the clergy o' thae times" (David's grandfather's) "warna a gey

hantle mair enlichtened nor a fowth o' the clergy hereabouts, he wad hae heard a heap aboot the glory o' God, as the thing 'at God himsel was maist anxious aboot uphaudin', just like a proud creater o' a king; an' that he wad mak' men, and feed them and cleed them, an' gie them braw wives an' toddlin' bairnies, an' syne damn them a' for's ain glory."

We may without danger judge of God by ourselves, says this modern David, while we are willing to suffer if it be His will. "Men'll praise him a' in guid time—that is whan they can." Again we have his idea both of paternal and of Divine discipline—his conviction that punishment can only be meant to be reformatory.

"Does he not punish sin?" says Hugh. 'Would it be ony kin'ness no to punish sin? No to use a' means to pit awa' the ae ill thing frae us? Whatever may be meant by the place o' meesery, depen' upo' 't its only anither form o' love, love shinin' through the fogs o' ill, an sae gart leuk something verra different thereby. Man, raither nor see my Maggy—an ye'll no doot 'at I lo'e her—raither nor see my Maggy do an ill thing, I'd see her lyin' deid at my feet. But supposin' the ill thing once dune, it's no at my feet I wad lay her, but upo' my heart, wi' my auld arms aboot her to hand the further ill aff o' her. An' shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?'"

Strange to see how this man can set himself up as the primal type of goodness; strange to see, too, how a father can forget that his naughty child's impulse is to go anywhere rather than to its father's arms; strangest, perhaps, of all that he should forget that there are more children than one to be taught, and that it may be more merciful to deter. Take the following again:—

"I seldom go to church," said Falconer; 'but when I do, I come here; and always feel that I am in the presence of one of the holy servants of God's great temple not made with hands.' 'They say he is awfully heterodox. How can he then remain in the Church?' 'In this way, I humbly venture to think,' Falconer answered. 'He looks upon the formularies of the Church as utterances of loving truth—vital embodiments—to be regarded as one ought to regard human faces. He looks for and finds the grand, sacred, God-meant meaning. He believes that not man only, but God also, and God first and chief, had to do with the making of it' (the Confession of the Church of England); 'and therefore he looks in it for the eternal and divine, and he finds what he seeks. And as no words can avoid having in them the possibility of a variety of interpretations, he would exclude whatever the words might mean, or, regarded merely as words, do mean, in a narrow exposition: he thinks it would be

dishonest to take the low meaning as *the* meaning. He trusts in God so absolutely, that he leaves his salvation to Him—utterly, fearlessly; and forgetting it, as being no concern of his, sets himself to do the work that God has given him to do, even as his Lord did before him, counting that alone worthy of his care. Let God's will be done, and all is well. He believes entirely that God loves, yea, *is* love; and therefore, that hell itself must be subservient to that love, and but an embodiment of it; that the grand work of justice is to make way for a love which will give to every man that which is right, and ten times more, even if it should be by means of awful suffering—a suffering which the love of the Father will not shun, either for Himself or His children, but will eagerly meet for their sakes, that He may give them all that is in His heart. "So long as the wicked themselves remain impenitent, there is mourning in heaven;" and when there is no longer any hope over one lost remaining sinner, heaven itself must confess its defeat, heap upon that sinner what plague you will."

We do not understand how anyone who has any sense of the dark secrets of sin and free-will can speak thus. It requires no flings at sober orthodoxy, no diffuse hash of rationalistic teachings, no degrading of the most unanswerable of all the questions relating to both worlds into the cheap material of serial novelettes, to make pious and generous Christians shudder at the loss of a soul, veil their faces before the mystery of evil, and forbear to tread where this man rushes in. But while we feel the difficulty, the mystery, the terror, we dare not escape from these by Mr. Macdonald's road. We shrink yet more, in all our conscious and moral manhood, from following whither the broad answer of universalism is likely to lead, than we do from the awful vision of the fire unquenchable. It is with this answer that Mr. Macdonald escapes: "Our God is a consuming fire," &c. "This lovely terror" is to burn away all that clings to us, in spite of our ceaseless efforts to come near to God in this world, that so we may be pure and clean in His sight. We may well ask how it is that a Father so loving and children so anxious to serve Him can long continue to be at issue, even here, and especially while there is apparently no higher power of evil to interpose.

Slight as is the plot of this novel, unreal as are the characters, juvenile and weak as is the theology, unfinished and unequal as is the style, it is, on the whole, the strongest of Mr. Macdonald's books, and has the advantage of being the first real attempt to project himself in any completeness. Later works have been but extensions of these primary types.

of character, which, though they are obviously portraits in the sense of being drawn from existing models, are utterly destitute of unity and truth. They are all caricatures together—some even to monstrosity—except some in the *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood*, where, in the autobiography of a garrulous old country clergyman, artistic harmony is sketched if not attained.

After *David Elginbrod* came *The Portent*, on the face of it an earlier production; an elaboration of the mesmeric-attachment idea of the two former stories.

Then a quieter mood comes over Mr. Macdonald, and *Adela Cathcart* begins with the description of "my" travelling companion, a sketch worth comparing with the eulogy on Falconer and his sentiments:—

"I had already discovered that he was a clergyman; but this added to my difficulties in constructing 'the conjectural mould into which he would fit.' For, theoretically, I had a great dislike to clergymen; having, hitherto, always found that the *clergy* absorbed the *man*, and that the *cloth*, as they call it even themselves, would be no bad epithet for the individual as well as the class. For all clergymen whom I had yet met' (*I*, being an elderly gentleman, not without knowledge of society) 'regarded mankind and their interests solely from the clerical point of view, seeming far more desirous that a man should be a good churchman, as they called it, than that he should love God. Hence, there was an indescribable and, to me, unpleasant odour of their profession about them. If they knew more concerning the *life* of the world than other men, why should everything they said remind one of mustiness and mildew? In a word, why were they not men at worst, when at best they ought to be more of men than other men? . . . That was, at all events, the face of a man, in spite of waistcoat and depilation."

The story is a mere thread to hang a number of short papers upon. A young girl is wasting away without illness, and a young doctor cures her by rousing her interest in a story-telling club held at her father's house; and then he marries her. His character is to some degree natural and healthy, but is twisted away by the same sort of muscularity that crops out in *David Elginbrod*, and which strongly recalls the "Harry Coverdale" novels, written by a poor invalid, whose very confinement lent an unreal charm to stories of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field.

Alec Forbes comes next in order, and reverts to the *David Elginbrod* model. The same half-executed idea of writing the tongue of the lower classes of the Scotch; the

same vilifying of all the *dramatis personæ* belonging to a recognised church, one of whom is the ideal pedagogue of the poorer novels of half a century ago; another, a mean, lying, cheating, shopkeeper; a third, an honest man, "but his *forte* was rebuke" ("The stonemason generally spoke of the Almighty as if he were in a state of restrained indignation at the wrongs he endured from his children"); the same fascinating, cold-hearted young lady, subject in her turn to the dark-faced scoundrel with delightful manners; the same wise, ladylike, intellectual heroine, who loves poetry and flowers, is an adept at farm work, and equally at home in the dairy and the drrwing-room; the same clever, but rather harebrained hero; all meet us again like old acquaintances from whom we hoped time had finally separated us. We must, however, speak well of one or two fresh points. The "ploys" and mischief of the village lads, and, notably, the sharp-tempered but kindly blind Tibbie, as well as little Annie, the first of Mr. Macdonald's charming little girls—these are pleasant novelties. We begin our acquaintance with Annie as "a delicate child, about nine years old, with blue eyes, half full of tears, hair somewhere between dark and fair, gathered in a silk net, and a pale face," half buried in the grass in the cow's manger, finding that more homelike than the company of the aunt to whose charge her father's death had just left her. "Auntie's temper was none the better that it had pleased the *Almighty* to take the brother whom she loved, and to leave behind the child whom she regarded as a painful responsibility." "The causes of Annie's preference of the society of Brownie to that of Auntie, might have been tolerably clear to an onlooker, without word spoken. For, to Annie and her needs, notwithstanding the humble four-footedness of Brownie, there was in her large, mild eyes, and her hairy, featureless face, all nose and no nose, more of the divine than in the human form of Auntie Meg."

Annie's fate gives her into the hands of Bruce, the stingy shopkeeper, and her first trouble is being sent to bed without a light, in a room frequented by rats:—

"The child's fear of rats amounted to a frenzied horror. She dared not move a finger. . . . Her heart did what her tongue could not do—cried out with a great and bitter cry to One who was more ready to hear than Robert and Nancy Bruce. And what her heart cried was this: 'O God, tak care o' me frae the rattans.' There was no need to send an angel from heaven in answer to this little one's prayer: the cat would do. Annie heard a scratch and a mew at the

door. The rats made one frantic scramble, and were still. 'It's pussy!' she cried, recovering the voice for joy that had failed her for fear."

"The joy of the half-holiday for Scotch boys and girls has a terrible weight laid in the opposite scale—I mean the other half of the day. This weight, which brings the day pretty much on a level with all other days, consists in a free use of the Shorter Catechism. This, of course, made them hate the catechism, though I am not aware that that was of any great consequence, or much to be regretted. For my part, I wish the spiritual engineers who constructed it had, after laying the grandest foundation-stone that truth could afford them, glorified God by going no further. Certainly, many a man would have enjoyed Him sooner, if it had not been for their work. But, alas! the catechism was not enough, even of the kind. The tormentors of youth had gone further, and provided what they called Scripture proofs of the various assertions of the catechism; a support of which it stood greatly in need. Alas! I say, for the boys and girls who had to learn those proofs, called texts of Scripture, but too frequently only morsels torn bleeding and shapeless from 'the lovely form of the Virgin Truth.' For these tasks, combined with the pains and penalties which accompanied failure, taught them to dislike the Bible as well as the catechism, and that was a matter of altogether different import."

Annie's troubles reach their climax when, one Sunday night, she hears a sermon that terrifies her into the belief that instead of praying to God and getting help as she had done when the cat came to her, it was against His power she needed protection; and a public punishment at school completes her misery, so she goes to her old friend the minister, who meets her difficulty that Christ died "for the elect," by the answer, "Gang ye hame, Annie my bairn, and dinna trouble yer heid aboot election and a' that. It's no a canny doctrine. No mortal man could ever win at the boddom o't." Still, she feels that his answer is no answer, and goes to the man "whose forte is rebuke." Fortunately, "Thomas's mind was a rendezvous for all extremes," and he tells her to pray, in the hope that she may "get a sicht o' the face o' God, lassie, syne ye'll ken and be at peace." His story, too, is worth hearing:—

"When it pleased the Lord to call me, I was stanin' my lane i' the mids o' a peat-moss, luikin wast, whaur the sun had left a reid licht behin' him, as gin he had jist brunt oot o' the lift, an' hadna gane doon ava. An' it mind me o' the day o' jeedgment. An' there I steid and luikit, till the licht itsel' deid oot, an' naething was left but a gray sky an' a feow stawrs intil't. An' the cloods gethered, an' the lift grew black an' mirk; an' the hail country-side vanished,

till I kent nae mair aboot it than what my twa feet could answer for. An' I daurna muiv for the fear o' the pits o' water on ilka han'. The lee-long nicht I stood, or lay, or kneeled upo' my knees, cryin' to the Lord for grace. I forgot a' aboot election, an' cried jist as gin I could gar Him hear me by baudin' at Him. An' in the mornin', when the licht cam', I found that my face was to the risin' sun. And I crep oot o' the bog, an' hame to my ain hoose. An' ilka body 'at I met o' the road, took the tither side o' 't, and glowert at me as gin I had been a ghaist or a warlock. An' the bairns playin' aboot the doors ran in like rabbits when they got sicht o' me. An' I began to think 'at something fearsome had signed me for a reprobate; an' I jist closed my door, and gaed to my bed, and loot my work stan', for wha cud work wi' damnation hingin' ower his heid? An' three days gaed ower me, that nothing passed my lips but a drap o' milk an' water. An' o' the fourth day, i' the efternoon, I gaed to my work wi' my heid swimmin', and my hert like to break for verra glaidness. *I was ane o' the chosen.*"

Annie goes home and dreams that she is in the peat moss, and must pray herself out of it, "but a hand came out of the darkness, laid hold of hers, and, lifting her up, led her through the bog. And she dimly saw the form that led her, and it was that of a man, who walked looking upon the earth." Morning light woke her, comforted. She finds work to do in cheering the solitude of poor Tibbie, whom she had watched in church one day, when "the sermon happened to have no relation to the light around or within them, but only to the covenant made with Abraham—such a legal document constituting the only reliable protection against the character, inclinations, and duties of the Almighty—whose uncovenanted mercies are of a very doubtful nature." Annie finds Tibbie groping her way along home, and offers to lead her, and so a strong friendship grows up between them. Annie is reading Milton's lament over his blindness:—

"'Do ye ken what licht is, Tibbie?' said Annie. 'Ay, weel eneuch,' answered Tibbie, with a touch of indignation at the imputed ignorance, 'Hoo could I no ken? Disna the Saviour say: "I am the licht of the warl?" He that walketh in Him maun ken what licht is, lassie. Syne ye hae the licht in yersel—in yer ain hert; an ye maun ken what it is. Ye canna mistak' it.' 'Ay, ay, lassie! That man kent a' aboot it! He wad never hae speired gin' a blin' crater like me kent what the licht was. He kent what it was weel. He kent that the sicht without the een is better nor the sight o' the een. Fowk nae doubt has baith; but I think whiles 'at the Lord gies a grainy mair o' the inside licht to mak' up for the loss o' the outside; and weel I wat it doesna want muckle to do that.' 'But

'ye dinna ken what it is.' 'Do ye tell me that again?' returned Tibbie, harshly. 'Ye'll anger me, bairn. Gin ye kent hoo I lie awauk at nicht, no able to sleep for thinkin' 'at the day *will* come whan I'll see—wi' my ain open een—the verra face o' Him that bore oor griefs and carried oor sorrows, till I just lie and greit, for verra wishin', ye wadna say 'at I dinna ken what the sicht of a body's een is.'

Many other lovely descriptions lie like jewels embedded in this book, but one more specimen must suffice us; it comes in the midst of Alec's passionate frenzy of love for the anti-heroine. *She* has just gone into the house:—

"Alec lingered behind. An unknown emotion drew his heart towards the earth; he would see her go to sleep in the twilight, which was now beginning to brood over her, as with the brown wings of a lovely dull-hued hen-bird. The daisies were all asleep, spotting the green grass with stars of carmine, for their closed red tips, like the finger-points of two fairy hands, tenderly joined together, pointed up in little cones to keep the yellow stars warm within, that they might shine bright when the great star of day came to look for them. The light of the down-gone sun, the garment of Aurora, which, so short would be her rest, she had not drawn close around her on her couch, floated up on the horizon, and swept slowly northwards, lightly upborne on that pale sea of delicate green and gold, to flicker all night around the northern coast of the sky, and streaming up in the heavens, melt at last in the glory of the uprisen Titan. The trees stood out, still and shadowy as clouds, but breathing mysterious odours. The stars overhead, half-molten away in the ghostly light that would not go, were yet busy at their night-work, ministering to the dark side of other worlds. There was no moon. A wide stillness and peace, as of a heart at rest, filled space, and lying upon human souls with a persistent quietness, that might be felt, made them know what might be theirs. Now and then a bird sprang out with a sudden tremor of leaves, suddenly stilled. But the bats came and went in silence, like yet feelings unembodied in thoughts, vanishing before the sight had time to be startled at their appearing. All was marvel, and the marvel of all was there, where the light glimmered faintly through the foliage."

The *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* introduce a fresh period in our author's style. The hero is no untried passionate youth, but a quiet clergyman of a type very different from the description in *Adela Cathcart*—a man who has left some troubles behind him, and who sets before him the object of expounding in his own life an idea of God, which practically attributes to Him little more than familiar friendliness and amiability of disposition towards all mankind. This

general idea Mr. Macdonald shares with a whole generation of theologians. But it has been reserved for him alone to make God *pretty*. It has also been reserved for him to speak of Him thus, "He is deeper than space, deeper than time; He is the heart of the cube of all history."

The clergyman confesses to a strong preference for the poorer members of his flock, "who have a beatitude all to themselves," and it is possible to understand his feeling, for it is not so easy to preach to our equals or superiors either in age, knowledge or station; and to talk or write is with Mr. Macdonald necessarily to preach. Of the sermons, set or chaotic, which are here printed, no criticism can be attempted. What *can* you do but hold your peace when a man says, "I may speak long-windedly and even inconsiderately as regards my young readers; what I say may fail utterly to convey what I mean; I may be actually stupid sometimes, and not have a suspicion of it; but what I mean is true"? And this is his word about the truth. "I have seen that which is eternally beyond her (personified truth): the ideal in the real, the living truth, not the truth that I can think, but the truth that thinks itself, that thinks me, that God has thought, yea that God is, the truth being true to itself and to God and to man—Christ Jesus, my Lord, who knows, and feels, and does the truth." This is the strongest and clearest testimony of faith in Christ that we find; for as a rule the sinner is told to trust in the fatherhood of God at once, and the mediation of Christ is ignored; the saint is told to rejoice in his sonship, and no elder brother is named—unless, indeed, in a curious passage in the recent volume of "Poems," where a soul, newly released from the body, is put through a series of lessons on or by flowers, as a preparation for the sight of God, and its tutor is "my brother" with a "kingly head," and we take some little time in ascertaining that Christ is not meant.

We would not be hard on Mr. Macdonald; he puts this phrase in the mouth of his pet characters, "I love a parson, sir. And I'll tell you for why, sir. He's got a good telescope, and he gits to the masthead, and he looks out—and gives directions accordin'. *Only I can't always make out what he says.*" It was just so with the parson of the quiet neighbourhood; and no wonder, for he says:—

"Grave doubts as to whether I was in my place in the Church would keep rising and floating about, like rainclouds within me. Not that I doubted about the Church, I only doubted about myself: 'Were my motives pure?' 'What were my motives?' And, to

tell the truth, I did not know what my motives were, and therefore I could not answer about the purity of them. Perhaps, seeing we are in this world in order to become pure, it would be expecting too much of any young man that he should be absolutely certain that he was pure in anything. But the question followed, very naturally, 'Had I then any right to be in the Church—to be eating her bread and drinking her wine, without knowing whether I was fit to do her work?' To which the only answer I could find was, 'The Church is part of God's world. He makes men to work, and work of some sort must be done by every honest man. Somehow or other, I hardly know how, I find myself in the Church. I do not know that I am fitter for any other work. I see no other work to do. There is work here which I can do after some fashion. With God's help I will try to do it well.'

He has a remarkable country parish with a number of *characters* in it, all of whom appear to have been just waiting for the arrival of this master key which was to unlock all their complications. The first figure that meets us is an impatient child of fourteen, "very nicely spoiled, as far as I saw," whose sneering exposure of her doting grandmother's faults, and whose exploits in swimming and diving for pleasure, with her clothes on, are only equalled by the marvellous twist of fancy which has made such an abnormal child imaginable by Mr. Macdonald. Her grandmother is a lady of good birth and position, whose pride has already driven her into crime, and now occupies itself in making life a burden to her daughter, Miss Oldcastle, the heroine, destined in the end to the exalted position of the clergyman's wife. The acquaintance commences by the lady's complaining bitterly of her mother, when her pastor says, "There are mothers and there are mothers, and for a mother not be a mother is too dreadful." His advice is to defy her mother a little more.

Now, in this instance it would probably be easy to make it compatible with good conduct for a girl to disapprove her mother's doing both by word and deed, for the old mother is a specimen of all that is bad and disagreeable. But why does Mr. Macdonald always imagine such cases? Does he know of no healthy and loving relations between mother and daughter? It would seem not, when we take a rapid glance through his books. Margaret, in *David Elginbrod*, has a mother who is so inferior in mental powers as to be of no account at all; mere goodness, though it is much lauded, having the effect in these pictures of wiping a character almost entirely off the canvas. Euphra has a lady visitor in some authority, and of a religious turn of mind, who is always getting hopelessly

lost in theological terminology, and whom Euphra treats with a polite scorn that is portrayed as witty and rather laudable—at least as inevitable. Adela Cathcart has an aunt of the same calibre, and treats her assumptions of authority with pure rudeness, which is again viewed as spirited and necessary, although in most households the elder lady would certainly be thought in the right of it.

In *Alec Forbes* there is the good, not over-religious, kindly, but injudicious mother of one son; and Annie, the heroine, has a hard-hearted Calvinistic aunt, and a similar cousin in authority, whose bidding she systematically and—according to Mr. Macdonald—properly disregards.

In *Guild Court* one mother is a nonentity, and the other “was one of those who think the Deity jealous of the amount of love bestowed upon other human beings, even by their own parents, and therefore struggle to keep down their deepest and holiest emotions, regarding them not merely as weakness but as positive sin, and likely to be most hurtful to the object on which they are permitted to expend themselves.” She was a lady who “always wore a resigned air” to her husband, “believing herself unequally yoked to an unbeliever with a bond which she was not at liberty to break, because it was enjoined upon her to win her husband by her chaste conversation coupled with fear.”

Mr. Macdonald thinks the relationship of earthly fatherhood the pattern rather than the marred image of relationship with the Divine Father, and so ventures to describe it less frequently. David Elginbrod's example has been already quoted. Nobody takes the part of father in *The Portent*, or *Alec Forbes*, or the *Annals*. Adela Cathcart's is a blustering kindly old soldier; in *Guild Court* the hero's is a selfish cheating attorney—“what he did believe in was the law, meaning by that neither the Mosaic nor the Christian, neither the law of love, nor the law of right, but the law of England, as practised in her courts of justice.” In *Robert Falconer*, the father only appears at the end to be reformed by his son's ministry; in the *Seaboard Parish* the clergyman of the *Annals* reappears as an ideal father, typifying the higher relationship, as did David Elginbrod, only that this time the parent has had the advantage of education, and throws himself most devotedly into the difficulties and joys of his daughters. Yet to them he is always preaching, and that is scarcely generally a happy mode for a father to adopt, nor would it seem to be consistent with the typical rôle of the character.

On the whole it cannot be said that the result is favourable to the parental relation.

We have strayed from the point to give this hasty *résumé*, and must return to the ideal parish and its ideal priest.

A carpenter is always a thoughtful man, to Mr. Macdonald's apprehension. Indeed he hints that the occupation is rather a sacred one because of our Lord's connection with it. Thomas Weir is the specimen here, and is just at the point of thoughtful Atheism at which the clergyman can strike in. He becomes an exemplary character. So does the stiff-necked, stupid churchwarden. The Dissenting minister, the carpenter's son, and the old man-of-war's man, all of whom are estimable to begin with, gain in important points by the counsels of their parish priest. Catharine Weir, who has been bad, repents and dies. Old Mrs. Oldcastle, Sarah the maid, and Captain Everard are irreclaimable, and are defied and conquered. The parson came, saw, and conquered in this faith. "It is of little use to reprove the sinner, but it is worth while sometimes to reprove those who have a regard for righteousness, however imperfect they may be." The three volumes of the *Annals* contain several sermons as he preached them in church, many as he preached them to individuals, more as he preached them in his study and in his walks; most of all when he steps aside and says a word in his own proper person. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," was the answer. This is the case with Mr. Macdonald. Yet even he has some qualms of conscience about his practice: "Shall I or shall I not give my reader the substance of what I said" in a sermon? "I wish I knew how many of them would like it, and how many would not. I do not want to bore them with sermons, especially seeing I have always said that no sermon ought to be printed." It is given after all, and we quote from a recent book, but obviously of composition prior to the date of the next volume that we notice.

Unspoken Sermons consists of twelve discourses, bearing the motto, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people." These are intended to lead from one to another in regular gradation. Some passages are of considerable beauty; some very true, but so universally accepted, as that it would have been better to give them decent burial; many so untrue and so unlovely that a temperate pen cannot use the words suitable to denounce them; some so weak that to quote is to gibbet them. These make up the sum of what is offered us.

"*The child in the midst.*" "The childlike is the Divine." The lesson was not of humanity, so Christ would take a decent child—perhaps Peter's—to show that it was the childhood that represented the essentials of Christianity. But "nothing is required of man that is not first in God." The child is to be received in *My name*. "This means as being like Me." "God is represented in Jesus . . . Jesus is represented in the child . . . Therefore God is represented in the child. God is childlike." "The devotion of God to His creatures is perfect: He does not think about Himself, but about them: He wants nothing for Himself, but finds His blessedness in the outgoing of blessedness." "With Him all is simplicity of purpose, and meaning, and effort, and end—namely, that we should be as He is, think the same thoughts, mean the same things, possess the same blessedness. It is so plain that anyone may see it, everyone ought to see it, everyone shall see it. It must be so. He is utterly true and good to us, *nor shall anything withstand His will*. How terribly, then, have the theologians misrepresented God . . . the childlike, imperturbable God! Yet God if a man ask for what is out of harmony with His laws, will cast him out into the outer darkness, out of which he shall not come till he has paid the uttermost farthing;" it being well understood that, finally, all will pay it and be blessed. If man forgets this inevitable fact, he will be reminded of it; for "*our God is a consuming fire*," and "all that is not beautiful in the beloved must be destroyed," either here or hereafter. But the unlovely cannot surely be hard to destroy; for "to see a truth, to know what it is, to understand it, and to love it, are all one." Now this is perfectly true, if it be meant that it is impossible to understand and know a truth thoroughly before you love it; else, alas! it is miserably false. "For this vision of truth God has been working for ages upon ages." (We quote this not as relevant, like other quotations, to show Mr. Macdonald's doctrinal teaching, or his irreverent patronage of God, but as one example of the bathos that sometimes happily neutralises his most highly-wrought passages.) "For this . . . the whole labour of God's science, history, poetry—from the time when the earth gathered itself into a lonely drop of fire from the red rim of the driving sun-wheel, to the time when Alexander John Scott worshipped Him from its face—was evolving truth upon truth in lovely vision, torturing law, never lying, never repenting." Those who knew Mr. Scott will know that no one could be more shocked at such a passage than would

that erratic but gifted man himself have been, had he lived to hear of it.

The essence of these sermons is worth extracting merely as a more concentrated specimen of the poison everywhere pervading Mr. Macdonald's writings. This review is not an apology for the Christian religion, and it will answer our purpose sufficiently to indicate the purport of some of them, with little or no criticism.

Let us go on, then, with the discourse on "this lovely terror." "Our God is a consuming fire:" He will have pure worship. "It is not that the fire will burn us if we do not worship thus, but that the fire will burn us *until* we worship thus." "The first words which follow the setting forth of that grace whereby we may serve God acceptably are these: 'Let brotherly love continue.' To love one another is to worship the Consuming Fire." It cannot "hurt" to say "that God is love—all love, and nothing other than love:" "for, when we say that God is love, do we teach men that their fear of Him is groundless? No; as much as they fear will come upon them—possibly far more. But there is something beyond their fear—a Divine fate which they cannot withstand, because it works along with the human individuality which the Divine individuality has created in them. The wrath will consume what they *call* themselves; so that the selves God made shall appear." "Imagination cannot mislead any man into too much horror of being without God"—cast into the outer darkness, where "God has withdrawn Himself, but not lost His hold." "And the fire will go searching and burning on in him, as in the highest saint who is not yet pure as He is pure."

"But, at length, O God, wilt Thou not cast death and hell into the lake of fire—even Thine own consuming Self? . . . Then, indeed, wilt Thou be all in all; for then our poor brothers and sisters, every one, shall have been burnt clean and brought home." For "shall a man be more merciful than God?" "As for us, we will come to Thee, and *trust in Thee even for that which Thou hast not spoken*, if by any means at length we may attain unto the blessedness of those *who have not seen and yet have believed*." Mr. Macdonald is one of those who are wise beyond what is written. Hear what he says. The Bible "nowhere lays claim to be regarded as *the Word, the Way, the Truth*." But in Christ are hid further treasures of wisdom, which He has received to reveal to us through the Spirit. "The great heresy of the Church of the present day is unbelief in this Spirit. The mass of the

Church does not believe that the Spirit has a revelation for every man individually—a revelation as *different from the revelation of the Bible* as the food, in the moment of passing into living brain and nerve, differs from the bread and meat. If we were once filled with the mind of Christ, we should know that the Bible had done its work, was fulfilled, and had for us passed away, that thereby the Word of God might abide for ever.” Were “this doctrine of the Spirit” not true, all our religion would be vain—that of St. Paul, and that of Socrates.

Again we quote from this new prophet. “Do you count it great faith to believe what God has said? It seems to me a little faith. To believe what He has not said is faith indeed, and blessed. For that comes of believing in Him. . . . If you believed in God ‘you would not even need to inquire whether He had said it: you would know that He meant it.’” It is instructive to note that he, who derogates from the inspiration of Scripture, claims it for himself. Is Mr. Macdonald a Quaker? Mr. Macdonald cannot pray to a God who has “promised us more than we can ask or think,” but holds that our desires can outstrip the bounds of His word, though he still thinks that God’s love and power can satisfy every longing soul. “And for our brothers and sisters, who cleave to what they call Thy word, thinking to please Thee so, they are in Thy holy safe hands, who hast taught us that *whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; though unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven.*” To accept that as the will of our Lord, which is to us inconsistent with what we have learned to worship in Him already, is wrong. That is, practically to say, it is safer to disbelieve some revelation about Christ than to go against some idea of our own which we hold to be directly inspired; your thought is inspiration, and to correct it by the Scripture is to sin against the Holy Ghost: to distrust your own judgment or sense is the unpardonable sin. So this passage would seem to say. But not only is it not so formularised, but when it comes to a definition of the meaning of the text, we have this dilution of it:—

“‘He that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.’ What does it mean? Does it mean, ‘Ah! you are mine, but not of my sort? You denied Me? Away to the outer darkness?’ Not so. ‘It shall be forgiven to him that speaketh against the Son of Man; for He may be but the truth revealed *without* him. Only he must have shame before the universe of the loving God, and may need the fire that burneth and consumeth not.’ ‘But for Him that speaketh against the Spirit of Truth, against the Son of God

revealed *within* him, he is beyond the teaching of that Spirit now. For how shall he be forgiven? The forgiveness would touch him no more than a wall of stone. Let him know what it is to be without."

The sermon on love to your neighbour, serves as groundwork for a fresh enunciation of the doctrine of universalism.

"St Paul would be wretched before the throne of God, if he thought there was one man beyond the pale of His mercy, and that as much for God's glory as for the man's sake. And what shall we say of the Man, Christ Jesus? Would not anyone willingly go from heaven to hell to redeem the lost? 'But it is a wild question. God is, and shall be, all in all. Father of our brothers and sisters! Thou wilt not be less glorious than we, taught of Christ, are able to think Thee.'"

And we are, finally, exhorted to love our brethren so far as to believe in their ultimate safety, lest we should be sent down into the torment out of which exit is possible "when thou hast learned of God in hell what thou didst refuse to learn of Him upon the gentle-toned earth;" and so we find ourselves landed in a Protestant purgatory, from which all are to come in virtue of the fact that "God is the God of the living,—with Him death is not." Being alive to God, all must rise again, "for their revelation to others of God's children in mutual revelation, and for fresh revelation of God to all." Very consistently we are told nothing of God's promise to us of resurrection. "The doctrine of the resurrection . . . is needful as the very breath of life to our longing souls." And we are to have a body as a medium for attaining and imparting knowledge, though by no means the same body. And special revelation has shown Mr. Macdonald that we are to have snowdrops and sunsets in heaven; and bodies containing that which made the essential self on earth. The identity is to be so complete that separation of families will be impossible. We must know that our friends are in heaven. Then will be the perfect revelation of God, "And for this, Lord Jesus, come Thou, the child, the obedient God, that we may be one with Thee, and with every man and woman whom Thou hast made in the Father."

Misquotations of Scripture and an evolving of God out of our own consciousness are the staple of the volume—the staple of all this teaching which, under the guise of high-toned novels, gains entrance in circles where neither acquaintance nor minister would be one moment tolerated, professing and promulgating similar opinions. Nor does Mr. Macdonald improve when he descends again from the heights of sermon-writing to the slopes of sermon-novels,

of which three more claim our attention, two having appeared this year. This speed of production alarms us. We hasten to print, lest the reviewer should be quite outstripped by the novel-writer. Mr. Macdonald's "ten thousand readers" may look forward with fear or hope, we fancy, to fresh supplies of the pabulum he is able to furnish as long as they create a demand.

It grows more difficult with each to select salient passages either of the sort that is pleasant to the eye and ear, or that is offensive alike to taste, feeling, and reverence. In *Guild Court* the point of greatest attraction is the story of Mattie, a maiden of wonderful wisdom, whose over-large head is full of fancies about "Syne," a demon who haunts the shelves of her father's old book-shop, and gives her much trouble; only she fights him bravely, and loses sight of him after a visit to the country. At first, the width of sea and sky terrify the London child, and the cocks and larks seem to stand in the way of God's care for her; besides she has a prejudice against the country, because all the things die there—not like the things she gets from the books. Her entire deliverance is hastened by her friendship with Poppie, a homeless child, whom a little tailor has taken a fancy to adopt. She has been lured to him by baits of pieces of sweetmeat attached to a string, and gradually pulled nearer and nearer to his shop, till she learned to connect the thought of him and kindness, and flee to him for refuge when severely hurt. His nursing her through an illness knit the bond; but lest a home should prove an irksome fetter, he buys her a broom and lets her go and sweep a crossing now and then. The first day she came home very dirty, and says—

"Taint me, daddy; it's them nasty boys would throw dirt at me. 'Twasn't their crossing I took; they hadn't no call to chivy me. But I gave it them!' 'What did you do, Poppie?' 'I looks up at St. Paul's, and I says, Please, Jesus Christ, help me to give it 'em. And then I flies at 'em with my broom, and I knocks one of 'em down, and a cart went over his leg, and he's took to the 'ospittle. I b'lieve his leg's broke!' 'Oh, Poppie! And didn't they say anything to you? I wonder they didn't take you up!' 'They couldn't find me. I thought Jesus Christ would help me. He did.'"

Her friend is much troubled by this, and goes to a Broad Church-clergyman, who reassures him by reminding him that David prayed against his enemies. The story of Poppie, is a healthy and pretty picture, and it would have been well had this success diverted Mr. Macdonald into a fresh vein, leaving the more complicated and important questions

and relations of life to the pen of those whose minds have greater power of cool impartiality, of moderation, and of self-restraining diffidence—unless indeed he could be content with what he has already done for the public. This possibility is worth his serious consideration.

A little volume, chiefly of reprints, called *Dealings with the Fairies*, showed some inclination to find a sphere among children, where he would be welcome. He has shown an unusual power of appreciating the characters of little girls, and of drawing them gracefully, lightly, and merrily. Their company rouses his sense of humour, stirs his imagination, and in this little volume we see him at his very best. For in it he makes no attempt to store the mind with attacks on the theology of the last century, with arms against maternal influences, with mysterious labyrinths of spiritualism, with distrust or dislike of religious teachers.

To the *Seaboard Parish* much that was said of the *Annals* would apply. It is not more interesting than any of the previous books, and approximates most nearly to the *Unspoken Sermons*.

In *Robert Falconer* we have the history of a man whose childhood was embittered by the stern and narrow Calvinism of his home, whose conversion began with the surreptitious delight of playing the fiddle under the instruction of a drunken shoemaker, whose life from beginning to end is absolutely faultless, and whose opinions have been already nearly sufficiently indicated in an earlier page. One curious argument of his is worth stating. Hell is a place where the wicked are compelled to repent under less favourable conditions than were offered to them on earth. Many wicked and weak people prefer to go to hell rather than to repent—i.e. reform—on earth because they fancy that to go there is to suffer and nothing else, while to repent here would involve that which they most shrink from, an effort of will. Imprisonment about fulfils their idea of hell. So it is very cruel to abolish capital punishment, since its substitute only gives them first the hell of their own imagination and then leaves them to the sterner though blessed realities of the hell of Mr. Macdonald's imagination. "It is better," says he, "to fall into the hands of God than of man; and therefore it is well to give people no more time here for repentance." A theory this which might well be carried further: it becomes a service to God as well as to man to slay the wicked as speedily as possible. The Sicilian Vespers and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew are quite justified.

These last novels have dashed to the ground the faint hope we had that Mr. Macdonald's popularity was destined to be transferred to the nursery from the schoolroom and the young lady's privacy, where he now has sway. Those are domains in which it ill suits us to have him proclaiming a Gospel which may be briefly summarised thus: "Love everybody, even dull people, and your parents if you can, because you are all children of one Father; that is what the Bible says. Avoid those dreadful Atheists just as carefully as you avoid fancying that they will for ever be unbelievers. Loving everybody, you must not think God loves them less than you do: you would not be always angry at anybody who did wrong: think not that God will. Never mind if the Bible seems to say so; for though the Bible is all quite true and very pretty besides, and you must be sure to read it and to think the Gospels very nice; and to reverence the Epistles till the day comes when you can feel interested in them; still you must know God has sent His Spirit, and He will teach you all things, and some things that are not in the Bible. We know He is a Father, not a Judge; He is very benevolent and very beautiful, and we know how to admire Him properly and not be frightened. Look at the pretty flowers that preach about Him." All this is so easy to take in, and so "lady-like," and has so fine an air, that it takes young people by the ears by scores, *effete* and untrue as it is. It is well that as his admirers ripen in age they generally find out his want of strength and *pith*; but meanwhile his influence cannot but leave behind it a certain dimness on the clear eye of faith which no pains are wasted in striving to put away, or, better still, to prevent.

We must not actually pass by a late volume of verse called *The Disciple*. It is almost entirely a number of reprints, and contains little that merits notice as being in any way different from former productions of the sort from the same pen. We bid it and its author good-bye, preferring that good old English blessing, in its deepest signification, to the less familiar *au revoir*. We do not wish to see Mr. Macdonald again unless his name on a title-page come some day to promise a very different sort of book. Who knows but his own theory of purgation may be carried out for him in this life?

- ART. VII.—1. *Etudes sur les Evangiles Apocryphes.* Par MICHEL NICOLAS. Paris : MM. Lévy Frères. 1866.
2. *Evangelia Apocrypha.* Edidit CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ. 1853.

THESE two books we single out from a considerable number as being respectively the best critical text and the fullest critical illustration of what are called the Apocryphal Gospels. We propose to lay both under contribution in the following attempt to estimate the character of these ancient documents. The two critics admirably harmonise. Dr. Tischendorf has brought his unrivalled skill—to which the Christian churches owe, and will yet owe, so much—to bear upon every question connected with their authorship, original language, and gradual construction, giving on these points a verdict from which generally there is no appeal. M. Nicolas deals with them in the free spirit of a philosophical student of the phenomena they present; while entering more or less fully into their external history, he spends his remarkable power of analysis upon their internal growth, and their meaning in the development of Christian doctrine. On their theological bearings, the former is, we need hardly say, the only trustworthy guide. The French freethinker requires to be read with much caution; but there is a fascination in his style of criticism that is altogether his own, and his errors are so transparent, when they occur, that it is a pleasure to have to expose them.

These gospels were but a portion of an immense number of apocryphal documents that sprang up in rivalry of the New Testament Scriptures. Although he writings of inspiration were finished during the first century, they were not at once collected into a volume, and accepted generally as the authoritative counterpart of the Old Testament. During the two or three centuries that followed the Apostles, and down to the time when the Canon was sealed and ratified by the universal Church, the spirit of forgery was abroad, and exercising its fertile invention in the construction of a Christian mythology. The holy documents were in the hands of all kinds of heretics; and the printing-press had not yet put an end to the fatal facility of corruption in copying. A large floating mass

of tradition throughout the Christian world tempted the imagination of writers who were not restrained by reverence or truth; and everyone wove the materials that he found into the pattern suggested by his fancy. Those were the days also of pious fraud; when injudicious advocates of Christianity thought it no sin to gain currency for their forgeries by assigning them to the authorship of names everywhere sanctified. Thus heretics, legend-writers, and forgers in the name of truth conspired to multiply, although under widely differing impulses, the host of false scriptures that the Canon rendered worthless.

When we look more particularly at the result of the operation of these concurrent agencies, we find apocryphal literature rivalling the Canonical Scriptures of the New Testament in their four several departments. Spurious gospels were created in such multitudes as, if they had all been preserved, would have made a volume much larger than our present Bible. Acts of the Apostles were invented in less numbers, but with greater variety; each of the Apostles, without exception, was made the hero of his own story, giving an account of his own labours in preaching a gospel moulded according to the heresy of the impostor who wrote it. The Apostolical Epistles were also the model of a third class of spurious documents. In them our Lord Himself takes the first place, by His correspondence with Abgarus, king of Edessa, and other writings, to which reverence forbids more than a passing allusion. The same spirit which would not suffer that the Saviour should only speak, and leave His words to be written by His servants, made many of the lesser names of the New Testament centres of plentiful epistolary correspondence. Thus, Mary writes both to churches and to individuals; the various Apostles interchange frequent letters on topics of more or less interest; Paul and Seneca hold abundant intercourse in this way; and, as might be expected, the lost epistles hinted at in the epistles that remain are in this apocryphal literature restored to the Church. Finally, the Apocalypse did not by its stern interdict at the close repel the hand of the forger. St. John himself was made the author of another *Revelation*, vouchsafed not at Patmos, but upon Mount Tabor, in which Antichrist largely figured; while his own genuine book was falsified by more than one impostor for heretical purposes. Traces are found also of an Apocalypse of Peter, obviously to link his name and honours more closely with those of his companion. In very early times St. Paul's "unutterable words" were reduced to utterance in an account of his rapture into the

third heaven: his Apocalypse having for its object to solve sundry Gnostic problems. The Apostle Thomas also was the hero of a revelation, of which no traces now remain; and the Manichæans held in high estimation an Apocalypse of Stephen, in which the first martyr saw heaven opened in a very different sense from that which St. Luke records as having glorified his confession before the council.

Of all this voluminous mass not many writings remain in their original integrity. Their existence and influence are attested by plentiful evidence; but most of them are preserved only in detached quotations. It is with the supposititious gospels that we have to do; they come more decidedly within the sphere of criticism than the rest.

The Apocryphal Gospels, of which about fifty are mentioned by ecclesiastical authors, may be divided into two classes; those which supplement the four canonical accounts of our Lord's life, and those which pervert them for heretical purposes. It might be said that they exhibit, on the one hand, the legendary Jesus, and on the other, the legendary Christ: the former making the person of our Lord the centre of numberless mythical historical details, of which the Scriptures know nothing; and the latter refashioning His Messianic or Christly work, according to the exigencies or caprices of heresy. This distribution may seem fanciful, but it is more in harmony with truth than that of M. Nicolas, who throws them all into three classes: 1. The Judaising Gospels; 2. The anti-Judaising; and, 3. The orthodox Apocryphal Gospels. The difference between the two former cannot be always consistently maintained, and the title of the third is revolting, however the harshness may be explained away. The word orthodox has far too honourable a meaning, at least, in our judgment, to allow of its application to productions which, even supposing them to have sprung from a laudable motive, betray a daring and irreverent curiosity, and were never acknowledged by the Catholic Church, even in those later times when it forfeited its right to the term catholic.

We shall throw a hasty, but comprehensive and unprejudiced glance over both classes; premising, however, that space will not allow of the enumeration of the several documents, or of anything like a detailed criticism. The leading representatives of each are all that we can find time even to notice.

I. The legendary Jesus is the centre of those Apocryphal Gospels which have been preserved. But it must be observed at the outset that none of them present, or attempt

to present, a full portraiture; they are limited to the two extremes of the Saviour's earthly history: His infancy, with the events preceding and following it; and His passion, with the events that followed in the other world.

In the infinite variety of mythical inventions which the early ages produced, we find no attempt to supplant the canonical Gospels by any complete Life of Jesus. The false Gospels, which have been more or less preserved in the pages of Christian apologists, were invariably based upon the true; the omissions of which they were guilty being traceable to heretical design, and their supplementary matter having been derived from the mass of floating tradition. There is no evidence that the spirit of fabrication ever went so far as to reconstruct the entire life of the Redeemer. There was no Antichrist that was throughout, and from beginning to end, a rival of the Christ of our Gospels. The main outlines of His history were too generally accepted, and too deeply stamped upon the heart of universal Christendom, to allow the possibility of this. The wildest of the Gnostic heresies did no more than adapt their theories to the great facts of the baptism, the preaching, the miracles, and the passion of our Lord. To those great central events, they all alike pay tribute. It might seem as if the hand of the Holy Spirit shielded the history of the Man Christ Jesus from the irreverent hand of the falsifier, and compelled him to do homage to the public life of the Redeemer, even while he perverted its faith into the service of heresy. It might seem, also, as if the same Spirit restrained the licence of ignorant and over-curious devotion from anything like a systematic trifling with the leading events of the Lord's public manifestation.

But it was otherwise in regard to the record of the Saviour's entrance into the world and departure from it. The spirit that was restrained between the Baptism and the Cross found its compensation in those parts of the holy life that the evangelists had left untouched.

The legendary spirit was especially prodigal in its supplements of the Gospel narrative of the birth of Jesus. And when we consider the sacred reserve with which this subject is treated by the organs of the Holy Spirit, and the invincible curiosity that the stupendous facts of the Incarnation would excite in the minds of multitudes to whom it came in all its new mystery, it can hardly be matter of wonder that the myth came in where the evangelist was silent. How natural was the instinct to desire some further knowledge of the holy family into which the Lord was born, of the Virgin descendant

of David, and of Joseph, and of the domestic relations of their household so highly favoured of the Lord. How fascinating was the journey to Egypt and the residence there, of which the too concise narrative gives only a hint: what perils did the holy pilgrims undergo, and what were the probable interventions of the Divine hand on the way, and what the reception met with when the strange journey ended! Still more interest would be excited by the long interval of silence during which the holy child was growing up into maturity, under heavenly education for His mission; a silence which the wisdom of God caused to be broken only once for a short season, to show the perfect pattern of consecrated youth assuming the responsibilities of life. Curiosity would needs ask what manner of child the young Redeemer was, what were His early words, what were the first earnestings of His future greatness, what miracles gave promise of His power, and what circumstances marked Him out from the other children of the families of Israel. So also the silence of the Scripture as to the subsequent history of Mary and Joseph after they had so well discharged the high function of guardianship over the Saviour's life, would challenge the zeal of the collectors and makers of legend. Now the legendary gospels answer all these questions. Their answers are crude, puerile, fantastic and irreverent: partly pure invention, partly the idealisation of hints lingering in tradition, but altogether and in all points unworthy of their subject, and only preserved in the Church's literature because they pandered to some of the idlest cravings of its corruption.

All the so-called Gospels of the Infancy seem to have been derived from two very ancient documents, styled respectively the *Protevangelium* of James and the *Gospel of Thomas*. Both these were probably compiled by some industrious collector and fabricator of myths in Syria towards the latter end of the second century. The former has to do mainly with the history that preceded the birth of Christ, and the latter with the early years of Jesus Himself. They were the models which were followed by a number of other documents of the same class that passed into the Greek, and were imitated in Latin, and thus had currency for ages throughout the Christian world.

The *Protevangelium* was so called by Postel, who brought it from the East in the nineteenth century, not because it was the fountain of the apocryphal gospels, but because it gives what may be regarded as a kind of preface to the New Testament Scriptures. The designation was an irreverent

one and entirely misleading, as also was the attributing it to St. James, for which, however, Postel was not responsible. This book appears to have been well known as early as the second century or the beginning of the third; and a glance at its contents will show in what current the legend was already beginning to run. We will sketch its account of the birth of the mother of our Lord. The reader will find it, and the others to which we shall refer, in Tischendorf's text, and, if he needs a translation, the best he can have is in Jones *On the Canon*, a work of great value, not superseded by anything that has been written since.

A rich herdsman named Joachim and his wife Anne were advanced in age and found themselves without children. Whilst the former withdrew into the desert, fasted forty days and forty nights, the angel of the Lord appeared to his wife, and said to her: "Anne, God hath heard thy prayer; thou shalt conceive and bring forth a child, and thy race shall be celebrated throughout the world." At the same time two angels announce to Joachim that God had heard his vows also, and that his wife should bear a child. This miraculously given infant was Mary, who, consecrated to the Lord before her birth, was brought up in the Temple of Jerusalem and nourished by the ministry of angels. When the child was twelve years old, the angel of the Lord commanded the high priest to assemble all who were widowers in Israel, in order that God might indicate by a sign to which of them He would confide the guardianship of Mary. They all received a rod from the hand of the high priest; a dove proceeded from that of Joseph and settled on his head. This marked the Divine selection; and, notwithstanding that Joseph pleaded his having children and his great age, he was constrained to accept the guardianship of the young girl. Whilst she drew water at a fountain, Mary heard for the first time the celestial voice which saluted her in the name of the Lord. Six months afterwards Joseph, who after receiving his charge had left his home and went to a distance to exercise his calling as a carpenter, returned, and finding her pregnant, addressed her with strong reproaches, and was much embarrassed until the angel of the Lord appeared to him in his sleep, and said: "Fear not to keep charge of this woman; He who will be born of her is of the Holy Spirit; men shall name Him Jesus, for He will redeem the people from their sins." Soon after, both were summoned before the high priest and adjudged to prove their innocence by drinking the water of reproof; coming out of this ordeal safe, they were sent away absolved.

When the edict for numbering the people was published by the Emperor Augustus, Joseph seated Mary on an ass to go to Bethlehem. On the road he saw that Mary was sad. "Perhaps," thought he, "He who is within her afflicts her soul." But afterwards he saw that she smiled. "Mary," said he then, "how comes it that thou art sometimes sad, sometimes joyous?" "It is because," she replied, "I see two peoples, one of which weeps and groans, and the other laughs and is joyful." We may imagine whom these peoples signify; and it is explained, as we shall see, by another apocryphal evangelist. Mary's time came before reaching Bethlehem, in the open wilderness, far from any habitation. A cavern opened, into which Joseph led her, while he went to seek a midwife. Here the author depicts the trouble which fell on the whole face of nature, in expectation of the great event which was about to take place. The description he gives displays a low and debased mind. Joseph, he says, on the way to Bethlehem saw the firmament obscured, and the birds arrested in mid flight. Looking on the earth he saw a table spread, and workmen whose hands were on the table: those who stretched them forth took nothing, those who took ate not; but all looked on high. The flocks were dispersed; the shepherd lifted hand to strike them, but his hand hung in the air. Looking then towards the river, he saw the birds touching the water with their mouths, but not drinking; for all things were turned out of their course. The midwife came of her own accord, and found her care needless: the infant was receiving nourishment. She then went out of the cavern, marvelling in a loud voice at the miracle that a virgin had brought forth. Salome, meeting her, cried, "As the Lord liveth I will not believe unless I prove it." But her incredulity was punished: her hand was burnt by a consuming fire; at the bidding of an angel, however, she took the child in her arms and was healed. Soon after the wise men arrived. The Protevangelium here abridges St. Matthew, but adds its own touches. Mary saved her infant from Herod's soldiers by hiding him in the manger with the cattle. Elizabeth fled with John, whom Herod also sought to destroy him. A mountain which she could not ascend opened and received them; a light rose upon them in this asylum, and an angel guarded them. Zacharias, summoned to declare where John was, and not being able to tell, was assassinated in the porch of the Temple, near the altar: a legend evidently originating from what Jesus said concerning a prophet Zacharias slain between the porch and the altar.

Another spurious production, known by the name of the "Gospel of the Nativity of Mary," was only a reproduction of this book, with certain additions tending to the higher honour of the Virgin. There is something remarkable in the correct tone of its conclusion. "It came to pass when they reached Bethlehem, that her time was come, and she brought forth her first-born son, as we have been taught by the holy evangelists, our Lord Jesus Christ, who, being God with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever." Yet, notwithstanding this, it is a tissue of legends thrown around the Scriptural narrative; betraying an intimate acquaintance with that narrative, it deviates from it in several important particulars, and seeks to exalt the mother of our Lord, by detailing her familiarity with angels, by inventing miracles that marked her infancy, and by a variety of most offensive circumstances, that plainly show in what direction the superstition of the Christian Church was already tending. While these two books agree entirely in the main, there are several points of difference which show the arbitrary spirit of imposture. It is satisfactory to find that, by their mutual corrections the canonical books are established; as, for instance, where the latter adheres to St. Matthew and St. Luke in making Bethlehem, and not a cavern in the wilderness, the place of the Divine birth.

The other apocryphal gospel to which we referred, is that which bears the name of Thomas the philosopher, or Thomas the Israelite; and professes to relate the miracles of the infancy of our Lord. It takes up the narrative where the others left off, and in nineteen chapters gives as many marvellous events. There is nothing of the Christian spirit discernible anywhere; it is a document which ought never to have been suffered to live, and we refer to it merely for the tribute it pays by its absurdity and vileness to the consummate glory of the received account of the true evangelists concerning the Holy Child. Some of its legends are simply puerile, such as the scene at the well, where Jesus, having broken the pitcher with which Mary sent Him to draw water, spread out His mantle and carried it full of water to His mother; and that in which He explains the mysteries of the alphabet to Zacchæus, the schoolmaster, a legend which seems to have been found very fascinating, for it is repeated in several similar productions. Here, also, we find another very popular story, namely, that the infant Jesus fashioned twelve birds out of clay, and exercised His early omnipotence by breathing into them life; but, having performed this act on

the Sabbath, was rebuked by Joseph, and then waved His hands and made the birds vindicate Him by flying away. But some of the accounts represent the infant as possessed by the spirit of caprice and cruelty, and can hardly be accounted for on the general principles of the fabrication. A little child, for instance, having accidentally jostled Him in passing, Jesus, irritated, said to Him, "Thou shalt not finish thy journey," when the infant fell down and died. Another time He revenged Himself by withering the body of a youth who had scattered the water which He had collected in a reservoir. The writer of these vile legends makes the people of the village say to Joseph, "Thou hast such a child that thou canst not dwell in the same village with us: teach Him to bless and not to curse, for He destroys our children." What gives this book its most revolting character is, that it must have been written with St. Luke's gospel in view; for it closes with the sublime scene of our Lord's conference with the doctors in the Temple, which it reproduces almost in the same terms.

Several Gospels of the Infancy are extant which reproduce and largely embellish the legends already referred to. One, attributed by a capricious licence to St. Matthew, seems to aim at correcting and extending the first evangelist's views. Referring to Mary's beholding the two peoples who alternately wept and rejoiced, an angel is introduced who rebukes Joseph, and says, "Why hast thou thought the words of Mary vain? She saw the Jewish people weeping because they are put away from their God, and the Gentiles rejoicing because they are brought nigh to the Lord, according to the promises given to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. For the time is come when the benediction, shut in the bosom of the race of Abraham, will spread to all nations. And when the angel had said that, he commanded Joseph to stop the animal on which Mary was, for the child Jesus was about to be born." Two strange fulfilments, unknown to St. Matthew, are also introduced. Mary enters a stable with her infant, and the ox and ass adored Him; then was brought to pass what was written, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." These two animals, having Jesus between them, worshipped Him without ceasing; and thus fulfilled the words of Habakkuk (ch. iii. 2 in the Septuagint), "In the midst of two animals Thou shalt be made known." St. Matthew's statement of the Flight into Egypt is also expanded at length, with a strange blending of ancient Scriptures into the pure legend. Dragons came out of their caves,

and joined the lions and leopards in adoring the Holy Infant; all the wild beasts, forgetting their ferocity, mingled with oxen and lambs in the escort of honour that attended the journey; the trees spread their branches spontaneously to the ground, that the Virgin might pluck their fruit; and springs bubbled from their roots to slake their thirst. The idols of the Egyptians fell down, and were broken in their submission. The governor of the town into which the Holy Family entered prostrated himself before Jesus, and cried, "If this infant were not God, our gods would not have fallen on their faces before Him; but now they confess their Lord; and we, if we do not follow their example, shall fall into the condemnation of Pharaoh, who despised the warnings of Jehovah."

This, however, was comparatively no more than a pious beginning of legends. The later editions of them, the most widely diffused of which was the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy, carry the licence of irreverent invention to the extremest point, where criticism shrinks from following them. Omitting many things that we dare not quote, two additions to the older legends concerning the birth of Christ may be noted. The infant speaks in His cradle, and tells His mother that He was the Word, the Son of God, according to the announcement of Gabriel, and that His Father had sent Him for the salvation of the world. The Magi are represented as coming in consequence of a prediction of Zoroaster; in return for their presents they receive one of the linen wrappings of the Saviour, which, when thrown into the sacred fire on their return, was not consumed, and was placed, with every mark of adoration, among their sacred treasures. But it is in the middle portion of this document—that which treats of the sojourn in Egypt—that the Oriental fancy most wildly disports. The *Arabian Nights* contain nothing more grotesque than the fictions that abound here, some of them merely puerile, some of them disgusting, and all of them revolting to the Christian instinct. When the Holy Child returns, we come within the bounds of decency, and may note one or two singular developments of extravagance. The scene of the twelfth year in the Temple is transformed into a display of the Saviour's acquaintance with all the facts of science, and the mysteries of nature. Judas Iscariot is introduced into the narrative, giving earnest of his future treachery. One day, when the infant Jesus was standing by the side of Joseph, Judas came and sat down at His right hand; Satan entered into him, and he tried to bite the child. Failing in

this, he struck Him. Jesus wept, and the demon departed from Judas in the form of a mad dog. The two thieves also enter the history: During their journey to Egypt, the Holy Family found themselves in the midst of a troop of robbers who were all asleep save two, Titus and Dumachus. The former entreated the latter to let the travellers go in peace, lest their companions should see them. Dumachus refusing, Titus offered to give him forty drachmæ, his girdle being the pledge. Mary, seeing the good disposition of the robber, said to him, "May God bless thee with His right hand, and grant thee the remission of sins." The Lord Jesus then addressed His mother, "In thirty years, O My mother, the Jews will crucify Me at Jerusalem; then two thieves will be on the crosses by My side, Titus on My right hand, and Dumachus on My left, and on that day Titus shall go before Me into Paradise."

There are many things in this Arabic Gospel that make it a mystery to the critics who seek to account for its origin. It was most probably a translation from the Syriac. This may be inferred from its making Caiaphas one and the same person with the historian Josephus; from the epithet *lady*, always attached to Mary, which other Arabic writings do not contain, but which very early was the usage in Syria; but especially from a certain Nestorian distinction in the phrases that mark the dignity of Christ and Jesus respectively. If composed among the Monophysite Copts, this phraseology would never have been employed. On the other hand, it must always be hard to account for the translation of such phrases in a country where the doctrine they implied was not received. And, again, it is difficult to understand how the followers of Nestorius should write or accept a book which attributed Divine powers to the infant Jesus. Leaving these points, however, which are to us of little importance, it is sufficient to mark how easily the Christian superstition, as to the homage due to the Virgin and the use of relics, was spread in the East. The following observations of M. Nicolas are substantially correct:—

"This gospel, which furnished the most common aliment of piety and edification to the Christians of Egypt, was, in all probability, used in their public worship. They had many festivals consecrated to the remembrance of the principal events of the Flight into Egypt. On the twenty-second and two following days of May, they celebrated the arrival of the Holy Family in their country. The eighth of June was the anniversary of the miracle of the new spring that quenched the thirst of Mary, and which afterwards was supposed to heal the

maladies of those who repaired to it for cure. The twenty-fifth of May was dedicated to the remembrance of the infant Jesus having planted a staff in the earth which put forth branches and became an olive tree. It appears that on each of these festivals they read the appropriate passage in this gospel. It is probable that comments were added, so that each of these legends became the nucleus of a new legendary development. The Homilies of Cyriacus were composed for such occasions, and were no more than a tissue of fables relative to the Virgin. This gospel was held in great esteem throughout the East; it was placed by some on the same level with the canonical gospels, and attributed to St. Peter. 'The Christians,' says an Arabic writer, 'have five gospels, four of which are well known, while the fifth is received by only a small number among us. This fifth gospel is called the Gospel of the Infancy; it relates what Jesus did during His youth. It is attributed to Peter.' Almost all the legends contained in it are known to the Mussulmans. They derived them, without the least doubt, from this book, which, as we have seen from the preceding words of Ahmed Ibn Edris, was not unknown to them. It is certain, however, that they had other sources of information as to the evangelical history. We find in their writings other legends besides those of the Arabian gospel, but they are all of the same character. The Mussulmans have not drawn their singularly defective information touching the primitive history of Christianity save from the apocryphal books. The canonical Gospels do not appear to have been familiar to them. Probably they found them too simple; the fables of the Apocrypha were more to their taste."—P. 353.

The account we have given of these mythical narratives of our Lord's childhood is but a very imperfect one. The nature of the subject forbids our making it complete: it is painful even to enumerate the grotesque and puerile, and sometimes abominable, legends with which the prurient fancy of superstitious devotion filled the early lips of Christ. But one specimen we will give in full, that the reader may judge of the style of this Arabic gospel, and mark how a certain symbolical meaning glimmers through its absurdity.

"In the month Adar, Jesus gathered together the boys, and ranked them as though He had been king; for they spread their garments on the ground for Him to sit on; and, having made a crown of flowers, put it upon His head, and stood on His right and left as the guards of a king; and, if anyone happened to pass by, they took him by force, and said: *Come hither and worship the king, that you may have a prosperous journey.* In the meantime, while these things were doing, there came certain men, carrying a boy upon a couch; for, this boy having gone with his companions to the mountain to gather wood, and having found there a partridge's nest, and put his hand

in to take out the eggs, was stung by a poisonous serpent, which leaped out of the nest; so that he was forced to cry out for the help of his companions; who, when they came, found him lying upon the earth like a dead person. After which his neighbours came, and carried him back into the city. But when they came to the place where the Lord Jesus was sitting like a king, and the other boys stood round about Him like His ministers, the boys made haste to meet him who was bitten by the serpent, and said to his neighbours, *Come and pay your respects to the king*; but when, by reason of their sorrow, they refused to come, the boys drew them and forced them against their wills to come. And when they came to the Lord Jesus, He inquired, *On what account they carried that boy?* and when they answered, *that a serpent had bitten him*, the Lord Jesus said to the boys, *Let us go and kill that serpent*. But when the parents of the boy desired to be excused, because their son lay at the point of death, the boys made answer and said, *Did not ye hear what the king said? Let us go and kill the serpent*; and will ye not obey Him? So they brought the couch back again, whether they would or not. And when they were come to the nest, the Lord Jesus said to the boys, *Is this the serpent's hiding place?* They said, *It is*. Then the Lord calling the serpent, it presently came forth and submitted to Him: to whom He said, *Go and suck out all the poison which thou hast infused into that boy*: so the serpent crept to the boy, and took away all its poison again. Then the Lord Jesus cursed the serpent, so that it immediately burst asunder and died; and He touched the boy with His hand to restore him to his former health; and when he began to cry, the Lord Jesus said, *Cease crying, for hereafter thou shalt be My disciple*; and this is that Simon the Canaanite, who is mentioned in the Gospel."

This extract is a fair specimen of the better part of the compilation. It gives a good insight into the spirit of the forger who invented it. Anyone may perceive that the intention is to magnify the name of Jesus; though it is wonderful that devotion should take such a form. The central idea of the chapter is the Redeemer's contest with the enemy, not without a dim reference to the serpent which was the cause and cure of death in the wilderness. The tissue of the composition, even after a double translation, is woven of the language of the canonical gospels, and by one who knew them well. But the exquisite audacity of quoting the Gospel, or appealing to it while in the act of inventing an allusion to Simon, is characteristic of the entire mass of these fabrications. One more instance will make still more plain the three points to which we shall have to revert hereafter: 1. That these productions are unexceptionable vouchers of the existence and authoritative character of the true Gospels; 2. That they show by

their baseness and caricature the difference between the Divine record and the best that man's invention would have given; and, 3. That they give evidence of the presence of that lying spirit of whom the New Testament prophesies, whose manifold influence was seen in the miserable traditions of the later Church. We take the event that properly ends this branch of our subject; but in this case with some abridgment.

"And when He was twelve years old, they brought Him to Jerusalem to the feast; and when the feast was over they returned, but the Lord Jesus continued behind in the Temple among the doctors and elders and learned men of Israel; to whom He proposed several questions of learning, and also gave them answers: for He said unto them, Whose son is the Messiah? They answered, The son of David. Why then, said He, does He in the spirit call Him Lord, when He saith, The Lord said to my Lord, Sit Thou at My right hand, till I have made Thine enemies Thy footstool? Then a certain principal rabbi asked Him, Hast Thou read books? Jesus answered, Both books and the things which were contained in books, and He explained to them the books of the Law, and precepts, and statutes, and the mysteries which are contained in the books of the prophets; things which the mind of no creature could reach. Then said that rabbi, I never yet have seen or heard of such knowledge! What do you think that boy will be? When a certain astronomer who was present asked the Lord Jesus whether He had studied astronomy? The Lord Jesus replied, and told him the number of the spheres and heavenly bodies, as also their trinal square, and sextile aspect; their progressive and retrograde motion; their size and several prognostications; and other things which the reason of man had never discovered. There was also among them a philosopher well skilled in physic and natural philosophy, who asked the Lord Jesus whether he had studied physic. He replied and explained to him physics and metaphysics, also those things which were above and below the sphere of nature; the powers also of the body, its humours and their effects; also the number of its members, and bones, veins, arteries and nerves, &c., and other things which the understanding of no creature had ever reached. Then that philosopher arose, and worshipped the Lord Jesus, and said, O Lord Jesus, from henceforth I will be Thy disciple and servant."

After this the account in St. Luke is almost literally followed, which makes the forgery all the more marvellous. And it thus ends:—

"But from this time He began to conceal His miracles and secret works, and gave Himself to the study of the Law, till he arrived at the end of His thirtieth year; at which time the Father publicly

owned Him at Jordan, sending down the voice from heaven, *This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased*; the Holy Ghost being also present in the form of a dove. This is He whom we worship with all reverence, because He gave us our life and being, and brought us from our mother's womb; who, for our sakes, took a human body, and hath redeemed us, that so He might embrace us with everlasting mercy, and show us His free, large, bountiful grace and goodness towards us. To Him be glory and praise, and power and dominion, from henceforth and for evermore. Amen."

Here we leave the Legends of the infancy. The elaborate arguments used by some writers on the Canon to prove their spuriousness are needless. The Early Church pronounced them apocryphal; and, although they were extensively read in the East and West, and believed in by many credulous Fathers, they bear in every paragraph the stamp of their falsehood. Chrysostom sums up all that needs be said, when he declares that Christ wrought no miracle before that in Cana of Galilee, and censures the Virgin for too great vanity and forwardness in desiring Christ to work a miracle, when as yet she had never seen Him work one; and pronounces the whole of these marvels of Christ's youth "forgeries and lies."

Before passing to the apocryphal accounts of our Saviour's passion and descent into Hades, we must notice two legends that follow the history of Joseph and Mary—or rather that describe their end. It might have been expected that the busy curiosity of the lovers of the fabulous would not be contented with the marked silence of the Canonical narrative as to the latter days of these two holy personages. Accordingly we have a very elaborate description of the manner of their exit from the scene.

The history of Joseph, the carpenter, was probably written in Coptic, and read on the feast which early commemorated his memory in that country. It is, however, only a history of his last moments, and is made to derive its chief interest from the tribute paid to him by the Lord Himself in a conversation with His Apostles. Here we find that Joseph was of the royal race of David; that, on account of his profound acquaintance with the Scriptures, he had been made a priest. Much stress is laid on his former marriage; and the *Lord's brethren* are made the fruit of that marriage. When Mary was committed to his care by the high priest he was ninety-two years old, but without any of the infirmities of old age. Not long afterwards he was summoned to his rest; and the dying scene is a singular medley of lofty sentiment and puerile

fancy. He laments his sins, appeals to Jesus as his Saviour and Redeemer, and shrinks with amazement from the presence of death and his agents. Jesus consoles His mother in a strain like this :—"O My beloved mother, like all creatures born into the world, be fully under the necessity of dying. Death has a right to all who live. Thou thyself, O virgin mother, must expect, like every mortal, to die; but thy death, like that of this pious old man, shall not be death, but imperishable life. I Myself, as to the body I have received from thine, must also die." On the invocation of Jesus, Michael and Gabriel descend from heaven to receive the spirit of the dying man, wrap him in a luminous vesture, and carry him through the crowd of the spirits of darkness to the habitation of the just in Paradise. The book ends with a conversation between Jesus and His Apostles as to the end of Joseph. They express their astonishment that a man whom Jesus, after the flesh, had called His father should be less honourably dealt with than Enoch and Elijah, who were translated without dying; whereupon the Lord explains to them that those ancient worthies must return to earth and undergo the common lot—a tradition which seems to have obtained wide currency in the East.

The legendary narrative of the end, or rather the assumption, of Mary, takes several forms. That which is most familiar professes to be the pious work of the Apostle John. The picturesque story is that certain monks of Mount Sinai wrote to a bishop of Jerusalem for an account supplementary of the gospels touching the end of the Virgin; and he assured them that such an account had been written by the Apostle, and was to be found in Ephesus. Touched by their piety, the heavenly personage left the document on the altar of the church. The narrative itself is not within our scope; but it may be epitomised. Mary was observed by the Jews to be assiduous in paying her devotions at the holy sepulchre, and they determined to secure her destruction; but, changing their purpose on hearing that there was a movement to avenge upon them the death of Jesus, they prevailed upon her to retire to Bethlehem. Feeling her end approach, she desired of her Son that John and the rest of the Apostles might attend her: accordingly, they all, whether dead or still living, came to her on the clouds of heaven, and, while angels ascended and descended over her dwelling, sang the praises of the Redeemer. Meanwhile multitudes assembled, and from all parts of the world the sick brought their maladies to be healed, in the same manner as the Gospels testify

concerning her Divine Son. The Jews, setting out from Jerusalem to interfere with violence, were arrested on their way to Bethlehem; unable to move a step onward, they must needs retreat. The prefect was induced by threats to send 20,000 soldiers to resist the will of God; but the Apostles were transported with their sacred burden invisible over the heads of the army to Jerusalem. Miracles thicken upon the scene. A fire consumed many who approached the house where the Virgin awaited her assumption. A great controversy ensued as to the Messiahship of Jesus. While that was raging, the Holy Spirit commanded the Apostles to carry Mary to Gethsemane; a Jew seizing the bed on which she lay, had his hand cut off by an angel's fiery sword, and was healed on the intercession of the Virgin and the Apostles. Then comes the end. The under world sends to her its best representatives: Eve and all holy women, Adam and the patriarchs, innumerable saints and angels on chariots of fire, salute the saint, and introduce finally the Redeemer Himself. After many invocations, and promises of prayer for all, the Virgin was transfigured; the Lord received her spirit, her body was carried on a chariot of fire into Paradise, and the Apostles were left in silent adoration. In Paradise the Lord exhibited to His mother all the delights He had prepared for His faithful people: He conducted her through the several heavens, in each and all of which she received the salutation and homage of every order of creation. After which she saw the dark and frightful region of fire and torment, against the unmitigated regours of which she appealed to her Son, urging the infirmity of man's mortal nature. The story ends with the sentiment that in very early times had begun to obscure the mediation of Christ: "We trust in her intercession with her well-beloved Son for the salvation of our souls to eternal ages." This book was numbered among the apocryphal gospels condemned by the decree of Gelasius at the end of the fifth century; and that fact shows how easily and how widely these legends had been diffused.

Returning from this digression to the proper object of the apocryphal gospels, we find a cluster of documents which were fabricated from the second to the fifth century, concerning the end of our Lord's history. Here the Canonical Scriptures are very full in what they relate; but absolute in their silence where their narrative ceases. This was not to be tolerated by the lovers of the marvellous, who accordingly wove round some traditions connected with Pilate a remark-

able supplement to the Passion, which was afterwards added to a legend of the Descent, and combined into what is known as the Gospel of Nicodemus.

The mythical spirit, when it approached the Cross, was restrained by the completeness of the account which the Holy Spirit has been pleased to give of the Redeeming Hour. So far, it paid its homage to the inspiration of Holy Writ. But there was a little corner left for it to explore, and a pretended report of Pilate to the Emperor Tiberius gave the clue. Undoubtedly this was a forgery, even though men like Justin Martyr and Tertullian were imposed upon—of which, however, there is some doubt. These are some of the words of the Procurator, and every one of them betrays the forger: "I am constrained, most august emperor, though in fear and terror, to inform you by letter of what a tumult has just occasioned. At Jerusalem, a city of this province, which I administer, a mob of Jews delivered to me a man called Jesus, accusing Him of many crimes, without being able to sustain the charge by valid proofs. They all agreed, however, in saying that He taught that it was not needful to keep the Sabbath. Miracles were done by Him greater than those of the gods we adore." He goes on to say that, to appease the tumult, he caused Jesus to be scourged and crucified, although he found no crime in Him; that, as He hung upon the cross, all nature was disordered, the sun ceased to shine, the moon was like blood, the graves opened, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and John the Baptist, and many others, arose; that on the third day the sun shone with fierce radiance, and multitudes of heavenly mortals uttered, in tones of thunder, "Christ crucified is risen!" and immediately a great number of the Jews who accused Jesus were swallowed up in the earth, all the synagogues in Jerusalem were overturned, and terrible phantoms were everywhere seen. It would appear that the forgery was not conceived in the interests of Pilate, for a note is added informing us that the emperor was indignant at his injustice, and sent a troop to bring him to Rome in chains.

Another recital, bearing the name of the Acts of Pilate, gives a more extended account. Here Pilate speaks like a man versed in the Old Testament, which he frequently quotes; he reproaches the Jews with their disobedience to God, and in a tone altogether Christian. He confesses, as in the Gospel, that he found no fault in Jesus, and that he would, but for fear of sedition, have sent Him away free. The Jews accused Christ of being a magician, and of making Himself

the King of the Jews and the Son of God. Pilate omits the Apostles, but says that twelve leading Jews, with Nicodemus at their head, pleaded for Him; their pleading being reinforced by multitudes of the objects of Christ's healing power. The account of the Crucifixion adds only the fact that when Jesus entered the prætorium the Roman standards spontaneously inclined to Him in reverence, and that Gestas and Longinus were the two thieves crucified with Him. But it is in the history of the Resurrection that the forger displays his skill, arguing against the Jews. Joseph of Arimathæa is selected as the vindicator of Jesus. "Know," he says, "ye scribes and doctors, that God said by the prophet, Vengeance is Mine. The God whom ye have crucified is mighty; He will deliver Me out of your hands. The crime will find you out; Pilate said, I am pure, and ye said, His blood be on us and our children. May ye, as ye have said, perish for ever!" He was delivered, and miraculously transported to Arimathæa. The soldiers who guarded the sepulchre come to announce the resurrection. To every reproach they reply with irony, "Give us Joseph whom ye had in prison, and we will give you Jesus whom we guarded." Their silence is bought; but even a priest and a Levite report that they had seen Jesus in Galilee—strangely enough, seated on the Mount of Olives in the midst of His eleven Apostles. The legend presses their unconscious witnesses into the service of the Ascension; but they also are bribed to impress their testimony. Not keeping their word, the tidings spread, and with them boundless consternation; no allegation of the disciples' conspiracy availed to calm the people. Interrogation followed interrogation; witness after witness was summoned; and, in the charity of the legend, even Annas and Caiaphas owned the hand of God, and believed that Jesus had risen.

Part of the Gospel of Nicodemus is occupied with the descent of Christ into the under world: a theme of profound interest to all Christians, and one which had very early excited the imaginations of legendary writers. The origin and date of this rhapsody are much contested; nor does it seem possible now to determine whether it was an early composition that moulded the eloquence of the Fathers of the fifth century, or whether the legend-writer adopted their style in his invention. Certain it is that the book is a fair exhibition of the traditions that floated in the Early Church, and ripened finally into the purgatorial doctrines. The following is M. Nicolas's summary, which is adduced in support of a theory of his own:—

"The second part of the Gospel of Nicodemus does not go higher than the second half of the fourth century. There ought not to be the least doubt on the subject. I have already remarked that the legend of the descent of Jesus Christ into hell was understood and explained in three different senses. At the end of the second century and throughout the third, it was believed that the Lord descended into the under world, first, that He might submit to the common law of the human race, which decrees that every man on dying shall enter Hades, and then to announce the good news of salvation to past generations, making everyone a participant in salvation who was converted to the faith. In the fourth century, and at least during the former half of the fifth, it was imagined that He descended into hell to finish His own work by breaking the power of death and Satan, and by raising from the depths of Sheol the just men of the old covenant, who had expected and announced His coming on the earth. Finally, from the middle of the fifth century, or from the commencement of the sixth, this last explanation assumes more precision: a distinction is made between the saints whom the Lord delivered, and the ungodly reprobate whom He left in the torments of hell. He did not, strictly speaking, destroy hell: He only burst the gates of that portion in which the patriarchs and the prophets had been detained until that moment; and now that this place is no more shut again, the saints of the new covenant who go there after death will be able in their turn to leave it at the opportune time. The doctrine of purgatory is here in germ in this new interpretation."—P. 378.

The legend—as it is here called—is an article of the Christian faith; and the apocryphal book before us seems to be a fantastic perversion of it after the manner of the second of the three schemes stated above. The outline of it is as follows: two of the sons of the high priest Simeon were among those who felt the power of Christ's death and rose from their graves when He rose. Summoned before the council to give an account of their new life, they wrote each a document, and the perfect agreement of the two proved their truth. Their testimony purported to unfold a wonderful scene witnessed in the lower world. It is a diffuse and wearisome account, which may soon be summed up. In a colloquy among the waiting saints of the older dispensation, when all were dwelling on their hope to see the light soon rise in their darkness, Simeon, John the Baptist, Seth and other ancients, contribute their measure of encouragement. Meanwhile Satan and Hades have their conference also, and their discourse is of Jesus. Satan declares that he is about to seize on the prophet of Nazareth, who frustrates him at every point, healing the sick whom he afflicts, and raising to life those whom he slew.

Hades remonstrates and warns: "Who is this Jesus? If He is so great in His humanity, I tell thee He is Almighty in His Divinity. No one can resist Him; and if He seems to be afraid of death, it is only to deceive thee." He conjures Satan not to bring the Redeemer into his realm, as His coming would empty his kingdom of all who are chained by their sins. While they thus theologically converse, a voice of thunder reverberates: "Lift up your everlasting gates, that the King of Glory may enter in!" Hades, hearing these words, pours mockery on Satan, drives him from his dominions, and makes his preparations to sustain this terrific siege. But in vain. While David and the prophets quote and explain their ancient texts, the Lord of Glory appears in the semblance of a man, throwing His infinite brightness over the eternal shades, and bursting the bonds that detained the dead. Then follows the humiliation of death and hell. Still Satan endures the reproaches of Hades, and some of his objurgations are worthy of better lips: "O prince of perdition, how great is thy folly! Jesus has dispersed by His Divinity the shades of death. He bursts the solid prison-doors, and sets the captive free. Our kingdom is taken from us, and the dread of us no longer dismays the human race. O thou who hadst the keys of hell, thou hast lost by the tree of the cross the riches thou didst acquire by the tree of deceit. All thy rejoicing was taken from thee when thou didst fasten to the cross this Jesus, the King of Glory. Thou didst hurt both thyself and me. Why hast thou dared to bring into this our region the Holy One and the Just?" This colloquy, however, was cut short by the voice of the Lord, summoning to Himself all who bore His image and likeness. He extended His hand to Adam—the Saviour of all men saluting the first sinner—made the sign of the cross upon him and his company, and led them into the glories of Paradise. Those two ancient mysteries of Hades, Enoch and Elijah, explain their own case in wearisome exposition, and show how they must reappear on earth to undergo the common lot, and then rise again. Finally, the penitent thief gives vividness to the scene; wretched in aspect, but bearing on his shoulders the sign of the cross, he demanded entrance into Paradise in virtue of the Redeemer's pledge. The whole drama ends by lifting the curtain again upon the living. The Jews are more impressed by these returning from the dead than ever they had been by the Saviour's words. They turn to a new examination of their documents, compute the time afresh, and come to the conclusion that they had unjustly slain the Redeemer.

Thus Jesus, going down to preach to the spirits in prison, preached also most effectually by His descent to the souls upon earth.

Before dismissing this part of our subject, there are a few observations which naturally occur to the mind.

The first thing that strikes attention is, that throughout the whole of these inventions we see the same Jesus of man's device, a Jesus *after the flesh*, who could not have been imagined had not the authentic narrative lain before the forgers, but who preserves everywhere the same unmistakable stamp of spuriousness. In other words, the ideal Being, who is the hero of these books, is precisely such a personage as the spirit of imposture might be expected to create out of the holy Gospels. That spirit was wise enough to retain many elements of the Saviour's character and work, without which its product would never have been tolerated for a moment; but it was so far surrendered to its own delusion as to save the glorious original from any danger from its competition. The apocryphal Jesus pays its own peculiar homage to the true, both by its fidelity to some of the leading features of His character, and by its earthly and sensual caricature of the rest. It aims to uphold the supreme dignity and redeeming work of Christ, and this gave it its life; while its legendary and grotesque pandering to the worst taste of unholy curiosity, made its life a debased one and injurious to the best interests of the Church. Here we will translate M. Nicolas:—

“These apocryphal gospels, bearing so low and unspiritual a character, in which baseness of style and vulgarity of conception allied with the most puerile superstition, were from the fifth to the sixteenth century more widely spread, both in East and West, than the Canonical Gospels, to which they are inferior in every respect. It was indeed this inferiority that made their fortune. As soon as ancient literature, falling under suspicion, was no longer studied, and the reminiscences of the Græco-Latin culture were extinguished, society was debased. The invasions of the Barbarians accelerated the movement of dissolution in the West; an imbecile superstition hastened decrepitude in the East. Intelligence descended to the level of the apocryphal gospels, and that which had been in the first centuries a low literature, was now the only one understood, the only one relished. The absurd tales with which these writings were filled, became the only element that could give satisfaction to gross and superstitious minds. Thus, while the Holy Scriptures, shut up in convents, unknown to the mass even by name, attracted the attention only of some men who gave themselves to study, the apocryphal gospels of James, of Thomas, of the pseudo-Matthew, of Nicodemus,

translated into all languages, were the habitual nourishment of piety and the sources from which the knowledge of evangelical history was derived."—P. 401.

There can be no doubt that this was the case, especially in the East. But we hesitate to admit that in the Western Church the popular mind was so unfaithful to the true Gospel, or so ignorant of its contents. A long catena of great writers may be produced who utterly condemned them, while council after council pronounced them apocryphal. Still, the undeniable testimony of history proves that they steadily helped on the corruption of Christianity. Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, in the eleventh century, expressed the feeling of many when he regretted, in his sermon on the nativity of the Virgin, that the interdict of the Fathers forbade the public reading of the Gospel dedicated to her birth. Many, like him, gave pungency to their sermons, and gratified the popular taste, by decorating their compositions with these fables. And it cannot be denied that very much of them was at this time inserted in the Golden Legend. The Gospel of Nicodemus was especially popular in the middle ages. The fact that one of its heroes, Joseph of Arimathea, was supposed to have introduced Christianity into Britain, gave it a strong hold on Anglo-Saxon sympathy, as is proved by more than one translation in our ancient tongue. Either as a whole, or in imitations of detached parts, some of these gospels entered largely into the mystery plays, which at once proved and confirmed the debasement of the mediæval Church. And it would be a curious inquiry how far the early legends of Christ's descent into the under world helped the imagination of our Christian poets, such as Dante, Milton, and Klopstock. M. Nicolas takes a grim pleasure in establishing the resemblance by quotations; but he does not take equal pains to show the infinite disparity between the poets and the legend-writers, or to point out the difference between epic poetry and mythical gospels palmed as genuine upon the superstition of the Church.

On the whole, we look upon the volume of the apocryphal gospels with a painful interest. We cannot regret that so much labour has been spent in the settlement of their text, and in the investigation of their origin and history. There can be no doubt that, whatever injury they may have done to the simplicity of the faith in early times, they subserve a good purpose now. They show, when placed beside the true record of God, what the Gospel would have resembled, had

it been, as its enemies declare, the produce of the mythical spirit. But here we are reminded of some excellent words of Mr. Westcott, in his *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, words which we will quote rather than imitate.

"The completeness of the antithesis which these spurious stories offer to the Divine Record appears at once—if we may be allowed for a moment to compare light with darkness—in relation to the treatment of the three great elements of the Gospel history, miracles, parables, and prophecy; the lessons of power, of nature, and of Providence. In the apocryphal miracles we find no worthy conception of the laws of providential interference; they are wrought to supply personal wants, or to gratify private feelings, and often are positively immoral. Nor, again, is there any spiritual element in their working; they are arbitrary displays of power, and without any spontaneity on our Lord's part, or on that of the recipient. The Apocryphal Gospels are also entirely without parables; they exhibit no sense of those deeper relations between nature and man—between corruption and sin—which are so frequently declared in the Synoptic Gospels. And at the same time they do not attain to the purely spiritual theology of St. John, which, in its very essence, rises above the mixed earthly existence of man. Yet more, they do not recognise the office of prophecy: they make no reference to the struggles of the Church with the old forms of sin and evil, reproduced from age to age, till the final *regeneration of all things*. History, in them, becomes a mere collection of traditions, and is regarded neither as the fulfilment of the past nor the type of the future. The differences in style are not less than these differences in spirit. For the depth of a spiritual sequence we have affected explanations and irrelevant details. And the Divine wisdom of our Gospels stands in clear contrast to mere dreams of fancy, if we compare some Scripture story with obvious parallels in the most esteemed of the apocryphal histories. Thus, we might refer to the cure of the demoniac in the Gospel of the Infancy and the recital in St. Luke; to the discourse from the Mount of Beatitudes, and the address from Mount Olivet in the Gospel of Joseph; to the inspired records of the Crucifixion, and the Gospel of Nicodemus. For even these wild legends have their use. If the corruptions of the Gospels lead us back to a common source preserved in our Canon, the fables of early times teach us how far the characteristics of the Gospels were above the natural taste of the first Christians."—P. 448.

II. We shall now turn to the second class of apocryphal gospels, those which were the production of heresy, and were suppressed with the heresies that begot them; being only preserved in the writings of Christian apologists and polemics. These have a great and peculiar interest, and in making them the object of study, we pass from the region of the myth to

the region of Christian theology. They bear testimony to the struggles which the faith encountered in its first centuries, and give no slight assistance to the understanding of heresies which have passed away in name, though some of them continue their influence to the present day.

The earliest of the antichristian reproductions of the Gospel were produced by the industry of the Judaisers; the same party who, by their preaching, vexed the righteous soul of the Apostle Paul, and continued, by their writings, to vex the Church after he was gone. Judaism took a long time to die out in early Christendom, and assumed many forms before it expired. Sect after sect developed the peculiarities of error, the germs of which are hinted at in the writings of St. Paul and St. John; and each, as it developed, formed, out of the mass of oral tradition or by corruption of the written documents, its own gospel. In this class, the first place belongs to the "Gospel according to the Hebrews," early used by the Nazarenes, which has been supposed to have been the Hebrew original of which the first Gospel was the Greek translation. The testimony of Jerome, however, who translated it into Latin, fails to establish this; and Epiphanius more correctly regarded it as a heretical work based on St. Matthew. The Nazarene tendency is marked in the few sayings preserved, which deviate from our Canonical account. For instance, where Jesus is represented as calling the Holy Spirit His mother, in evident support of the heresy that the Divine in Jesus descended upon Him at the baptism, M. Nicolas cites some passages in which he thinks the advantage lies on the side of the apocryphal; but with what justice let the following excerpt, preserved in Jerome, show: "If thy brother hath sinned against thee *in word, and gives thee satisfaction*, pardon him seven times a day. Seven times a day, said Simon, His disciple? The Lord replied to him: I tell thee even to seventy times seven." On the ground of some quotations in Justin Martyr which differ from the Gospels, and in which he alludes to a tradition more or less accepted, M. Nicolas most unjustly concludes that Justin's *Memoirs of the Apostles* are no other than the Gospel of the Hebrews, and that that Father was himself a Judaising Christian. But nothing is more certain than the supremacy which Justin assigned to four Canonical Gospels, quoted by him as the memorials of the Apostles.

The Ebionites had their own gospel, constructed to evade the Divinity of Christ. It omitted the history of the Incarnation, and began with the third chapter of St. Matthew. The

Christ, in their theory, came down on Jesus at His baptism ; hence the addition—"This day have I begotten Thee." The Ebionites must have been peculiar in their Judaism, leaning to the Essenes in their spirit ; for they thus perverted the Lord's words on the Mount : "I am come to abrogate sacrifices ; if you cease not to sacrifice, the anger of God will not cease to fall upon you." Similarly, by "criminal fraud," as Epiphanius says, they made the Lord reply to His disciples' question as to the passover : "Have I desired to eat the passover with you ?" The Clementine Homilies need not be mentioned in this connection, as they were simply an Ebionite theological production, containing many apocryphal materials, but presenting no claim to rival the Canonical Gospels. The same may be said of the "Gospel of Peter," which the Docetic Judaisers adopted : it was found in one of the churches of Cilicia, in the second century, but condemned as soon as known by Serapion, Bishop of Antioch. The connection of St. Peter with St. Mark has led to the assumption that this apocryphal book was the second Gospel, especially as St. Mark omits the miraculous birth, thereby intimating, say the destructive critics, "that he regarded all that preceded the preaching of Jesus as matter of pure curiosity." Irenæus tells us that those who distinguished Jesus from Christ, and who said that Christ was impassible, and that Jesus endured the passion, preferred the "Gospel according to Mark." The Elcesaites, the most degenerate and ephemeral of the sectaries of Judaising Christianity, had also their gospel, which they held to have fallen from heaven ; but there are no traces of its mystical theosophy left. It probably contained a composite of ancient cabbalistic ideas and Christian doctrine peculiar to Syria.

The "Gospel according to the Egyptians" was much better known and widely spread in early times, and not improbably was one of those primitive accounts to which St. Luke in his preface refers. It was based on St. Matthew, but its specific differences may be gathered from three citations penned on Clemens Alexandrinus. These betray the Alexandrian gnosis, as may be gathered from the last of them, in which Christ says, "I am come to destroy the works of the woman, that is to say, concupiscence, whose fruit is generation and death." It is the theosophy of Philo, resting under natural symbols, the contempt of the body, and making religion simply and only the deliverance of the spirit from the prison of matter. The Docetic heretics held their gospel to be inspired. It was undoubtedly one of the earliest represen-

tatives of the Gnosticism that beclouded so long and so extensively the pure atmosphere of the Christian faith. To the same class also belonged the "Gospel of Cerinthus," which, like that of Basilides, modified the Canonical Scripture to suit the notion that the Christ came down upon Jesus at His baptism, and left Him at the cross. The Encratites, a Judaizing Gnostic sect, used a "Gospel of Tatian," erroneously supposed to have been the Diatessaron which has come down to us. It cut off, like many others, the genealogies and all the passages that allude to our Lord's descent from David according to the flesh; and was in reality no other than the Gospel of the Ebionites.

These are all the documents that have left traces in ancient literature of the industry of the Jewish sectaries who leaned to the Law, while they accepted the Christian name. They carefully expunged everything that tended to make the distinction too wide between the old and the new Covenant—all that took Christ out of the line of the Divinely-commissioned servants of God. Leaving Him in that line, they strove to make Him honourable, and cut off all that in their judgment tended to His humiliation. Some of them betray the influence of the Docetic spirit, and made the Baptism their starting-point; whilst all of them show by their corruptions that the Gnosticism of later development was beginning to add its yet deeper corruption to the Judaizing perversion. We now turn to that class of the apocryphal gospels which more directly attacked the connection between the Old Testament and the New, and carried perversion to still wilder extravagance. The following is an abridgment of M. Nicolas's vigorous sketch of those which he calls the anti-Judaizing sects:—

"Considered in regard to their opinions as to the Old Testament, these sects formed three distinct categories. In the first we must place Cerdo, Marcion, and their disciples. These theosophists did not go very much beyond the Apostle of the Gentiles in their opposition to Judaism. Holding the older covenant as a preparation for the new, they thought that it lost all its authority at the coming of Christianity. In the second category we must place those Gnostic sects which, without absolutely refuting the Old Testament, saw, however, in it only the work of a Divine Being of an inferior order, who often took the shadow for the reality, so that in their eyes the Mosaic economy was a medley of truths and errors. Of the Gnostics of this class, to which belong the Valentinians and the larger number of the Ophites, some accepted the Scriptures while twisting their meaning, as Irenæus says; and the greater part of the rest made a

selection, rejecting certain books and retaining others, which, however, according to Tertullian, they altered both by retrenchment and addition. Lastly, those of the third category referred the old covenant to a blind spirit, an enemy of the light, whose only design in founding a religion so erroneous as that of the children of Israel, had been to hinder the manifestation of the truth, and to place obstacles in the way of Christ's redeeming work. The gospels of the Gnostics appear to have been very numerous. We cannot wonder at that. The Gnostics could not have the least scruple, either in reconstructing the Canonical books, or in composing books which they gave out as revelations. To many among them the Christian tradition was only an artificial envelope with which they clothed their own systems to render their propagation more easy. A pious fraud cost them the less, because they regarded it as only a sinful method of spreading the truth. Others held their own theosophy as the true Christianity; the beliefs of the Church were, in their eyes, only a popular form, only a symbolical and veiled exposition, adapted to the ignorance and grossness of the mass, of the Christian doctrine; and, in this persuasion, they doubted not that their own superior science gave them the right to arrange, for the good of souls, the exoteric writings which hid rather than revealed the Christian doctrine."—P. 143.

The Marcionites take precedence. The "Gospel of Marcion," which they used, has perished; but, according to the testimony of trustworthy writers, it was only the Gospel of St. Luke, the Apostle Paul's Gospel, truncated and modified in ways which they have not failed to indicate. The heretic Marcion avowed his adherence to St. Paul, though it is a great mistake to say that he went only a little beyond the Apostle of the Gentiles in his views of the ancient economy. He did good service by the pains with which he collected the Apostle's writings, which he arranged in one *Apostolicon*, giving, for obvious reasons, the priority to the Galatian epistle. But he was a disciple whom St. Paul would have utterly disowned. His Gnostic contempt of matter and exaggerated asceticism are diametrically opposed to St. Paul's Christianity; while his views of the transitional character of the Mosaic economy were based on principles fundamentally different from those of the author of the Epistle to the Romans. But we have to do with his Gospel. In it he omitted St. Luke's first two chapters; because, in his view, Christ could never have been allied with matter, the source of all evil. The body of Christ was only a phantasm, and He was outside the laws of human existence. Marcion's systematic disparagement of the Old Testament is seen in many ways:

for instance, "When ye shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God," is changed into "when ye shall see the saints." Every link connecting Jesus with the flesh is removed. We do not hear His disciples say, "And His brethren came unto Him." When M. Nicolas, who labours hard to upset the theory of this dogmatic intention, appeals to ch. viii. 29, which Marcion retained, he forgets that in this latter case the words were harmless as spoken, not by disciples, but by the Jews. M. Nicolas, to do him justice, shrinks from the reckless hypothesis of the Tübingen critics, who make St. Luke's Gospel a reproduction of Marcion's. He would, perhaps, prefer that to the old theory; but he rests content with his own, that the Gospel of Cerdo and Marcion was an imperfect copy of the third Gospel.

Passing from the Marcionites to the Valentinians, the representatives of the second class of the Gnostics who dishonoured the Old Testament, we find ourselves in the midst of a shower of these meteoric apocryphal gospels. According to the distinction laid down above, these various sects occupied a midway place between Marcion and the most extreme enthusiasts. They did not, even to the same extent as Marcion, reject the old dispensation; still less did they hold it to have been the work of an evil spirit. They mostly referred it to the Demiurgus, an inferior being, who created the world as the blind instrument of God's purposes concerning His kingdom, not knowing what he did. They accepted the books of the Old Testament, under the condition of being allowed to reject what they pleased, and of interpreting the remainder according to their own notions. They pretended to attach much importance to the teaching of St. Paul; and imagined they had his sanction when they counted the ancient economy to be not good enough in all points for the work of God, and not bad enough in all points for the work of an evil spirit, and, therefore, the work of an intermediate and half-enlightened being. The symbols of the Mosaic dispensation gave place to the spiritual truth itself, and ceased to be anything more than a venerable curiosity. The gospels written on this theory were very many; but only the names, or little more than the names, of any of them have remained.

"The Gospel of Truth" or "The Gospel of Valentinus" was the most important. As its name imports, it was a new revelation of the mysteries of Christianity; but little is known of it, save that it had nothing in common with the

Canonical Gospels. The "Gospel of Eve" and the "Gospel of Perfection," of which only a few mystical sentences remain, may be dismissed with the verdict of Epiphanius—"productions of the devil." The evangelist Philip was also pitched upon as the imaginary writer of a gospel, a few words of which remain, uttering in mystical jargon sentiments that have no affinity with Christian truth. If we may accept the testimony of Epiphanius, who would not defile his pages with quotations, this entire class of writings must have been bewildering in their theosophy and detestable in their details. But, happily, a dozen sentences are all that remain to bear witness against them.

The third class of Gnostics carried their views of the Old Testament and their reconstruction of the New to a point of extravagance which it must have required all the depths of Satan to produce: it culminated in the "Gospel of Judas." The framers of this finished result of heresy were known as "Cainites;" and, however horrible their sentiments, it must be remembered that they were a considerable and widely-extended sect, who only carried to its final issue the theory which the Gnostic apocryphal gospels generally held in a milder form. With these the economy of the Old Testament was not a preparation for Christianity, to be laid aside when the true light came; nor the work of an inferior being, producing a partial work and uttering half truths; but a system of perfect error, from beginning to end the work of the author of evil. Hence they inverted everything in the Old Testament: all whose names are there condemned as enemies of God and His people were in reality the true friends of light and the future gospel of redemption. Cain was the type and pattern of virtue; Abel, of error and rebellion. The men of Sodom and Gomorrha were saints; Korah, Dathan, and Abiram martyrs in a holy cause; and in fact the entire Old Testament was read as the history of the revelation of the evil one. But Christ, in this perfection of Gnosticism, was a great reality. Not really allied with matter, He had nothing in common with the wicked creator of the world. As an emanation from the supreme light He used the semblance of flesh to destroy the flesh, and redeem mankind from the evil god of the Old Covenant. Now, among all the personages of the New Testament, the man who approached nearest to the ideal of Gnostic sanctity was he who suffered most to secure the death of Christ and the redemption of man. And this was Judas. He was branded a traitor because he sacri-

ficed all that men count dear to constrain the Redeemer to die. In his boundless charity to man he counted his own character of no moment; and, when Jesus seemed to vacillate, surrendered his Master to the Jews. Hence a gospel was written in his name, which gave from this new point of view a version of the life and death of Jesus, and the nature of Christian virtue. But this vilest product of the human mind has absolutely disappeared.

Finally, four gospels are generally enumerated as used by the Manichees, the last great heretical sect of early times. But it may safely be affirmed that they used productions which they found already prepared for them. Their ecclesiastical economy shows that they were familiar with the Canonical Gospels. But there was no distinctively Manichean gospel.

The all but utter oblivion into which this second class of spurious gospels has fallen, suggests a final reflection on the very name they bear, *apocryphal*. "The term," says M. Nicolas, "signifies *hidden*. The apocryphal gospels were neither more hidden nor more known than the Canonical. It is not, therefore, in the etymological sense that we must take the word; and it was not, probably, to the etymology that those had regard who applied it for the first time to all other gospels than our Canonical four." We doubt not that the word had a meaning very much deeper than the etymological among those who used it first. These works were essentially works of darkness. If it be true that the Divine Spirit has revealed the mysteries of the person and work and kingdom of Christ to the Church through the medium of inspired writings, what could have been expected but that the spirit of the hidden mystery of evil would forge in secret places his mocking imitations? What has he done from the beginning but this? But the Spirit of Life guarded the treasures of His own inspiration; kept them before the world; won the entire Church to accept, ratify, and confirm them; and is making them the standard of all truth to the end of the earth. He also brought to light the *apocrypha*, the hidden works of darkness, that His people might discern their foulness and falsity; and then He dismissed them to eternal oblivion. "Many," said Origen, "attempted to write gospels, but they were not received:" not only our four, but many others were written; those which we have were the elect and given to the Church. "Apocryphal books," said Augustine, "are not such as are of authority, but kept secret; they are books whose original is obscure, which are destitute of proper testi-

monials, their authors unknown, and their characters heretical or suspected." It is contrary to truth to say that these productions ever were generally current, generally accepted, or even generally known; and equally false to attribute their suppression to a conspiracy of the defenders of the Catholic faith. They went out of the Church into the darkness of oblivion because they were not of the Church. They wrought their measure of evil, but were rebuked by the truth and withered; for no lie has life. "*But the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.*"

ART. VIII.—*Ante-Nicene Christian Library*. Translations of the Writings of the Fathers down to A.D. 325. Vol. VII. The Five Books of Tertullianus against Marcion. Translated by PETER HOLMES, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1868.

WE have unfeigned satisfaction in the progress of these translations. The truth as it is in Jesus has nothing to fear, but very much to gain, from the greater publicity of the earliest Fathers of the Christian Church. Translated by men so thoroughly competent, and enriched with such judicious notes as accompany these volumes. Every issue adds to the general obligation of the Christian public. We only hope that the editors will not be appalled by the extent of the series to which they are committed; but be liberal and large in their selection.

This volume of Tertullian will be to many like a first introduction of a writer known well enough by name, but very little understood by those who quote him. We have no promise here of any of his other works; we trust, however, that several of them will follow. Dr. Holmes in a few well-ordered sentences thus introduces the African Father, and at the same time justifies the hope we have expressed:—

“The reader has in this volume a translation (attempted for the first time in English) of the largest of the extant works of the earliest Latin Father. The most important of Tertullian’s writings have always been highly valued in the Church, although, as was natural from their varied character, for different reasons. Thus his two best-known treatises, *The Apology* and *The Prescription against Heretics*, have divided between them for more than sixteen centuries the admiration of all intelligent readers—the one for its masterly defence of the Christian religion against its heathen persecutors, and the other for its lucid vindication of the Church’s rule of faith against its heretical assailants. The present work has equal claims on the reader’s appreciation, in respect of those qualities of vigorous thought, close reasoning, terse expression, and earnest purpose, enlivened by sparkling wit and impassioned eloquence, which have always secured for Tertullian, in spite of many drawbacks, the esteem which is given to a great and favourite author. . . . Many treatises of great authors, which have outlived their literal occasion, retain a value from their collateral arguments, which is not inferior to that effected by their primary subject. If Marcionism is in the letter obsolete, there is its spirit still left in the Church, which in more ways than one develops its

ancient characteristics. What these were, the reader will soon discover in this volume; but reference may be made even here, in passing, to that prominent aim of the heresy which gave Tertullian his opportunity of proving the essential coherence of the Old and the New Testaments, and of exhibiting both his great knowledge of the details of Holy Scripture, and his fine intelligence of the progressive nature of God's revelation as a whole. This constitutes the charm of the present volume, which might almost be designated a *Treatise on the Connection between the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures.*"

The translator gives a very brief sketch of Tertullian; too brief indeed, considering the light which his history sheds upon his writings, and the bond that connects them all. We took up the work intending to offer some analysis of its revelation of Gnosticism; but found ourselves led into something like a sketch of the consecutive labours of this most earnest workman in the cause of Christ. The result is, therefore, not a summary of this treatise, but an introduction to the author of it—an introduction which, however slight, will be sufficient to awaken in many readers for whom we write, an intelligent interest in one of the most remarkable men in the history of Christianity.

Jerome, in his *Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers*, gives us almost all we know of the external history of Tertullian. This text, much commented on by historians, runs as follows: "Tertullian, a presbyter, the first Latin writer after Victor and Apollonius, was a native of the Province of Africa and City of Carthage, the son of a pro-consular centurion: he was a man of a sharp and vehement temper, flourished under Severus and Antonius Caracalla, and wrote numerous works, which (as they are generally known) I think it unnecessary to particularise. I saw at Concordia, in Italy, an old man named Paulus. He said that, when young, he met at Rome with an aged amanuensis of the blessed Cyprian, who told him that Cyprian never passed a day without reading some portion of Tertullian's works, and used frequently to say, '*Give me my master,*' meaning Tertullian. After remaining a presbyter of the Church until he had attained the middle age of life, Tertullian was, by the envy and contumelious treatment of the Roman clergy, driven to embrace the opinions of Montanus, which he has mentioned in several of his works under the title of the '*New Prophecy.*' He is reported to have lived to a very advanced age, and to have composed many other works which are not extant."

Research and conjecture have added but little to this succinct account. Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus was

born of that Punic-Roman stock to which the Church owed so much in after times. His birth took place probably about A.D. 160; and he was most probably trained in heathenism. His richly-endowed mind was carefully disciplined in literature, as is attested by the various knowledge diffused in his writings: historical, juridical, philosophical, physical, and antiquarian learning, is as prodigally displayed in them as in those of any of the Fathers, not excepting Origen. "Like Origen," says Vincent of Lerins in his *Commonitorium*, "among the Greeks, Tertullian may be called among us the prince. Where, indeed, can a man be found more learned than he, more versed in all things Divine and human? His wonderful genius embraces all philosophy, all its sects, all its authors, all their disciplines, all events, and all sciences. He has nearly as many ideas as words, and all his ideas are triumphs." He was acquainted with the Greek tongue; but the evidences of the extent of his learning in that language have perished with the works he wrote in it. But his destination was the service of the State, and he devoted himself mainly to the study of Roman jurisprudence and forensic eloquence. Eusebius pays him a high tribute in this department: "Tertullian, a man much conversant with Roman laws, and one of the most distinguished men in Rome;" from which it might be gathered that before his conversion he practised in Italy. Many held him to have been the author of Fragments in the Pandects, bearing the name of a certain Tertyllus or Tertullianus; but the best evidence of his early forensic knowledge and skill is to be found in the cast of his writings, which everywhere show the practised advocate.

We learn from himself that he was early acquainted with the Christian community, and that he exercised his genius in ridiculing them and their doctrines. He despised, he tells us, both the resurrection of the body and eternal judgment. "We laughed at these things once: *de vestris fuimus; fiunt, non nascuntur, Christiani.*" And his morality was heathen; by his own confession he led a dissolute life. But somewhere between his thirtieth and fortieth year he was converted, though the particulars we vainly search for in his writings. It would seem from some hints that it was not, as in the case of his greater successor Augustine, the issue of a long and chequered struggle, but the result of a sudden conviction and resolution. The fidelity of the martyrs, witnessed probably in the persecution that burst out towards the end of the second century in Africa, and the contemplation of the power

of the cross in the victory of Christians over Satan, he alludes to as the determining principles in his first decision. When that decision was made, it was unalterable; he threw himself with all the impetuosity of his fiery nature into the cause of the oppressed society, and made Jesus his Master for ever. And his subsequent life was from that time to the end a constant contrast to the life he had formerly led. His conversion, the details of which, had he given them, would have been of much interest, took place probably about A.D. 190. Soon after he became a presbyter, the fact of his being a married man notwithstanding; but whether in Carthage or in Rome cannot be determined. Wherever it was, he began and for some years continued a steady course of active service with his pen, in the encouragement of the persecuted, and in the vindication of the truth against assailants. His ministrations as a presbyter are never mentioned by himself; in his writings he speaks as a layman, and the fact of his separation to the ministry must remain a matter of uncertainty, in spite of his being mentioned by authorities of a later date as a Carthaginian presbyter.

Among the earliest Christian efforts of Tertullian was a letter to the martyrs. It is a pleasant thought that the first production of his pen was devoted to *strengthen his brethren*. In it, after warning them of the necessity of being on their guard against excommunicated persons who would seek the influence of their recommendations to the Church, he pleads the advantages of their imprisonment to help their patience: he tells them that they can now see no strange gods, nor meet their images; that they cannot be mixed up with the rites of paganism, nor aggrieved by the impure odour of its sacrifices, nor hear the cries of their cruel spectacles, full of impurity and madness; and that their eyes cannot now behold the places of public debauchery. But this rhetorical vein assumes a grander tone when he turns from the martyrs to their oppressors, as he did in his famous *Apology*, written in the days of the persecution under Severus, or not long before them. It is a glowing production, full of the genius of the writer, and has never ceased to be a favourite throughout the Christian Church. The document was preceded by an Address to the Nations, that is, to the Gentiles, which, however, may be merged in the more important work that followed it. The *Apology* was addressed to the heads of the Roman Government, whether in Rome or in Carthage. It complains of the ignorance of the heathen in regard to everything that concerned Christianity: they condemned what they did not

understand, and would not understand what they might be constrained to approve. "Human curiosity languishes only when Christianity is in question; they delight to be ignorant of what others rejoice to know." Tertullian pleads vehemently the injustice of the treatment inflicted on Christians: on the one hand, they are treated as criminals, murder and incest are imputed to them; on the other hand, they are released the moment they renounce their Christianity. The Christian name was the great reproach: "If we confess, we are tortured; if we persevere, we are destroyed; if we deny, we are absolved—because the war is against our name." He is very bold in carrying the attack into the camp of the enemy. He tells them that the crimes with which they charge Christians abound among themselves; that the worship of the gods, authorised by the laws, is the worship of pure fictions; and that the refusal to sacrifice to the emperor cannot be disrespect to authority, since it would be but miserable flattery; instead of which the Christians pray for him, and do not, like many who call him a god, rebel against him, and conspire against his person. He then describes the assemblies and the manners of the Christians, compares their doctrine with that of the philosophers, and takes a higher stand as against these latter than apologists had ever taken before. He then lays down the principle that the soul is *naturally Christian*, and proves that Christianity responds to every good instinct of man, satisfying and directing all his desires. And as to persecutions, finally, they cannot fail, while hurting the individual, to help onward the cause of Christianity. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of Christians; the more you cut us down, the more we increase."

No analysis, however, can give a fair idea of this best of the great Latin Apologies. Though many of its reasonings had been previously urged, the whole question of the claims of Christianity had never been laid before the heathen mind in so complete and harmonious a form. The accusations of apostasy, novelty, rebellion, bigoted isolation, urged against Christians, are exposed by a practised advocate, who never fails to drive his adversaries to their last entrenchments. But the grandeur of the treatise as a work of art is seen in the skill with which the pleader assumes the character of an accuser of heathenism while he is a witness for Christianity. Every vice and every weakness of the old system is held up to ridicule with an unrelenting fidelity that makes one wonder at his courage. He does not follow the example of some of his predecessors and contemporaries in recognising

the preparations of the Gospel in heathenism, and in claiming the philosophers as his allies. He appeals, indeed, to the human soul; not, however, to the soul as cultured in philosophy and dialectics, but to the soul as universal, confessing by its artless instincts the truth, and turning spontaneously towards its unknown original. But, like other apologists, he is perhaps too indiscriminate in his opposition, and his pleas are weakened by credulity and extravagance. Thus he makes the ejection of demons an evidence of Christianity which was everywhere patent to the observation of the world. He appeals to the process of Pilate sent to Tiberius, the result of which was the proposition of the emperor to the senate to admit Jesus into the number of the gods of the empire. Moreover, incorporating into his defence a number of legends, which might be easily detected, he adopts a tone of hyperbole in relation to the spread of Christianity, as in the famous passage:—"We are of yesterday, and already we fill the empire. Without open revolt, we could fight against you by simply separating ourselves from you. Doubtless, affrighted with your solitude, at the aspect of this universal silence, and the immobility of a world smitten with death, you would seek for people to command: you would have left more enemies than citizens." The Christians were, it is true, disseminated everywhere, and more numerous in some parts of the empire than in others; but, in the time of Tertullian, they were but a slender minority. Two centuries later, the Senate of Rome reckoned only a few of them in its bosom. Christianity began by winning the lower ranks. In the second half of the second century it insinuated itself into the middle classes; the aristocracy, especially in Rome, long resisted. At the time of Symmachus nearly all the great families of Rome were heathen still; and Tertullian spoke rather for the future than the present. But, with all deductions, the *Apology* is a masterly treatise; of its effects we know nothing; but, whatever may have been the attention it received at the hands of those to whom it was addressed, it is to us a precious monument of Christian antiquity.

This book is not, strictly speaking, a treatise on the Evidences of Christianity. It was not intended to serve that object, although it would necessarily attract a considerable amount of attention to the principles of the Christian community, and induce a curious heathen to "inquire and understand and believe;" to inquire, that is, in other directions, and by the study of other documents. Tertullian's defence of Christianity, as such, is very simple; it always takes high

ground, dwelling much on the testimony of antiquity, and on what we call internal evidence. He delineates the attributes of the God whom the Christians worshipped, and appeals to the testimony of the universal spirit of man. He then states that the will of this Being has been, from the very first, given to man by prophets Divinely inspired, and that their precepts, with a record of their miraculous credentials, were deposited in national archives. The evidences of the Old Testament, which is thus introduced, are conducted in a remarkable manner. Their antiquity is strongly enforced; he shows that no historical or literary relics of any land will bear any comparison with those of the Jews: an argument which would have a thousand times more weight in the Roman empire than it would with us. Tertullian does not show, like Biblical critics of our day, that the books of the prophets were genuine and authentic; there was then no necessity of this kind of evidence. It is the internal evidence that he mainly depends on; and in this he includes the palpable evidences, of which the history of the world was at that time full, of the fulfilment of the predictions of the Word of God, leading to the necessary conclusion that the remainder would in due time be fulfilled. The pith of the whole may be summed up as a grand appeal to the internal, self-demonstrating power of the Holy Scriptures as responding to the natural and instinctive questions of the human soul.

It is interesting to note how this ancient apologist, living so near the Gospel times, dealt with the central fact of Christianity. He challenges frankly the test of Christ's divinity; and gives a summary of the preparations for His advent, the testimony afforded by His miracles, the verification of prediction in His person, the preternatural darkness at the Crucifixion, and the known and undeniable fact of the Resurrection. He never mentions any Gospel or its writer; the facts of the evangelical narratives are supposed to be universally known. Treating of the Jews' theory of our Saviour's supernatural power, he deals with it as the only alternative left to those who saw the works and denied Christ's divinity, that they should refer them to magic. He never once hints at any doubt being cast on the facts themselves. None of the ancients had to encounter scepticism on this point; all they had to do was to show that magic, or collusion with Satan, could not be a sufficient theory to account for them. It was all the more necessary to do this, as the reality of demoniac influence was never doubted in earlier times. Tertullian amply shows this. He asserts, and proves by various tes-

timonies, the existence of spiritual beings called demons ; he identifies them with the false gods of heathen mythology ; and, appealing boldly to all the world, declares it to be a well-known truth that a believing Christian could summon these spirits from the bodies of those whom they possessed, and make them give their tribute to the supreme authority of Jesus Christ.

One more point must be alluded to. The calamities which fell on mankind, especially throughout the Roman empire, were laid to the charge of the Christian religion. Before the end of the second century it was almost universally believed among the heathens that the ancient gods were provoked and showing their displeasure by abandoning the empire to its savage foes. Every ancient apology, with the exception of that of Minucius Felix, alludes to the accusation : the masterpiece of apologetic works—in *De Civitate*—was written in direct allusion to it. Tertullian's reasoning is pertinent and convincing. He naturally points to the occurrence of similar calamities before the name of Christian was heard of, and urges the necessity that the wickedness of the human race should be scourged. As the Romans had always laid claim to the character of a pious and god-fearing people, ascribing their early prosperity and dominion to the favour of the gods, so it was natural to infer that their marked degeneracy was the reason of their decline. And here we meet, as everywhere, with the spirit of retort, almost vindictive in its tone. Whatever charges are alleged against Christians, it is not enough for him that he rebuts the charge ; he must also demonstrate the guilt of his accusers. Perhaps more wisdom in this particular would have increased the moral effect of this treatise.

The *Testimony of the Soul* was written as a development of the thought that the spirit of man is "naturally Christian." It is a very beautiful production ; showing with great force how much the Fall has left to man of his original state and immortal destiny. The free and almost lax views of this treatise are in singular contrast with the tone of others, written about the same time, on baptism, on penitence, and with the letters addressed to his wife. These are of no great importance, saving for the testimonies they furnish of the current of opinion and tendencies to superstition in the second century. Tertullian asserts that baptism for the sake of ecclesiastical order was performed by the bishop ; failing him, by presbyters and deacons ; but he asserts the validity, and in many cases the obligation, of lay baptism. He refers to infant baptism

as a general practice; but demurs to the haste with which the innocent age is brought to baptism, and sanctions the error that afterwards led to the unchristian delay of the Sacrament. The sentiment of his argument is exceedingly narrow: the blessing of baptism is such that, when rightly considered, the mind should shrink from the danger of exposing so great a benefit to the danger of sin, for which afterwards there is no repentance. This pervades all his views, and explains the ease with which he fell into the snare of Montanism. But it is hard to reconcile his various statements on this subject, especially when we remember that he was a stout defender of the doctrine of original sin. Certain it is, however, that Tertullian's opposition to infant baptism is of no weight against the antiquity and scripturalness of the practice. He admits that it was not an innovation; and contends against it only on prudential grounds. And his opinion had no weight even with the African Church, as the example of his admirer Cyprian shows.

One of the most remarkable of Tertullian's earlier treatises was *On Public Spectacles*. The secular games were celebrated by Severus, and gave occasion to this memorable attack, in which the future Montanist denounced with unsparing severity public games of every kind, whether the bloody combats of the amphitheatre, the contests of the circus, or the exhibitions of the theatre. The general tone of this treatise, as well as of another that accompanied it, on idolatry, is elevated, pure and convincing; and nothing can be more touching than the appeal he makes to Christian people to be content with their own Christian pleasures: "What enjoyment can there be greater than the contempt of the world, true spiritual liberty, purity of conscience; being contented with little, and devoid of the fear of death? You cast under your feet the gods of the Gentiles; you drive out demons; you heal diseases; you ask for revelations; you live to the glory of God. These are the pleasures—these are the spectacles, of Christians!" But whatever influence his strong words might have on Christian readers, the unbelievers would scarcely be won from the vanities of life by this African peroration:

"Behold the last day come; day mocked of the nations and now surprising them; the day when the old world and all its productions shall be swallowed up and consumed in one common flame. How grand, how stupendous a spectacle! O how shall I admire, how shall I laugh! What transports, what joy to me to see so many and so great kings, of whom we had been told that they had been received into heaven,

groaning together in the darkness below with their Jupiter and their courtesans! to see the magistrates who persecuted the name of Christ devoured by an avenging fire more cruel than that into which they themselves cast the unhappy Christians! to behold the wise philosophers burning promiscuously with their disciples, and forced to blush before those whom they had assured that God had nothing to do with the world, that the soul was a thing of no substantial reality, and could never recover its terrestrial envelope! And the poets lost and trembling, not before the tribunal of their Minos and Rhadamanthus, but at the feet of Christ whom they looked not for! Then we shall hear the tragedians pouring out true cries in their own proper distress; then we shall see the comedians genuinely touched in the middle of the flames."

It must have been after some of these vigorous treatises, and when Tertullian's fiery spirit had become known to his readers, that his book on Patience was written; for he begins this tractate with a frank apology, that throws a beautiful light upon his character. "I confess before the Lord that it is with some temerity, not to say impertinence, that I dare to talk of patience—I, a sinner, without virtue, who am so far from practising the grace I preach. It will be at least a sort of consolation to discourse about a good thing that I wish for and have not; like those sick people who, having no health in them, talk without ceasing of the happiness of enjoying it." His book on prayer pays a high tribute to his devotional spirit. It interweaves with the Lord's model and system of Christian faith, and gives some admirable precepts. It is also valuable as bearing evidence to the existence of a multitude of practices and abuses which were current in his day, against most of which he lifts up his protest.

But the treatise of most importance, next to the *Apology*, which Tertullian wrote in his earlier Christian days was that of the *Prescription against Heretics*. The term prescription was a juridical one, and signified, in Tertullian's use of it, the preliminary bar that shut all heretics out of court. On his theory they had no right of appeal to Scripture, which did not belong to them. "Who are you, and what right have you to our property, who do not belong to us? Whence and how do you come? By what title, O Marcion, do you cut down in my forest? Who gave you leave, O Valentinian, to turn my watercourses? It is my possession; I have had a prescriptive right in it from the beginning, and am the heir of the Apostles." He asserts that the knowledge of Christ

and His truth was found only in the churches that were founded by the Apostles, and in those which were daily springing up from the seed of their word. Rightly understood, and remembering how near Tertullian's age was to that of the Apostles, and how manifest was the origin of every heresy extant, his argument is irrefragable; we hold it as firmly as those who falsely base upon it their doctrine of Apostolical succession. "What the Apostles preached, that is, what Jesus Christ revealed to them, I hold as a prescriptive right; it cannot be otherwise proved than by the churches which Apostles founded, which they taught by their living voices, and afterwards by their epistles. It is clear, then, that every doctrine which accords with the doctrine of these apostolical Churches should be held as true, since these Churches received it from the Apostles, the Apostles from Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ from God. It is enough for us to demonstrate that our doctrine comes from the Apostles, and that, by a necessary consequence, all doctrines opposed to it are false." Tertullian does not here plead, nor does he ever plead, that the rule of faith was formed by tradition; it was the known and common doctrine that all churches founded by the Apostles, or men carrying their seed, held. Of that rule of faith he gives several formulas, almost literally accordant with what we hold as the Apostles' Creed. He says:—"The Apostles, after having preached and founded churches in Judæa, founded churches also in many cities, from which others received the seed of doctrine, and from which others are daily receiving it; hence they are all Apostolical churches, as being the daughters of Apostolical churches, while all together form but one church, the first springing from the Apostles, and being the source of all the others." As to the tracing of an apostolical succession of doctrine, let Tertullian again speak:—"Although churches can bring forward as their founder no one of the Apostles, or of apostolical men, as being of much later date, and indeed being founded daily, nevertheless, since they agree in the same faith, they are, by reason of their consanguinity in doctrine, counted not the less apostolical."

As very much reliance is placed on Tertullian's authority in relation to the hierarchical views of the second century, it may be well to give a few more sentences from this work, the most important on this subject which he published:—

"To this point, therefore, we direct prescription: that, if the Lord Jesus sent the Apostles to preach, no others ought to be received as

preachers than those whom Christ appointed; for 'no man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son hath revealed Him.' Neither doth the Son seem to have revealed Him to any other than to the Apostles, whom He sent to preach what He revealed to them. Now, 'what they did preach, that is, what Christ did reveal unto them, I will here also rule, must be proved in no other way than by those same churches which the Apostles themselves founded; themselves, I say, by preaching to them as well *vivâ voce* as afterwards by epistles." . . . 'But if there be any heresies which venture to plant themselves in the midst of the age of the Apostles, that they may therefore be thought to have been handed down from the Apostles, because they existed under the Apostles, we may say, let them then make known the originals of their churches; let them unfold the roll of their bishops as coming down in succession from the beginning, that their first bishop had for his author and antecessor some one of the Apostles, or of apostolic men, so he were one that continued steadfast with the Apostles. For in this manner do the apostolic churches bring down their register, as the church of the Smyrnæans recounteth that Polycarp was placed there by John; as that of the Romans doth that Clement was in like manner ordained by Peter. Just so can the rest also show those whom, being appointed by the Apostles to the episcopate, they have as transmitters of the apostolic seed. Let the heretics invent something of the same sort; for, after blasphemy, what is withholden from them? But, even though they invent it, they will advance never a step: for their doctrine, when compared with that of the Apostles, will of itself declare, by the difference and contrariety between them, that it had neither any Apostle for its author, nor any apostolic man: because, as the Apostles would not have taught things differing from each other, so neither would apostolic men have set forth things contrary to the Apostles, unless those who learned from Apostles preached a different doctrine."

As against the heretics who sprang up in every part of the Church, introducing new doctrines, and corrupting the Gospels to suit their views, these sentiments of Tertullian are most decisive. But their tone, when studied in an unbiassed spirit, gives no countenance to the notion that the pure doctrine of Christ and the gifts of His grace were linked with a specific order of men. Let us turn to another treatise:—

"But now, from your own argument, I would know from whence you usurp this right for the Church? If, from our Lord's saying to Peter, 'Upon this rock I will build My Church, to thee have I given the keys of the kingdom of heaven;' or, 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind or loose on earth shall be bound or loosed in heaven;' dost thou, therefore, presume this power of loosing and binding to have descended to thee—that is, the whole Church which is related to Peter? Who art thou, thus overturning and changing the manifest intention of our Lord, who conferred this on Peter personally? Upon *thee*, He says,

I will build My Church; and, To *thee* I will give the keys, not to the Church; and, Whatsoever *thou* shalt loose or bind, not Whatsoever *they* shall loose or bind. So, likewise, the event teaches. On him the Church was built, that is, by him; he furnished the key. Behold, what key? Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man destined for you by God, &c. He, too, first in the baptism of Christ, unlocked the gate of the celestial kingdom, by which offences were formerly bound or loosed, and those things which might not be loosed are bound, according to the true salvation: and he bound Ananias with the bond of death, and he loosed the impotent man from his lameness. Likewise in that disputation, whether the law was to be kept or not, Peter, the first of all filled with the Spirit, and having spoken before of the calling of the nations, saith, 'And now why do ye tempt the Lord by placing a yoke upon the brethren, which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? But by the grace of Jesus we believe that we shall obtain salvation, even as they.' This opinion both loosed the things of the law which were omitted, and bound those things which were retained. So that the power of loosing and binding conferred on Peter has nothing to do with the mortal sins of believers. For to him the Lord had commanded forgiveness of his brother, even if he had sinned against him seventy times seven; and surely he would not afterwards have commanded him to bind sins, that is, to retain them; unless, perhaps, those which anyone might have committed, not against his brother, but against the Lord. For the very command given to forgive offences committed against man seems to imply that no authority was intended to forgive sins against God. What, now, has all this to do with the Church, and especially with thine, thou carnal man? For according to the person of Peter, this power will suit spiritual men, such as an apostle or prophet. Since the Church properly and principally is that Spirit in whom is the Trinity of one Divinity, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He gathers that Church, which the Lord hath placed in three. And, therefore, from that time, every such member who unites in this faith is esteemed a Church by its Author and Consecrator. And thus, indeed, the Church will forgive offences, but this is the Church of the Spirit by the spiritual man, not the church which is the member of bishops. For this is the prerogative and will of the master, not of the servant; of God Himself, and not of the priest."

These words occur in the treatise *De Pudicitia*, written at a time when Tertullian gave the best evidence of his freedom of view on the Hierarchical question by joining the ranks of the Montanists. Apart from their extreme doctrine as to the second remission of mortal sins, from which we entirely recoil, they give ample proof that those are wrong who claim Tertullian as the advocate of an Apostolical succession, such as the exclusive teaching of modern times upholds. There is deep error in his sentiments, but it is an error that

could not co-exist with the pretensions to which we have referred.

Passing from this subject, we have in the earlier as well as later writings of this Father, many most striking illustrations of the operations of Divine grace in the conversion and spiritual growth of believers in the Gospel. The atoning sacrifice of Christ is always set forth as effecting the redemption of mankind as such, and this aspect of our Saviour's work is sometimes exhibited in a manner that seems to give sanction to views that remind us of the Latitudinarian theology of our own day. As to the corruption of human nature, Tertullian speaks in different tones at different times. In his work on the soul he says, "The corruption of nature has become to man a second nature; yet so that goodness, the Divine and original, that which is properly natural, still dwells in the soul; for what is from God cannot become extinct, but only obscured. It can become obscured, because it is not God Himself; it cannot become extinct, because it is from God. As the light which may be blocked up by a surrounding obstacle, continues to exist, but is not visible if the object is dense, so also the good in the soul, being obscured by the evil, according to its various constitutions, is either altogether inoperative, so that the light remains concealed, or it shines through where it finds liberty. There are some very bad and some very good, and in the best something bad. For God alone is without sin, and among men Christ alone, since Christ is also God. When the soul attains to faith, and is transformed in the second bath of water, and by the power from above, it sees itself, after the covering of its old corruption has been taken away, in clear light. It is received by the Holy Spirit into His communion, and the body follows the soul espoused to the Holy Spirit, as a servant given to it as a dowry, which no longer serves the soul but the Spirit." With these words many others might be compared in which this Father speaks most emphatically of the entire corruption of human nature, and the original sin that rests both as a sentence of doom and as a depravation upon the human race. But exact doctrinal statement was not to be expected from his character or his training. Those who are disposed to criticise his language captiously, will find ample material for charges of lax theology; while those who take a comprehensive view will find that the atoning work of Christ lay at the centre of all his doctrine.

The universal priesthood of the Christian household has been seen to be a favourite doctrine of Tertullian. He

regarded the whole life of the converted as a thank-offering presented to God through the eternal High Priest of the human race, but also presented by every man for himself. His treatise on Prayer contains some very noble sentiments respecting the personal duty and privilege of communion with God.

"All the angels pray. Every creature prays. The Lord Himself prayed. What has not God granted to prayer offered up in spirit and in truth? . . . The prayer of the old covenant delivered from flames, and wild beasts, and hunger; and yet had not received its final form from Christ. But how much more efficacious is prayer now! It does not place the angel of the dew in the midst of the flames (Dan. iii. 28); nor shut the mouths of lions (Dan. vi.); nor bring the dinner of rustics to the hungry (2 Kings iv.). The grace now vouchsafed to men does not take away the sense of suffering, but it arms with endurance men who are suffering and feeling and grieving; by its power it increases grace, that faith may know what to expect from the Lord, being conscious what it suffers for the name of God. Formerly, prayer brought down plagues, routed hostile armies, prevented beneficial rains. But now the prayer of righteousness averts the Divine wrath, keeps watch for enemies, and supplicates for persecutors. . . . Christ has conferred on prayer all power for good. Therefore it knows nothing, unless to call back the souls of the departed from the way of death itself, to renovate the weak, to heal the sick, to free from the power of evil spirits, to loosen the bonds of the innocent. It washes away sins, repels temptations, extinguishes persecution, consoles the feeble-minded, delights the magnanimous, guides the travellers, stills the waves, nourishes the poor, controls the rich, raises the fallen, props the falling, and preserves the standing. Prayer is the bulwark of faith—our weapon against the enemy who waylays us on every side. Therefore let us never go about unarmed."

The sect to which Tertullian gave his best days and best energies was founded by Montanus in Phrygia, about the middle of the second century. This enthusiast, in the ardour of a new convert from heathenism, and scandalised by the corruptions of the system he had embraced, persuaded himself in a Phrygian frenzy that he was one of the elect instruments whom the Paraclete was promised to raise up for the purpose of restoring Christianity from time to time, and carrying it on to its perfection. He did not profess to be the bearer of any new revelation of doctrine, but sought to establish the spirituality of the Church as independent of outward organisation, and developed in the world by the continuance of extraordinary prophetic gifts. His party distinguished themselves as *pneumatic*, or spiritual, in oppo-

sition to common Christians, who were *psychical*. Their theory of the Spirit's influence was altogether fanatical, and their theory of Christian virtue simply ascetic. They prescribed new and rigorous fasts, forbade second marriages, attached high importance to celibacy and martyrdom, condemned everything earthly, and taught that there was no hope, in the Church at least, for those who had once been guilty of a relapse into incontinence or idolatry. They laid hold of the common sentiment of the time, that a millenarian reign of Christ was at hand, and made the most of it in winning converts. They were condemned by the churches of Asia Minor; and owed their continuance, in spite of the general interdict, mainly to the influence of Tertullian as a convert. How entirely he partook of their spirit, and with what qualifications, may be seen from his testimony: "The Rule of Faith," he says, in the treatise on the *Veiling of Virgins*, "is absolutely one, unmovable and incorrupt. This law of faith abiding, other things pertaining to discipline and life admit of the newness of correction, through the grace of God operating to the end. Wherefore the Lord sent the Paraclete in order that, the infirmity of man not being able to receive all things at once (John xvi. 12, 13), discipline might by degrees be directed and ordered and brought to perfection by the vicarious Spirit of the Lord. What, then, is the administration of the Paraclete but this, that by it discipline is ordered, the Scriptures are revealed, the intellect is reformed, and progress is made to better things. Righteousness came first in the rudiments, nature fearing God; then it passed into infancy by the Law and the Prophets; then it grew into its vigorous youth by the Gospel; and now it is composed into maturity by the Paraclete." And that his entire view of the Spirit's influence was afterwards deeply tinged with this error, appears from a passage which we quote from the present translation. Speaking of St. Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, he writes, "But he knew not what he said. How knew not? Was his ignorance the result of simple error? or was it on the principle that we maintain, in the cause of the new prophecy, that to grace ecstasy or rapture is incident? For, when a man is rapt into the Spirit, especially when he beholds the glory of God, or when God speaks through him, he necessarily loses his sensation, because he is overshadowed by the power of God, a point concerning which there is a question between us and the carnally-minded." But never do we find him abusing his doctrine in his own personal experience: at least, there

are no traces of any such extreme fanaticism in the works that have come down to us, and his work on ecstasy is lost. Nor did he give his name to any Montanist sect separated from the rest. Augustine mentions that in his time the remnant of the Tertullianists had returned to the Catholic Church. But there is no evidence that either he or those whose views he influenced gave themselves that denomination; it was given them by their opponents.

But the new system in which Tertullian took refuge, and for which he was by his constitution predisposed, impressed its influence more or less on all his subsequent writings, whether polemical or moral. Whatever rigour there was in his Christianity was rendered still more intense. The very titles of his ethical treatises show the direction which his views of the Christian system took; they are on the *Dress and Worship of Women*, the *Veiling of Virgins*, *Exhortation to Chastity*, *Monogamy*, *Fasting*, *Modesty*, the *Pallium*. The tone of these writings is rigidly ascetic; they make no concessions even where the Church generally was tolerant. Tertullian seems to regard the Christian institute as only a stern discipline, in which nature is at all points to be warred against. Man is all spirit, without body and without soul. To women all elegance of vesture is sternly interdicted, mourning becomes her because through her sin came into the world. The old commandment, *Increase and Multiply*, seems to have been abolished with the ceremonies of the Law. Marriage itself is not much better in some of his sentences than a tolerated licence, and second marriages are no other than polygamy. "It is a great mistake to think that that which is not permitted to priests is permitted to laymen. Are we not all priests?" He has no mercy for those who had once fallen into mortal sin; including in that term apostasy during persecution, as well as murder and adultery; there is no compassion for them below, they must be left to the justice of God. His views of the wholesome severity of the Christian discipline are contrary to the spirit of Christianity, even while they seem to borrow its words; whilst his views of its high privileges and attainments are deeply tinged by a fanaticism which makes the gentle spirit of holiness a spirit of frenzy and excitement.

The Gnosticism that overspread the Church when the third century began found in Tertullian its most determined and, perhaps, its most learned enemy. Montanist as he was, he surveyed the legions of the enemy as they marshalled their successive attacks on the Scriptures, and on the vital doctrines of the Christian faith, with detestation, but without

fear. What his precise position was at the time, and what his other occupations, there is no means of knowing. But the writings of this period that remain show that his study must have been indefatigable, and his pen constantly employed. The polemical treatises against Praxeas, against Marcion, against Hermogenes, against the Valentinians; the essays on the soul, on the true humanity of Christ, on the resurrection of the body; touch all the heresies of the time, and, what is more than that, they deal with the most sacred mysteries of the Christian faith. The Trinity in unity—never before discussed as Tertullian discussed it—the internal and external economy of the Triune Essence; the Person and natures of our Lord; the reality of the Flesh of the Incarnate Redeemer; the verity of the Passion and the Atonement; the doctrines of creation and providence; the truth, unity, consistency, and perfected canon of Divine revelation; the immortality of the soul; the resurrection of the body; the eternity of heavenly joy—these are the topics which passed under his review successively: each treatise setting the catholic doctrine in something approaching to systematic form, giving it a new phraseology, in some instances, which it has never lost, and the whole making Tertullian almost the rival of his Eastern contemporary, the so-called “father of systematic theology.” There is a wonderful vigour and versatility of genius in these writings: they press into service almost all the knowledge of the day, and scarcely leave out one form of heresy, or even one shade of error. Rhetoric uses its every artifice, while theology searches for, if it does not always find, its most careful phrases. The truth is loyally defended, the heresy is unsparingly denounced, and the false teacher pursued through all his devices with a keenness of invective that strikes hard and knows not to spare. Bursts of eloquence, and gleams of poetry, brighten the page occasionally. But the tone of the whole is that of one desperately in earnest; sometimes so much in earnest as to be thrown off his guard by his very persistency, and pursuing the foe beyond the line of safety, and into a region almost as nebulous and full of danger as his own. This was, however, the case only on one or two points, which will be mentioned presently; for the most part, his view of Christianity, as opposed to the mystical absurdities of Gnosticism, is eminently clear and practical. Whether he is vindicating the God of the Old Testament against Marcion, or resisting the anti-Trinitarian novelties of Praxeas, or refuting the dualism of Hermogenes; whether he is upholding against the

Docetists the true humanity of Christ, and the reality and sanctity of human flesh against the Gnostic vilifiers of matter, or defending the spirituality and immortality of the soul, and its perfection as united with the body, the aim of this *Malleus Gnosticorum* was always to establish a true and real and practical Christian religion.

The Five Books against Marcion were undoubtedly a production of his Montanist days; but there is nothing in it to indicate that any great change had passed over his belief. On the contrary, it conclusively establishes that Montanism, with him at least, was not a heresy so far as doctrine is concerned. Not much is known of Marcion, save that he was the most active and intelligent heretic that had yet opposed revealed truth. In his hatred of the Old Testament he imagined himself to have the Apostle Paul for his patron; hence, he collected the Apostle's writings, and perverted their doctrine of the end of the Mosaic economy. Hence also his preference for the Gospel of St. Luke, which he altered in many passages to suit his views, omitting altogether the first chapters, which declare our Saviour's birth in the flesh. Tertullian's polemic against this heretic is thorough, and opens up the whole question of the Gnostic heresies. He proves that Marcion's God was utterly wanting in all the attributes of the true God; he shows that the Creator or Demiurgus whom he calumniated, is the true and only Supreme; he then treats of Christ, the Son of God and Creator of the world, predicted by the prophets, and sent into the flesh by a true incarnation; he then makes the Gospel of St. Luke, as accepted by Marcion, the basis of a luminous vindication of Christ's Messianic character; and, finally, takes Marcion's favourite Apostle and shows that St. Paul's view of the Old Testament was a very different one from that of the heretic who appealed to him. Dr. Holmes has made this book readable by the English student; and we earnestly recommend the volume to everyone who would know something of the struggles through which Christian truth had to pass in early times. He has performed his service with great ability. No one who has not read the original of Tertullian can appreciate the amount of skill that has been brought to bear on the translation. The bracketed sentences that make up the sense in every paragraph, have cost no small pains; and the notes, pithy and learned, are provided when and where only they are essentially necessary. Take the following specimen, at once of the translator, of Marcion, and of Tertullian:

"As our heretic is so fond of his pruning-knife, I do not wonder when syllables are expunged by his hand, seeing that entire pages are usually the matter on which he practises his effacing process. The Apostle declares that to himself, 'less than the least of all saints, was the grace given' of enlightening all men as to 'what was the fellowship of the mystery which, during the ages, had been hid in God, who created all things.' The heretic erased the preposition *in*, and made the clause run thus: 'what is the fellowship of the mystery which hath for ages been hidden from the God who created all things.' The falsification, however, is flagrantly absurd. For the Apostle goes on to infer—in order that unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might become known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God.' *Whose* principalities and powers does he mean? If the Creator's, how does it come to pass that such a God as He could have meant His wisdom to be displayed to the principalities and powers, but not to Himself? For surely no principalities could possibly have understood anything without their sovereign lord. Or, if the Apostle did not mention God in this passage, on the ground that He (as their chief) is Himself reckoned among these [principalities], then he would have plainly said that the mystery had been hidden from the principalities and powers of Him who had created all things, including Him amongst them. *From God*, therefore, the mystery was not hidden; but it was hidden *in God*, the Creator of all things, from His principalities and powers. Caught in this trap, the heretic probably changed the passage, with the view of saying that *his* God wished to make known to his principalities and powers the fellowship of his own mystery, of which God, who created all things, had been ignorant.

"How much honour is given to the flesh in the name of the Church! 'No man,' says the Apostle, 'ever yet hated his own flesh' (except, of course, Marcion alone) 'but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord doth the Church.' But you are the only man that hates his flesh; for you rob it of its resurrection. It would be only right that you should hate the Church also, because it is loved by Christ on the same principle. Yea, Christ loved the flesh even as the Church.

"Again, when in the preceding verse he bids us 'put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil,' does he not show that all the things which he mentions after the devil's name really belong to the devil—the principalities and the powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world,' which we also ascribe to the devil's authority? Else, if 'the devil' means the Creator, who will be the devil in the Creator's dispensation? As there are two gods, must there be also two devils, and a plurality of powers and rulers of this world? But how is the Creator both a devil and a god at the same time, when the devil is not at once both god and devil? I want to know indeed by what perversion the word *devil* is at all applicable to the Creator."—P. 467.

The doctrine of Marcion is assailed under all its disguises.

One passage we shall quote for its intrinsic value as a model of exposition, both of heresy and of the Apostle's words:—

"If the Father 'sent His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh,' it must not therefore be said that the flesh which He seemed to have was but a phantom. For He, in a previous verse, ascribed sin to the flesh, and made it out to be 'the law of sin dwelling in his members' and 'warring against the law of the mind.' On this account, therefore, the Son was sent in the likeness of sinful flesh that He might redeem this sinful flesh by a like substance, even a fleshly one, which bore a resemblance to sinful flesh, although it was itself free from sin. Now this will be the very perfection of Divine power to effect the salvation of man in a nature like his own. For it would be no great matter if the Spirit of God remedied the flesh; but when a flesh, which is a very copy of the sinning substance—itsself flesh also—only without sin [effects the remedy, then doubtless it is a great thing.] The *likeness*, therefore, will have reference to the quality of sinfulness, and not to any falsity of the substance. Because He would not have added the attribute 'sinful' if he meant the 'likeness' to be so predicated of the substance as to deny the verity thereof; in that case he would only have used the word 'flesh,' and omitted the word 'sinful.' But, inasmuch as he has put the two together, and said 'sinful flesh' [or 'flesh of sin'], he has both affirmed the substance, that is, the flesh, and referred the *likeness* to the fault of the substance, that is, to its sin. But even suppose that the likeness was predicated of the substance, the truth of the said substance will not be therefore denied."—P. 442.

On one point Tertullian's polemic against Marcion deserves to be carefully observed. This heretic's idea of the dualism of the Divine nature was connected with a false conception of a discord among the Divine attributes; precisely the same which occupies so large a place in some types of modern theology. The justice of God revealing itself in punishment appeared to him inconsistent with the idea of the supreme love and forbearance and mercy of the Supreme. He had so concentrated his mind upon the love which is manifested in the Gospel that the idea of punitive justice—which, as he thought, reigned throughout the Old Testament—the idea, in short, of the wrath of God generally, seemed to him entirely excluded from the true character of the Divine Being. Redemption in all its depth and amplitude seized his soul, to the exclusion of every sterner attribute; and his exaggeration of the Divine love led him to fight earnestly against the severer aspects of God's moral government as displayed in Scripture. Hence Tertullian's arguments were directed to prove the profound harmony between the primitive justice and the eternal love of the Ruler of the Universe.

He makes punishment the safeguard of law, and inseparable from its maintenance. "For how can it be that God should give commands which He will not maintain? that He should forbid sins which He will not punish because He will not judge? Because He is a stranger to all notions of severity and punishment? For why does He prohibit the commission of that which when committed He does not take cognisance of? For that is tacitly permitted which is prohibited without punishment; and certainly He prohibits nothing to be done, excepting that He abhors that man should do. He would be esteemed most foolish who would not be offended with a deed which he does not love to be done; for offence is the companion of frustrated desire. But if He is offended He must feel anger; if He feel anger He must be avenged; for vengeance is the fruit of anger, and anger is due to an offence; and an offence, as I said, is the companion of a frustrated will." When the Marcionites asserted that it was impossible to speak of the wrath of God without attributing human passions to Him, Tertullian rejoined, that in general it is not possible to think of God except according to human analogy, and that everything must be regarded as one thing in God and not another thing in man. He pleads for an elevated anthropomorphism, founded on the fact that man was made in the image of God, and bears that image essentially in his spirit. Instead of bringing God down to man, we should raise man to God, restore the image of God in man, and transform the human into the Divine. Appealing to Marcion, he says: "Since thou acknowledgest that by the breath of God man became a living soul, it is perverse enough that thou wouldst rather place the human in God than the Divine in man; and rather transfer the image of man to God than that of God to man. And therefore this image of God is to be thought to be in man, because the human mind has the same emotions and feelings which God has, although man has not such as God has, for, according to the essential nature of the being, their state and effects differ. For, why do we esteem the contrary feelings, I mean those of gentleness, patience, pity, and goodness, the mother of them all, to be Divine? And yet we do not possess these in perfection, for God alone is perfect." Here we see struggling for utterance the sublime truth that the "same things are true in Him and in us;" that, however imperfect and limited our notions of God's attributes are, they have a Divine reality corresponding to them; and that we are not misled by the instincts of our own nature, and the teaching of God's Word, when we

ascribe to the Supreme the principles of government which have their feeble echo in our own. Hence he goes on: "Thou canst not, therefore, suppose that God was to be distinguished as Judge only since evil began, and thus degrade justice by making it appear to be the course of evil. For we have shown that it made its first appearance with goodness, the originator of all things, so that it must be regarded as something indwelling in God, belonging to His essence and not accidental, since it was found in the Lord as mistress of all His works. But, as evil broke out afterwards, and the goodness of God had henceforth to deal with an adversary, then justice also had another office to fulfil."

The human attributes ascribed to God in the Old Testament, which Marcion made the basis of his attack upon the Demiurgus, Tertullian regarded as springing from the Divine condescension, educating man for his salvation. They were the preparatory steps of the Incarnation. He regarded the Divine appearances, or Theophanies, as they are called, as appearances of that Logos who afterwards became man; hence, he rightly charged Marcion with inconsistency, in regarding these manifestations as unworthy of God in the Old Testament, while willing to believe in the highest instance of it in Christ crucified. "All, in short, which, according to you, dishonours my God, is a sacrament of human salvation. God lived with man that man might learn to act divinely; God acted with man as if with His equal, that man might act with God as with *his* equal. God was humbled that man might be exalted. Thou who art ashamed of such a God, I know not whether thou really believest that God was crucified." He delighted to maintain that God could not enter into relations of intercourse with men, without appropriating human feelings and affections, by which He might soften the force of His majesty, otherwise insufferable to human feebleness; that things seemingly unworthy of Him were necessary to man; and, therefore, in that sense worthy of God, for nothing is so worthy of God as the salvation of man." Tertullian emphatically condemns the impatience of the Gnostics in regard to God's gradual procedure in redemption. In his view there was infinite propriety that the severity of the Divine nature should precede the full revelation of His goodness. As Marcion also strove to prove the contrariety between the Old and New Testaments in this respect, he showed that the same seeming contrarieties existed in Christ. "During so long a period He hid His light from men; and yet He says that a light is not to be covered,

but to be set on a candlestick, that it may give light to all. He forbids to curse again, or to curse at all; and yet He denounces a woe on the Scribes and Pharisees. Who is so like my God as His own Christ?" Finally, he appeals against Marcion's doctrine of contrarieties to the marvellous antitheses that rule throughout the world. "His own universe acknowledges the antitheses by the contradictions in the elements, while, nevertheless, it is ruled by the highest wisdom. On this account, O most heedless Marcion! thou oughtest to have demonstrated one god of light and another of darkness; and then you might more easily prove that there was one god of goodness and another god of severity. But the antithesis of revelation is from the same Being whose is the antithesis in the world." In the same style of earnest, practical argument, does he deal with all the cavils and sophisms that obscured the unity of the Divine revelation. The reflection of the Divine image in man, and the reality of the Divine manifestation in Christ, for man's redemption, are his two never-failing doctrines: they guide him through every intricacy; and his method of handling them sometimes reaches the highest strain of Christian evidence.

Tertullian's Montanism probably tintured his views of the millennial kingdom, as expounded in this treatise. He combated, indeed, the Jewish notion that the seat of this millennial reign would be Jerusalem, restored to its ancient splendour. But he mingled the sensuous and the spiritual in a remarkable manner. He imagined that a city actually descending from heaven was to be the seat of this kingdom; and yet he placed its happiness in the participation of blessings purely spiritual. He regarded that reign as a transition from the earthly development of mankind, after the first resurrection, to a higher and heavenly kind of existence and enjoyment. What believers had suffered on earth, or had renounced by voluntary asceticism, they were to be compensated for, but not on the same earth. According to the measure of their diversified states of education and advancement they were to attain, through the training of the first resurrection, a place in the ultimate kingdom. But an earlier work of his, on *The Hope of the Faithful*, probably contained his full exhibition of this doctrine, as it wavered or mediated between the carnal conceptions of his time, and the unduly refined and spiritual views which he condemned.

Addressing Marcion, he says:—"Not that we indeed claim the kingdom of God for the flesh: all we do is, to assert a resurrection for the substance thereof, as the gate of the king-

dom through which it is entered. But the resurrection is one thing; the kingdom is another. The resurrection is first, and afterwards the kingdom. We say, therefore, that the flesh rises again, but that, when changed, it obtains the kingdom. 'For this corruptible'—and, as he spoke, the Apostle seemingly pointed to his own flesh—'must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality,' in order, indeed, that it may be rendered a fit substance for the kingdom of God. 'For we shall be like the angels.' This will be the perfect change of our flesh—only after its resurrection. Now if, on the contrary, there is to be no flesh, how then shall it put on incorruption and immortality? Rightly, then, does the Apostle declare, 'Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God;' for this honour he ascribes to the changed condition which ensues on the resurrection."

The treatise on the flesh of Christ is the last and most complete exposure of the Docetic heresy that in various forms made the Redeemer's connection with our flesh an unreality. "No preceding writer," says Dorner, "can compare with Tertullian in his views of the truth of the humanity of Christ. No one enters into the mystery of incarnation with such love and wonder, and at the same time with such penetration; no one took the same pleasure, as much speculative as religious, in conjoining the most glaring contradictions, the furthest extremes, in Christ, in order that he might behold in His complete conarnation and convisceration (*conarnatio et convisceratio*) with our race, on the one hand, the magnitude of the Divine love, and, on the other hand, the exaltation of mankind. It is invariably the Atonement which leads Tertullian to attach so much importance to the reality of the humanity of Christ. A Docetical Christ would have been a vain pretence, a lie; he, therefore, exhorts his opponents to believe that God would rather become man than lie, appearing to be what He was not, not willing to be what He is. If His human personality were a mere appearance, so also were His human acts and works; and, therefore, the sufferings of Christ deserve no faith. The murderers of Christ are thus excused: for in reality He suffered nothing at their hands, and the entire work of Christ is overthrown. 'O, spare,' he cries, 'the only hope of the entire world!'" Tertullian pursues the Docetic theory through all its phases, and the reader of the treatise against Marcion, as presented in this translation, or of the other treatises not accessible in English, will find the best view of the entire system that he can obtain anywhere. It was the advantage of this Father to enter into a

rich inheritance of controversy on the subject: the principle of Docetism had been again and again condemned, and he only gathered up former judgments and ratified them in his own peculiarly vigorous manner.

The treatise against Praxeas dealt with another form of error touching the redeeming work of Christ. Praxeas was a heretic whom Tertullian had met in Rome, and whom he regarded with peculiar repugnance on two grounds; first, because he was a great enemy of the Montanists, and, secondly, because he propagated the Patripassian doctrine, which annihilated the distinction in the Divine persons. Speaking in his usual racy style of his presence in Rome, he says, alluding to these two points:—"Praxeas has done two works of the devil; he has chased away the Holy Spirit, and crucified the Father." This treatise is the most elaborate of Tertullian's doctrinal works. He labours with great subtlety to determine the relations of the Logos, or the Son to the Father, but in a style which cannot be commended. Here is the first use of the word Trinity:—"Æconomix sacramentum unitatem in trinitatem disponit, tres non statu sed gradu." His language shows as great an advance upon the loose phraseology of the Apostolical Fathers as it falls short of the precision of the later theologians of the Nicene Creed. The arguments are forced, however, and the illustrations dangerous. He teaches that God was alone before the creation of the world, but that in Him was His wisdom, His reason, and His interior Word, which afterwards became His external Word. He preferred using the term Word of the Son after that coming forth into creation; but his language might almost imply that the Son was only Divine in the Arian sense, although he takes care to defend himself against such an imputation. When he speaks of the Son as the second after the Father, produced out of His eternal essence without being ever separated from it, and of the Holy Spirit as third after the Father and the Son, equally inseparable from the essence of both, he anticipates the great decisions of the creed; but when he illustrates this by the plant derived from its root, the river from its source, the ray from the sun, he fell into a perilous region of thought into which many of the greatest theologians have followed him. The more carefully, however, the words of this first professed advocate of the Trinity are weighed, the more evident will it be that his theology was sound.

Tertullian was deeply solicitous that the common language of the Church should be faithful to the Scriptural model. He urges that the idea of two Gods and two Lords should never

be sanctioned; not that the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are not severally God, but because the Son is named God only in union with the Father. Carrying the refinement further, he would have the "weakness of the heathen regarded by an imitation of the Apostle: when he would mention together the Father and the Son, he will call the Father God, and the Son Our Lord Jesus Christ; but when he would name Christ alone, he would call Him God." When the Scripture says there is only one God, it is against the Gentiles who admit a multitude of false gods, or against the heretics who multiply idols by their reasonings, that is to say those who admitted emanations, like Marcion, Hermogenes, and the rest." "I and the Father are one: He does not say, 'I am,' but 'we are;' and not *unus* in the masculine, but *unum* in the neuter; one and the same essence, not one and the same person. To show the unity of substance, not the singularity of person, He says, 'I am in the Father,' and not 'I am the Father.'"

The special bearing of his argument on Praxeas may be thus stated. He and other heretics, pressed by the distinction between the Father, Son, and Spirit, which the Scriptures everywhere make, affirmed that the Son was the flesh, the man Jesus, that the Father was the Spirit, that God was Christ, thus making only one Divine person. Thus in defending the unity of God they lost the reality of the incarnation. Tertullian shows that God cannot change, but that nevertheless the Word was made flesh: not therefore changed into flesh, but clothed with flesh to render Himself sensible and passible: if Christ had been mingled of flesh and spirit, the result would have been a third substance, neither the one nor the other, neither God nor man. Now, in Jesus Christ there are two natures not confused, but conjoined in one person, God and man, each substance preserves its properties. Therefore Christ was not the Father, since it is expressly said that Christ died; not the Father suffered, since the Son complained to the Father of His abandonment. Thus it will appear that in Tertullian's vindication of the truth against this peculiar form of Sabellianism, his arguments were altogether derived from Scripture, and entirely harmonised with the conclusions in which the creeds have always rested. His over-curious and unguarded illustrations were common to him with Augustine and a long line of writers on the Trinity down to our time, including some of the greatest names in every branch of the catholic Church.

Tertullian lived to a great age; but scarcely anything is

known of the events that filled up his later years. His history is the history of his many writings. Whether he died A.D. 220 or A.D. 240 has been contested. So, also, has the question whether he returned to the Catholic Church so called, or remained in that which was the Catholic Church to him. Roman Catholic writers pretend that Bishop Zephyrinus, after a diligent inquisition into the Montanist error, pronounced an excommunication against Proclus, Tertullian, and their disciples. But there is no evidence to sustain this. That he returned from the schism has been confidently asserted; but the following are the words of Tillemont: "Some have asserted that he entered the Church again, and died in her communion. We could wish that there was anything like evidence of this. But we find nothing in his own writings, or in the writings of others, that gives the slightest indication of it. On the contrary, all the ancients regarded him as a man who died out of the communion of the Church. And the sect formed by him, which subsisted with his name, affords very strong suspicion against him." Certain it is that he maintained to the end an attitude of Punic resistance to Rome ecclesiastical. He was a child of Carthage, with all the memories of the long century of war which his country had waged against the political Rome. He both represented and confirmed the Christianity of Africa in its independence—that independence which the Donatists displayed, and which even Cyprian and Augustine, with all their hierarchical doctrine, steadfastly maintained. Whatever he was, he lived, and probably died, outside the conventional border of that Church the external and absolute unity of which his words have been so often quoted to vindicate.

The characteristics of Tertullian may be easily summed up, on the evidence of his writings, which are everywhere stamped with his individuality. He was endowed with a mind of rare vigour, but eccentric in all its movements; rich in imaginative power, subtle in reasoning, prone to speculation, but without the perfect finish of discipline and culture. His style, as a writer, was his own, formed on no model, and submitted to no restraint. It is compressed, angular, abrupt, sententious, dramatic, and full of figure; dealing plentifully in personification, hyperbole, sudden flashes of irresistible humour, and always moving under the impulse of an earnest purpose. Writing in an ecclesiastical language which he had in a great measure to create for himself, he proved the grandeur of his genius by overcoming obstacles that none before had encountered, and from which his successors in

African theology were by his energy saved. No one writer has stamped his impress so abundantly and so permanently on the theological vocabulary. His African provincialisms—if they were not, as Niebuhr thought, archaic Latinisms—his facile renderings of Greek into Latin, his affectionate lingering on certain symbolical expressions, give an unspeakable charm to his diction, while they fill his pages with difficulties and obscurities. He needs his own dictionary and grammar, but his vigorous Latin is the delight of all who master its ruggedness, and read it again and again.

As a Father of the Church he must be held in high esteem. Though not canonised, and not admitted by the Romanists among the Fathers, he is a writer who could ill be spared from their number. He received the Gospel with most entire submission of mind; and his asceticism spared not himself, while it dealt hardly with others. The great enemy of the Gnostic contemners of the flesh, he subdued his own while he honoured it. He gloried in what he called the Divine foolishness of the Gospel; embraced the supernatural element in it with the simplicity of a child; and never ceased to avow his satisfaction in the paradox, *Credo quia absurdum*. For the enemies of the faith he had little tolerance; whether they were heathen, Jews, or Gnostics, or the carnal Catholics, he had no mercy upon them, being desperately earnest in the belief of what he thought the one truth. Turning his early training as an advocate to account, he delights in polemical contests: entangling his adversaries in their own web, pursuing them remorselessly into all their recesses of subterfuge, overwhelming them with satire, and scarcely ever failing to make them contemptible. Taking the mass of his extant writings into account, and noting how wide are the fields of theology which they occupy, it must be admitted that he opened the career of Latin theology in a magnificent manner. His Christian doctrine is always faithful to the great counterparts of St. Paul, sin and grace, the fall and redemption; and he paved the way for the greater labours of his profounder and more tranquil fellow-countryman Augustine. His errors were comparatively venial, especially as, with a certain inconsistency that resulted from his impetuous nature, he furnishes in general the correction for himself. His occasional outbursts of contempt for human culture and science are amply atoned for by the rich fund of literary and antiquarian and philosophical lore that his writings furnish. His devotion to ecclesiastical authority and tradition is, as we have seen, more apparent than real; and, moreover, as a Montanist, he

neutralised the error by always vindicating for himself the rights of private judgment, and deferring to the sole supremacy of the Holy Ghost.

There was a remarkable unity in the character of Tertullian; in this respect, there is scarcely another name that may be paralleled with his. From the first glimpse he gives us of himself in his earliest writings, down to the last traces of his old age, he is the same rugged, earnest, intolerant and honest Christian. He was a Christian devotee from beginning to end; a man, perhaps, rather to be feared than to be loved; a teacher whose doctrines might lead to some error, but never to error subversive of salvation; a writer whose pages, while they do not perfectly reflect the Christian religion, are always and everywhere edifying and fascinating beyond those of any other in his century.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Socrates and the Socratic Schools. Translated from the German of Dr. E. Zeller by Oswald J. Reichel, B.C.L. and M.A., Vice-Principal of Cuddesden College. London: Longmans and Co. 1868.

DR. HUTCHINSON STIRLING has lately remarked, in the Annotations to his translation of Schwegler's *History of Philosophy*, that in writing the history of philosophy "the Germans are so exhaustive and complete, whether as regards intelligence or research, that they have left the English absolutely nothing to do but translate their text and copy their erudition into notes, so that of the latter those are the best who are the faithfullest to the former." There is only too much truth in the remark. Compared with the interest in philosophy and its history which actually exists among us, there is a singular and deplorable lack of any comprehensive work on the subject. Mr. Maurice's books on moral and metaphysical philosophy are able and interesting, but not always strong, and too often, especially in the earlier parts, spoiled by one great defect. Instead of hearing the early thinkers speaking (as far as possible) for themselves, we have to listen to Mr. Maurice ventriloquising through them. Mr. Lewes is admirable in many respects, and where his own special acquirements enable him to speak with well-founded authority, as in his remarks on the progress of physical science (and in his monograph on Aristotle), he is both copious and exact. But he has many and various defects—notably that of strong predilections, and too open contempt for metaphysics and the metaphysical spirit. On the philosophy of Greece we have the recently published *Lectures* of the late Professor Ferrier, the work of a mind of rare philosophic subtlety and power. They are marked by a fine spirit of delicate appreciation, which comes out most clearly in those of them which deal with the early Greek thinkers. The style also—a great merit—is clear, idiomatic, and often eloquent with the eloquence of thought. But, though carefully prepared, these lectures, from the very fact of their being lectures read to a class of students with but slight knowledge of the subject, are imperfect as a historical treatise, and they labour also under the disadvantages of all posthumous publications. Mr. Grote's *Plato* is, like his *History*, exceedingly

valuable for the breadth of its learning, its critical sagacity, and fine play of thought. But with him, as with Mr. Lewes, there is everywhere present the influence of strong speculative predilections, and the fairness of his work seems sometimes to suffer from this. As it stands, however, it is the nearest approach in this country to the thorough and profound work which the Germans have done in this department of literature.

We are glad, therefore, to welcome the appearance of this translation of a portion of Dr. Zeller's work on the *Philosophy of the Greeks*. It is scarcely necessary to say anything in praise of the original. The learning displayed in it is only equalled by the fairness and critical ability with which that learning is used. If translated as a whole, it would give the English reader what he can find so well treated nowhere else. The present translation of a portion of it fully bears out our statement.

Mr. Reichel states that "this part has been chosen, in preference to any other, in the hope of supplying an introductory volume to the real philosophy of Greece, as it found expression in the complete systems of Plato and Aristotle. The person of Socrates, too, is so much the sphinx of philosophy, that any contribution from foreign sources, which throws light on his life and his surroundings, is likely to excite general interest."

As to the contents of the volume, it may be said that it is divided into three parts. The first part comprises, in some forty-seven pages, a sketch of the general state of culture in Greece in the fifth century B.C., as seen in its general intellectual development and in the character and progress of its philosophy. The second part (of 150 pages, being the larger half of the volume) deals with the life and character of Socrates; the sources and characteristics of his philosophy; his philosophical method; the substance of his teaching; his relation to the Sophists; and his sentence and death. In this part we are on the ground which has been gone over so carefully by Mr. Grote in his *Plato*; and the various questions which Zeller discusses under this head are more familiar to us than those which he takes up in the next part. This third section, the last in the volume, discusses the history, teaching, and influence of the Socratic schools—the imperfect followers of Socrates. Passing over with slight mention the popular philosophy which owed its existence to Socrates—the best representative of which is Xenophon—Zeller proceeds at sufficient length to deal with the Socratics in three chapters, on (α) the Megarian and the Elea-Eretrian schools; (β) the Cynics; (γ) the Cyrenaics. It is in this part that most readers will most enjoy his work. We know no other book in which we could find so much information on these philosophical schools, based on thorough research, and conveyed in so clear a style, as in these 130 pages. Thanks, in part, to the translator, the volume, as a whole, is exceedingly readable, and interesting even to general readers.

A translation is announced as nearly ready, of the part of the

original work on *Aristotle and the Elder Peripatetics*; and we hope before long we shall have the whole work presented to us in an English dress.

History of the Inquisition, in every Country where its Tribunals have been Established. By William Harris Rule, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1868.

MANY circumstances have concurred to train and equip Dr. Rule for the work which in this volume he has accomplished. From a youth he has been a devoted student of ecclesiastical history. Called, whilst still a young man, to become a resident at Gibraltar, and from that Mediterranean centre being led to become acquainted with Popery as it was and, for the most part, still is in Malta, Italy, and Spain; resident for a time at Madrid, where special facilities for prosecuting his researches were opened to him, in part through British official influence; familiar equally with mediæval Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French, Dr. Rule, with his tastes and faculties, could hardly fail to become learned in all that belongs to the history of the Roman development, and, in particular, of that peculiarly Spanish institution, the Inquisition. Dr. Rule's former books on "*Celebrated Jesuits*" and the *Brand of Dominic*, have served as a special preparation for the work which he has accomplished in this volume. In Spain, too, having himself dared and narrowly escaped the severities of Popish intolerance, the subject of the Inquisition could not but have for him a peculiarly personal interest. The result is that we have here the first original, comprehensive, and thoroughly authentic history of the Inquisition which has appeared in English. All the standard foreign sources of information—such, for instance, as Llorente—Dr. Rule has long been familiar with; but, in addition to these, special sources, Spanish and Italian, have been opened to him. We cannot but congratulate Dr. Rule and "the Conference Office," that so valuable an addition to the ecclesiastical and historical literature of this country has been issued from the Methodist press. Henceforth this must be recognised as *the* history of the Inquisition.

The work is severely condensed, and well arranged. The rise of the Inquisition is succinctly traced. Pope Innocent III., Dominic and the Dominicans, the Inquisition of Toulouse, are the titles of chapters which show how the Inquisition grew into something like completeness; then the institution itself, the full meaning of the "Holy Office," is set forth, from the authorities, in all the hideous and saturnine audacity of its finished hypocrisy and cruelty. One chapter is then given to France, where the Inquisition, as such, did not thrive, although the dragonnades and persecutions in various kinds of the Huguenots by magistrates and the military, under the orders of "most religious" kings, almost equalled in cruelty, if not in coldness and cunning, the deeds of the Inquisition. Fifteen chapters are given to the Inquisition in Spain, of which exemplary

Catholic country the Holy Office was the peculiar merit and glory ; four to Portugal ; three to India ; one to Spanish America ; nine to Italy. Some curious documents are printed in the Appendix, and the whole is completed with a capital index.

The following extract from the Preface will not only serve to give a more perfect idea of the book, but will allow the reader of taste and capacity to understand for himself what is Dr. Rule's quality as a thinker and writer :—

"The reader will not find more than what is promised in the title-page. Not persecution in general, not the administration of Canon Law in cases of heresy by prelates or ecclesiastical courts, but the acts of Inquisitors only. It must be remembered that, while all churches that have lost the Spirit of Christ are given to persecute, no church on earth, except the Church of Rome, has ever had a separate institution for the inquest and punishment of heresy, with a peculiar code of laws, and appointed courts, judges, and officers. This, and this only, is the INQUISITION.

"By observing the chronological order of events, and by separately treating the Inquisitions of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, with the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America and India ; and marking Rome as the central seat of inquisitorial administration ; the progress, the policy, and the decline of this institution appears on the very surface of the narrative, without any necessity for extraneous disquisition ; while its history and decay in each country tends to confirm and illustrate the like history in the others, adding to the distinctness and heightening the variety of the whole picture.

"In spite of all efforts to impart uniformity to the practice of the several courts, according to the standard first laid down by Eymeric, and then recognised by the 'Supreme and Universal Roman Inquisition,' the distinctive character of these several courts has ever proved unconquerable. The Italian Inquisitor was refined and statesmanlike, rather sympathising with Loyola than with Torquemada, conceding much to Venice, revelling in merciless cruelty in Rome without much observation from without, and therefore with little scandal, and almost without passion, except perhaps in Naples, and now and then in any Italian state that made resistance, where he would make a precipitate retreat, to await the time for a sure and terrible return. Throughout all Italy the Court of Rome adapted its general policy to the condition of the several States, which it kept as much divided as possible from each other, that it might the more easily hold them in subjection to itself. The Inquisition of the Cardinals did not so rudely confiscate. Their Eminences were more far-seeing and commercial. They would not so readily annihilate a family by confiscation and infamy ; but they would make more out of it by fining the survivors of their victims, and even lay their successors under a perpetual tax. The Spaniard, on the contrary, was hot, vengeful, improvident. He was like one of those Babylonian tyrants, who were used to have public furnaces and common dens ; and, after casting the offenders into the dens, or

burning them in the furnaces, would make their houses dunghills, and blot out their names. The Portuguese was a Spaniard, but very deeply vulgarised. He could not be more cruel, but he was more disgustingly brutal in his cruelty. Not content to burn his heretic out of the way, he preferred to roast him for hours over a slow fire, that he might treat himself and the public with a sight of long-protracted human anguish in its several degrees of horror. The Indo-Portuguese was not less inhuman, but more self-indulgent. The heat of India would not suffer him to wait at the spectacle too long, and therefore the heretic was put to death more quickly. He had the military pride and the languid haughtiness of a colonial official in a but slightly responsible position. In South America the offices were in the hands of loose and low-minded individuals, who could not carry on their operations permanently on a grand scale, because they had not sufficient strength of character to keep their secret perfectly, or even to enforce their prison-discipline; nor had the magistrates power to put down the rising vengeance of the irritated colonists. Everywhere the national spirit, whether for better or worse, imparted character to the Inquisition, until, in process of time, Inquisitors, like other men, gave way to the progress of national feeling. So in Spain: long before the Tribunals fell, there were humane and enlightened Inquisitors who shut their eyes and stopped their ears against malevolent informers; and a Villanueva, while nominally a qualificador of the Holy Office, on being appointed to expurgate and suppress good books, would stand forth as a learned and eloquent advocate of translating the Holy Scriptures into languages that all the world might read. Llorente, too, Secretary of the Inquisition in Madrid, was studying the archives of the Metropolitan and Provincial Courts, and in due time gave the freest utterance to his abomination of the office he filled, in that great work which has contributed largely to our chapters on Spain.

"Two great forces have now grown up for the overthrow of the Inquisition. One is civil freedom; the other is nationality. The ascendancy of the former, promoted as it is, and guided as it ever must be, by true and living Christianity, incapacitates men from lending themselves to be accomplices in a perpetual outrage on human nature. The rapid revival of the latter leads to the repudiation of an ecclesiastical system that has for ages trampled upon all social rights. National interests gain a strength before which alien pretenders must give way. The intrusion of a foreign jurisdiction rapidly becomes impossible. Apart from all the infallible assurances of prophecy, and all our certain hopes of the eventual triumph of Christianity over the whole world, we must observe that the recent redistribution of European territory places every state in a new relative position; and of all other results the most important to Christendom is this, that the Court of Rome and Inquisition of the Cardinals, isolated, impoverished, and despised, are left far in the rear of all progress of religion and humanity. We have traced the birth, the growth, and the decrepitude of all the Inquisitions. Now we have seen the actual dissolution of all but one. That one is

not yet quite extinct; but it would be as easy for the oldest living man to recover the freshness of his youth as for the Roman Inquisition to rise from its death-bed and range over the world again. It may live, indeed; I know not whether it be alive or dead just now; but, if alive, it can only be with that lingering existence that is more like death than life."

Dr. Rule, as we understand, has retired from active service, after a long and various course of labour, in the West Indies, Spain, the Mediterranean, and at home. We trust that from his pen other fruits of mature thinking and extensive research may be given to the public.

The Sunday Library for Household Reading. Vol. I. The Pupils of St. John the Divine. By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." Vol. II. The Hermits. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. Vol. III. Seekers after God. Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A., F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

THE thought was happy, to provide such a library as appears to be contemplated by the projectors of this series. Three of the volumes are before us. Others have appeared, or are to appear, in which writers no less eminent than M. Guizot, Dr. Lightfoot, Mr. Brooke Foss Westcott, Professor Maurice, the Bishop of Derry, and Mr. Isaac Taylor, with others of almost equal distinction, are the writers. We are happy to see, in general, that the writers are well appointed for their subjects. Professor Maurice will probably be at his best in writing of Huss, Wycliffe, and Latimer, albeit Latimer's theology was very different from his own. Miss Winkworth is an admirable selection for such a subject as the sacred poets of Germany, although in her case, again, there will be, however suppressed, a fundamental variance from some of the best of them as to the theology of the Atonement; while Julia Wedgwood, the author, if we do not mistake, of *The Diary of Kitty Trevelyan*, is excellently fitted to represent, popularly but not superficially, much that is true and interesting respecting *Wesley and the Religious Revival of the Eighteenth Century*.

Altogether some fourteen handy and elegant volumes, of capital type, are to be issued in the series. Dr. Lightfoot's volume on *St. Athanasius*, *St. Basil*, and *St. Chrysostom*, will be an excellent sequel to Mr. Farrar's *Seekers after God*. Mr. Westcott will deal ably, and, let us hope, wisely, with Clement of Alexandria and Origen. M. Guizot's book on St. Louis, Vincent de Paul, Duplessis-Mornay, and Calvin, cannot fail to be valuable; while Mr. Thomas Hughes ought to make a capital history about Alfred the Great.

As yet, however, only four of the volumes, we believe, are published, and we have been able to examine only three. We confess our displeasure that a series of so high a class should be introduced so miserably. A lady novelist of the High-Church school could hardly have been expected to succeed in writing the opening chapters of eccle-

siastical history. The mere style is a disgrace; the treatment is sentimental and feeble; the whole is worthy of the school to which the authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* belongs. The pity is that the Preface to the first volume is allowed to do duty as the preface to the whole series. Let us give a few specimens of the style of "C. M. Yonge." "The direct pupils of St. John confine themselves to two." "It is only *after the great Apostle of the Gentiles*, together with all the original twelve save John himself, *had finished their course*, that what is peculiar to him begins." "Besides all this, St. John, answering present needs, *gives the first and deadliest blows to the crop of errors that men's busy fancies were leading them into.*"

What is peculiar to St. John is defined to be "explanation and organization." The first word is manifestly no less than absurd when used to describe a chief characteristic of St. John's writings. The second rests on mere hypothesis. But we forget; at present we are exhibiting the authoress' style. Here, then, is a sentence; "Materials are scanty; some of them are uncertain and, without real knowledge of the classical languages, can only be used at all at second hand; and in spite of referring to the best modern authorities, such ignorance must tell on a work of this kind, which has perhaps been presumptuously undertaken." But, for the combination of slipshod writing with High-Church superstition, the following passage may be taken as a good sample of the quality of the authoress: "Then when John alone remained of all the apostolic band, it was the fit time *to give the authority* of his personal inspiration *to the regarding* of the bishops, on whom they had laid hands, as heirs of the same power, and as absolutely their successors and representatives in the overseership of the Church. This, probably, *took place* at the meeting of the Church, which, according to Eusebius, *took place* after St. James' martyrdom, *to appoint* his successor, &c., &c."

Such is the style, and such the superstition, of the lady whom Messrs. Macmillan have commissioned to write a Preface which, while referring specially to her own production, is made also to serve as an introduction to the whole series of volumes. What will Mr. Kingsley, Dr. Lightfoot, M. Guizot, Mr. Westcott, Professor Maurice, Miss Winkworth, say to such High-Church credulity as this? Bishop Philpotts, Bishop Wilberforce, Bishop Villiers, Bishop Bickersteth, Bishop Hampden, Bishop Hamilton, Bishop Thirlwall, Bishop Tait, and the rest—all the rest—these with their predecessors, and also their "heirs and assigns," and, besides these, of course also, and *à fortiori*, all Romanist bishops, are or have been "heirs of the same power" with St. John; possessors of "personal inspiration;" "the absolute successors and representatives of the Apostles"!

Messrs. Macmillan were ill-advised to employ the pen of this weak woman in writing the first volume of the series. The best parts of it are but fit reading for children; the total performance is such as the preface gives omen of. The other volumes, however, cannot but be altogether another style and quality, can hardly fail to be able and

valuable books. Mr. Kingsley's *Hermits* contains excellent translations of the lives of the early eremites, as written by men ("saints") who were either contemporary, or nearly contemporary, with them; and is distinguished by the characteristic insight of the writer, combined with large and gentle judgment of the cases of these men. He points out their goodness as well as their errors; and, whilst he discredits their "miracles," does not discredit the general sincerity of the supposed miracle-workers, although they were "deceiving and being deceived." Mr. Kingsley, too, although a Protestant, and utterly opposed to false asceticism, yet understands wherefore and how some of the best of men might reasonably, in the third and following centuries, flee from the loathsome, desperate, devil-ridden world around them, into deserts and wildernesses, into dens and caves of the earth. In the milder mood of Mr. Kingsley's later writings, if there is less magic fire than of old, there is no less sagacity, whilst there is much more of tenderness and charity.

Mr. Farrar's is an interesting and valuable study of the three heathen sages and stars—very wonderful men they were—Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, who illuminated the darkest and most disastrous period of moral decadence and social dissolution of which the history of the world affords any record. The whole subject of which he treats, in his characteristic, graceful, and spirited manner, is full of instruction and suggestion. His volume, it gives us pleasure to observe, is dedicated to "his esteemed colleague, Gustave Masson, Esq., B.A.," a gentleman whose "learning and many accomplishments," whose "kindly sympathy and faithful friendship," are appreciated by all who know him, and have found recognition due, as well as emphatic, from Mr. Farrar. We shall look with interest for the continuation of this promising series.

The Life of the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Mary's, Brighton, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. By Josiah Bateman, M.A., Vicar of Margate, Hon. Canon of Canterbury, and Rural Dean, Author of the "Life of Daniel Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta," &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1868.

It is safe to say that this will prove to be one of the most popular, among really good biographies, published for some years past. It has everything in its favour; the subject, the materials, and the writer, are all good. It is a beautiful Christian book. Mr. Bateman has done his work well, and in good taste. It is no mean blessing for any man to have had the opportunity and the ability to write two such biographies as Mr. Bateman has written—the life of his father-in-law, Bishop Wilson, and this record of the character and history of Mr. Henry Venn Elliott, of St. Mary's Chapel, Brighton.

Henry Venn Elliott was the grandson of the celebrated Henry

Venn, Vicar of Huddersfield and Rector of Yelling, the "Methodist" clergyman who, in the rough West Riding, during the last third of the last century, carried forward, although with less vehemence of tone and manner, the work which had been begun by his master, Grimshaw, and who was the cherished friend of the Wesleys. The Rev. John Venn, the Rector of Clapham, and the Pastor of "The Clapham Sect," was, of course, the uncle of H. V. Elliott. To that sect his father, a London merchant, belonged, living for many years at Grove House, Clapham, but having also a house at Brighton during a great part of the time. John Sherman Elliott, an elder half-brother of H. V. Elliott, who succeeded to his father's business, joined himself to the "People called Methodists," and was for many years one of the most esteemed among the Wesleyans of the elder school. Charlotte Elliott, the author of the well-known hymns beginning "Just as I Am," and "My God, my Father, while I stray," was an elder own sister; and Edward Bishop Elliott, the distinguished author of *Horæ Apocalyptice*, was a brother, but a few years younger, and resident, like Henry Venn, at Brighton, in the town of his brother and of his parents. In Brighton are buried father, mother, son, daughter-in-law, and children's children. The dust of the precious kindred of the Elliotts enriches its soil, and more must be added before long.

Mr. Venn's sister is well known as a Christian poetess. His wife, also, was full of poetry, in thought, feeling, character, in all that belonged to her person and her life. She has left sweet verses behind her; she was a beautiful and noble woman, wonderfully fashioned and gifted to make her lovely and beloved. For eight sunny years she brightened her husband's world, and filled his heart with loving gladness. Then, in her rich prime, she was suddenly smitten and taken from his side. He never married again. Many beautiful letters were written to the bereaved husband. Among these the most beautiful were two from very different men; one from Sir James Stephen, himself, like Elliott, brought up as a denizen of Clapham, in the midst of the company and influences of that "sect" which he has so admirably delineated; and one from Dr. Pusey. We cannot refrain from giving both these letters.

Sir J. Stephen writes:—"That God may sustain you, that He may Himself interpret to you the sense of this mysterious dispensation, and that He may enable you to resume with calmness the duties of your sacred office, and to discharge them with a zeal and a success continually increasing, until He shall at length re-unite you to her whom you have lost, are wishes which have been, during these melancholy days, continually in my mind, and which have not seldom formed themselves into prayers. . . . The day will come—nor is it very remote—when your heart will cease to ache as it now does; when the habit of thinking of her as enjoying the holiness and the peace of heaven, yet really, though silently and invisibly, the companion of your solitary path on earth; when the tranquillising sense of trust in God continually acquiring strength even amidst the darkness in which

you move; when your increased power of ministering to the consolation of your fellow-sufferers; when parental affection, flowing in a deeper, because in a more confined, channel than before; when your own nearer approach to the world where she is waiting to receive you, will altogether diffuse over your mind a peace more unbroken, and even a cheerfulness more abiding, than you knew even at those moments when you hung with fondest delight over the treasure from which, for a little while, you are separated. May the peace, and the love, and the blessing of God be with you, and your children! I have never said to you before, and but for this sad occasion I should never have said it to you—that there are few men whose friendship I value more than yours, and whose happiness is dearer to me.”

Dr. Pusey writes:—“My dear brother in sorrow,—You have often taught that ‘through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven;’ you have often preached the Cross of Christ; I pray God to give you grace to abide tranquilly under its shadow: dark though it be, He can make it gladlier than any light; He can make it a joy to us to go on our way weeping, if so be, for this night of heaviness, we may the more look and hope for the joy which cometh in the morning which has no evening.

“Fear not, my dear friend, to sorrow; we cannot sorrow too much—so that it be a resigned sorrow; it would not heal if it did not wound deeply; there would be no resignation if it were not grievous to be borne; it is the penalty of sin to us, though to them the gate of Paradise; we may sorrow, so that we offer up all our sorrows, our anticipations, our past, ourselves, to Him.

“It is indeed an awful thing to have all life so changed at once; all earthly joy gone; every joy for the future tinged with sorrow; it is awful, lest we fall short, as heretofore, of what was meant for us by it. It is a solemn, sacred change: we ourselves are no longer the same, since what was part of ourselves, one with us, is gone; no human love seems to come close to our hearts since that which is nearest is out of sight. But be not downcast—at longest ‘the time is short;’ and though you are stronger than myself, a few years past and we shall no more think what billows we have past, but only whether they have brought us nearer home. I do indeed grieve for you. If I may speak on so sacred a subject, never since my own was withdrawn have I seen one who seemed to me so to realise the Christian wife as yours, or in whom I felt so strangely sympathising an interest. All joy must seem to one now like a dream; but it was deeply beautiful to see yours—so gentle, teachable, mild, holy. And now that, too, is gone. Sorrow is a strange mystery—a great one; for to His saints it is part of the mystery of the Cross. And so what would be nothing but punishment in itself, becomes God’s chiefest gift, and the sorrows He sends are deeper blessings than His joys. One often sees persons who seem to one to want nothing to perfect them but some heavy affliction. I know not what your lot has been—you seemed always buoyant; but since it has come, it must be what is best for your soul

—and that the more since it is so very heavy. It makes one's heart ache to think of it, and of your five little ones. But fear not; do not look onward, but upward, where she is; time will seem very slow at first, but after a while it will begin again its rapid whirl, which is carrying us so fast to the eternal shore. And then, if these sore, stunning blows have deepened our penitence, set us on a stricter way, made us gird up our loins and prepare ourselves for His coming, humbled us in the dust, and made us glad to lie there and see that we are dust and ashes, and worse, decayed by sin, whatever men may think of us, how shall we see them to have been 'very love!'

"God give you grace, my dear friend, in this your day, to see why this visitation comes; and may He who dwelleth in the contrite heart replace in you what He has taken, by the indwelling of His own love. God give you His peace.

"With humble sympathy,

"Your very faithful Friend,

"C. B. PUSEY.

"Pardon my having written so much; but my heart was full, and I could not but write."

At the time Dr. Pusey wrote this, he had long stood foremost among the Tractarian school. Mr. Elliott, we need hardly say, was an Evangelical. He belonged, however, to the most liberal and cultivated class among Evangelical Churchmen. His Calvinism was not pronounced; his circle of intercourse was wide and various, including some of the best, most gifted, and largest-minded men of every Christian school; and his own temper was averse to extremes. Perhaps, indeed, he was politic, and, within certain limits, elastic, almost to a fault. He was courtly, polished, benevolent, and hopeful. He was eminently adapted to the sphere which he filled. He moved among gentlefolks and the poor as one "to the manner born." He did not search the intellect, and, perhaps, only sounded the conscience within certain latitudes. The perilously perplexed were attracted to the unsafe guidance of Robertson, not to Elliott. The fascination exercised upon them by the former was often far from helpful or illuminative; but they found at least more sympathy and insight in his preaching than in the excellent and, to very many, most impressive and useful discourses delivered by Mr. Elliott. Nor did he, with any touch of Spurgeon-like power, arrest, probe, convict, the common heart of his hearers, of whatever grade. But he did deliver pathetic, consolatory, instructive, stimulating, sermons; he was often the means of awakening the careless, and laying bare the emptiness of the formalist; and he was one of those preachers to whom, as a rule, Christian men of every school of doctrine could listen with pleasure and profit.

The result was, that he had friends in every section of the Church of England. Out of the Established Church he appears to have never wandered in his sympathies or intercourse. He was by no means a great or a strong man; he was not strong enough to set an example

of manly Christian catholicity. He was, however, at once firm enough, charitable enough, and prudent enough, to maintain an attitude of wide sympathy, and still wider tolerance, in his own Church. Hence, we find him numbering among his friends not only Sir James Stephen, but Dr. Pusey; and not only Bickersteth, but the Bishop of Oxford, from whom, as well as from Sir James Stephen and Dr. Pusey, he received a beautiful letter on the occasion of his wife's death. He was a friend of Archdeacon Hare, and preached his funeral sermon.

One of the charms of the present volume is the favourable aspect under which it exhibits the Christian character of men of opposite schools of opinion, and belonging to parties which sometimes seem ready to anathematise each other.

Take him for all in all, Mr. Elliott was one of the best and most beautiful exemplars in his own section of the Established Church. We wish we could hope that there were a large number left equal to him. His biographer, however, in this volume, as in his *Life of the Bishop of Calcutta*, is a mere Churchman. There might be no Christianity in England outside the Establishment. He never drops a hint as to the Methodist connections of Mr. Elliott. Even the necessary introduction of his grandfather's name at the beginning of the memoir does not lead him to make any reference whatever to the decided and notorious Methodism of the elder Venn, although to Methodism, in fact, he owed all his light and religious life. Mr. Bateman is a devoted and excellent clergyman; but this politic reticence is not noble, is hardly fair.

The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley, Reprinted from the Originals, with the Last Corrections of the Authors, together with the Poems of Charles Wesley, not before Published. Collected and Arranged by George Osborn, D.D. Vol. I. London: Wesleyan Methodist Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road; and Sold at 66, Paternoster Row.

THE Wesley poetry has stood the test of time, and is now more in demand than it was one hundred years ago. The late eminent James Montgomery, of Sheffield, and many other well-known hymnologists, give the palm of sacred composition in verse to the Rev. Charles Wesley. Dr. Watts said he would rather have been the author of the hymn on "Wrestling Jacob" than of all his own writings in verse. "The poetical publications of John and Charles Wesley originally appeared at various intervals during a space of fifty-two or three years. The total number of them, as far as at present ascertained, is fifty-seven." And yet there remains a large number of poems left by Charles Wesley in manuscript, "carefully revised for publication, but which for some reason or reasons, unknown, were not published by him."

Of the whole of these poems a uniform edition, in twelve volumes, is now in course of publication. The first volume, which has just made its appearance, contains a reprint of two volumes published by the Wesleys in London in 1739 and 1740. The volume is enriched by original notes, brief but illustrative; it is adorned with a beautiful portrait of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and contains *fac-similes* of the old title-pages; which, together with the table of contents, the index, the headings to each poem and to every page, and the original prefaces and notes, give a completeness to the book we do not expect to see surpassed.

The Wesley poetry deserves a competent and loving editor, and we may congratulate the Methodists, and the Church at large, that Dr. Osborn has undertaken the office. His introductory "Advertisement," and his occasional notes, exhibit an appreciation of poetical merit and beauty, a reverential regard, almost filial, for the distinguished authors, the tenderness of a nurse towards her infant, in the handling of these precious remains, combined with critical acumen and stern fidelity in the execution of his task. These qualifications may be rare, but they are indispensable, and being possessed by Dr. Osborn, entitle him to the utmost confidence in accepting from him the accomplishment of his self-imposed task.

The poetry of John and Charles Wesley is always earnest, always devout. It exhibits and expresses the language and the feelings of the human heart at every stage of its spiritual life, from its first apprehension of God, to its final joy on earth in the hope of eternal happiness. Its object and effect are to instruct and elevate and edify. The Wesley poetry is not the Bible of the Methodists, but it has, with good reason, been called their Liturgy.

The father of the Wesleys, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., of Epworth, published many volumes of poetry, of different degrees of merit. His "Hymn of Eupolis to the Creator" very fitly commences the volume, beginning—

"Author of Being, Source of Light, With unfading beauties bright,
Fulness, Goodness, rolling round, Thy own fair orb without a bound;
Whether Thee Thy suppliants call Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Eli, or *Jao*; Thee we hail, Essence that can never fail,
Grecian, or *Barbaric*, name, Thy stedfast Being still the same."

Other compositions of the father of the Wesleys, and some of the hymns of his eldest son, Samuel, will appear in subsequent volumes.

The History of the Free Churches of England. By
H. S. Skeats. Miall, Bouverie Street. 1868.

THIS book embodies a happy conception very well worked out. Mr. Skeats traces the rise and progress of Puritanism, follows distinctly out the first history of the different Nonconformist sects, relates how the principle of religious liberty slowly, very slowly indeed, made its

way, from 1688 down to 1828, and how it has asserted its dominion by much more rapid advances during the last forty years. The author is thoroughly good-tempered, is himself really liberal in his spirit. He recognises the necessity, at the era of the Reformation, of reforming the various national churches—that of England, of course, included—upon the only available principle, that, viz., of investing the reigning monarch with the headship of each national church. He never disguises the fact that Puritans, Presbyterians, and, at first, even Independents, were as essentially intolerant in principle as Episcopalians; and he does full justice to the merits of the Baptists in regard to the principle of religious liberty, although he is not himself a Baptist. He traces the development of the true idea of religious liberty, and shows with what difficulties it had to contend. Perhaps, in doing justice to Defoe, he does less than justice to John Howe. Defoe's logic may have been more thoroughgoing and far-reaching than Howe chose to make his own arguments for occasional conformity. Possibly Defoe may have seen farther into the force of principles and the issues of controversy. Howe, in truth, did not bestow his supreme care on such matters. He was a theologian for all time; and he was a profound counsellor, as to Christian ethics and Christian charity, for to-day; it did not fall within his scope to be an ecclesiastical jurist and speculator for the future. Let all honour be done to brave Defoe, who, if acrid, had much excuse for his acridness, and who was not more fierce and pungent in controversy than men who have long been numbered among the saints of old. But let not even a whisper be allowed to abate from the heavenly and majestic grandeur of John Howe, who was as wise as he was saintly, and as practical a counsellor as he was a profound theologian.

It seems very astonishing, in reading Mr. Skeats' volume, how 140 years could elapse in modern, Protestant, free England, with its Dissenters and its Methodists, between the revolution under William and Mary, "of happy memory," and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Yet so it was.

When Mr. Skeats has to deal with the past, and can found his history on documentary evidence of established authority, he is candid and impartial. He shows no bitterness even when writing of Episcopalian bigots and persecutors, such as Laud and Sheldon. But when he has to write of modern controversies, in which his mind has been warped and his bias determined by the newspapers which he has been accustomed to consult, or the people among whom he has moved, he has not escaped from such a cast of prejudice as naturally belonged to his special circumstances. Whoever, in thirty years' time, having adequate sources of information and an honest purpose, shall write the history of the free churches of England, will do more justice to the Methodism of the last thirty or forty years than has been done by Mr. Skeats, who, notwithstanding, has given a very fair view of Methodism in the first period of its course.

The *Mystery of Growth and Other Discourses*. By the Rev. Edward White. London: Elliot Stock. 1868.
 On *Some of the Minor Moralities of Life*. By Edward White. Elliot Stock. 1868.

THESE are the products of a very refined, thoughtful, and independent mind. The larger volume contains "Discourses on the Elements of Faith," of which the first three treat in a devout, philosophical, and suggestive manner of the subjects of "God Working in Nature," "The Reality of Man's Intercourse with His Maker," and "Method in Miracles," and also, "Discourses on the History and Character of the Lord Jesus Christ," which are both eloquent and edifying, comforting and confirming to the faith of the Christian. In the first series, also, are contained a sermon on prophecy, and a letter on the Seven Times of Nebuchadnezzar. This latter is so curious and interesting that we must quote it entire.

"Sir,—Eighteen years ago (in the year 1848), I addressed a letter to the ——— proposing some chronological questions bearing on the then prevalent and much-promulgated doctrine that the Popedom would come to an end in the present year, 1866, or thereabouts. The general revival of this expectation, under the sanction of some respectable names, lends perhaps sufficient interest to the interpretation of the chronological prophecies to permit of the repetition of the conjectural statements offered in my former letter. As a partial excuse for this repetition, I may plead the request of some well-known scholars, who have thought the conjectures worthy of notice at the present time.

"All things considered, one naturally shrinks from the ill repute attached to an appearance 'among the prophets;' but when I say that the object of this communication is not to offer any predictions, but only to direct attention to the fact that, assuming the validity of the general principles of the 'year-day' school of interpreters, those principles are susceptible of another, and, perhaps, better application than that which brings all things to a crisis in 1866, the utility of such conjectures will be admitted; especially by those who reflect that, should the next few years pass, as I apprehend that they will, without bringing us to the 'end,' there will still be no reason for a violent sceptical reaction against historical and chronological prophecy, but much reason for still 'waiting' patiently the promised arrival of a better time.

"The general principles to which I have referred, and which, although open to much objection on the part of learned opponents, I shall assume for the present object to be defensible against all comers, are these: 1. The reality of definite historical prophecy, in contradistinction to the schemes of Dr. Arnold, Professor Godwin, and Mr. Porter; 2. The correctness of the 'year-day theory,' in virtue of which the 'seven times' that 'passed over' Nebuchadnezzar in his bestial transformation are regarded as typical of 'the times of the

Gentiles,' and as designed to represent two periods of three times and a half each, or twice 1,260 years (2,520 years), of which the latter is identical with the 1,260 'days' (so often spoken of in the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse), whose end is synchronous with the downfall of God's enemies on earth.

"I shall not trouble the reader with any detailed account of the more usual application of these two general principles. Let it suffice to say that from the days of Mede and Newton, down to those of Fleming, Faber, Elliott, Birks, Wylie, and Cumming, interpreters have been sorely put to it, to discover a good beginning for the longer period of 2,520 years, as well as for the second moiety of that period, the 1,260 years whose termination is to see the end of the 'apostasy.' They have placed the beginning of the 'seven times' at different points in the history of the old Assyrian Empire, and the beginning of the latter 1,260 years at the era of some obscure edict of the Emperor Phocas, in the year A.D. 606, with the result of bringing their 'calendar' to a conclusion in 1866 or 1867.

"My object is to show that, while retaining the fundamental idea that the 'seven times' of Nebuchadnezzar's bestial degradation are typical of 2,520 years of the Gentile dominions represented in vision under the emblem of four 'wild beasts,' and that their termination will witness the end of the present 'age,' there may be conjectured a better beginning, a better middle, and a better end of this great secular period, than those which are now believed in by the generality of prophetic interpreters.

"The conjecture which I have to propose is this, that if the 'seven times' of Nebuchadnezzar's degradation symbolise the period during which the four great empires, resembling 'wild beasts,' should dominate over the world, and oppress the Church of God, then it is probable that the commencement of those seven times is to be reckoned from the era of the rise of the first of the four empires, the Babylonian. In the measure in which it is probable that that era is the true starting-point of the chronological prophecies (a matter in which each reader must judge for himself according to his general views), in the same measure it is probable that we can determine the bisection, the commencement of the second 1,260 years, and the termination of the whole series.

"I ask, then, is the year of the rise of the Babylonian Empire known with any degree of certainty, and, above all, is it a year in any way noted in the historical or prophetic Scriptures themselves as an era of great and world-wide revolution and change? For it seems to be probable that if the 'year-day' theory be divinely true, the point of departure in the secular prophecies would be noted in the Word of God, as well as on the page of history.

Now, the year of the destruction of Nineveh, and with it of the old Assyrian Empire, conforms to these conditions. It is the year B.C. 626. In that year, beyond any doubt, as may be seen in the most recent works of Mr. Layard and of the Rev. George Rawlinson, the

Assyrian Empire fell by the conflagration of its capital, and the slaughter of its rulers. The agent of these awful judgments of Heaven was Nabopolassar, the father of Nebuchadnezzar, and the first emperor of independent Babylon. From having been a satrap of the Assyrian Empire he became its conqueror, and made Babylon the capital of a new sovereignty.

"This great year 626 B.C., which is known to have been the year of the rise of the Babylonian kingdom, both from historical and monumental evidence, is the same year in which Jeremiah was called to the prophetic office, with a speciality in his vocation as 'prophet of the kingdoms.' It was 'the thirteenth year of Josiah,' as may be seen by consulting any corrected table of the kings of Judah. 'The word of the Lord came to him,' he says in his first chapter, 'in the thirteenth year of the reign of Josiah, son of Amon;' and these are the words of his great commission, 'See, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant' (Jer. i. 10). It would seem, therefore, that Jeremiah was appointed to his office in the very year which saw the great revolution involved in the downfall of the Assyrian Empire, through the rise of the Babylonian power. Those who will read his 25th chapter will see how extended were to be the political results of that revolution.

"The same year, 626 B.C., was the fortieth year before the destruction of the Temple and city of Jerusalem by the Babylonians; thus forming apparently the first year of Ezekiel's forty years' prophetic 'siege' of the holy city.

"The year B.C. 626 is thus marked both in history and Scripture as an era of remarkable importance.

"Now, if we reckon from this year 'seven times' of years (seven times three hundred and sixty years) or 2,520 years, we reach—not 1866, but 1894; and the point of bisection, and consequent commencement of the second 'three times and a half,' or 1,260 years, is A.D. 634-35. This was the era of the conquest of Jerusalem by Omar and the Saracens—a consummation marked by the exclamation of the Christian patriarch of Jerusalem, as Gibbon relates, 'Now the abominational stands in the holy place!'

"I must now note one or two 'curious coincidences,' which will, I hope, experience some toleration at least from those who have discovered so many others pointing to 1866 as the year of destiny.

"1. The carrying captive of Judah, and the commencement of the seventy years' migration to Babylon, was in the year B.C. 606, twenty years later than the era which I conjecture to be the starting point of the 'seven times.' Now, from the year 606 B.C. to 1894 is exactly fifty Jubilees. There are those who will see nothing but that which is accidental in this coincidence; there are others who will be inclined to think that the termination of such a jubilee of jubilees will witness the end of the 'scattering of the power of the holy people,' and their 'return to their inheritance.'

"2. Daniel adds seventy-five 'days' to the end of the 1,260 during which God's enemies triumph, making '1,335 days.' He adds, 'Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thirteen hundred and thirty-five days.' Is it possible that these seventy-five years form a period of reconstruction of political power, both Jewish and Gentile, and of revelation, answerable to the seventy-five years that elapsed from the birth of John the Baptist to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans? Be this as it may, let me direct attention to the circumstance that if we add seventy-five years to 1894, the conjectured end of the seven times, we reach A.D. 1969.

"The coincidence to which I refer is one that relates to this year 1969, and is derived from the study of the vision of the ram and the he-goat in the eighth chapter of Daniel. There has been great controversy respecting the true meaning of the 'little horn' in this chapter. I shall assume that its meaning was germinant, and was not exhausted in the history of Antiochus. The vision commences by representing the destruction of the Persian Empire by the Macedonian power, and it is 'for many days.' Its views extend over a period described as '2,300 mornings or evenings.' I shall again, without discussion, assume the application of the year-day theory to this number. The year in which the 'great horn,' representing the 'first king' of the 'he-goat' empire (Alexander the Great), 'smote the ram,' conquered Darius in the battle of Arbela, and burnt Persepolis, was B.C. 331.

"If you reckon 2,300 years from this year, 331 B.C., you reach A.D. 1969, the same year which is obtained by a wholly different series of calculations, founded on the seven times, and the addition of seventy-five years to their sum, according to the suggestion in the last chapter of Daniel. I may add that Daniel declares that the 'cleansing of the sanctuary' will then occur; and it is synchronous with the time of 'blessedness' mentioned as following the '1,335 days.'

"Let us end these 'assumptions' (at which I know many able and worthy persons will smile serene derision), by saying that 'if' these conjectural interpretations of chronological prophecy are correct, 'Babylon' will not fall in 1866, nor until 1894; and that then will occur also the return of the Jews ('if' they are to return to Palestine), and the beginning of the European 'end,' the centenary and frightful democratic completion of the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution. And up till that period we may expect no great crisis in European affairs, no permanent downfall of the Popedom (which has had many falls, and many resurrections), no victory of either faith or infidelity, but only the 'growth' of all things, good or bad, 'until the harvest,' when the witnesses for truth and right will undergo a temporary defeat from the same victorious 'Beast' who will make 'Babylon' desolate, to be succeeded by a final and enduring triumph of righteousness on earth. I am not at all certain that my 'predictions' are correct, but I submit them to your readers as, perhaps, deserving of a little attention at the present time. If the year passes without unfolding any

remarkable passages in the pages of history, perhaps these suggestions may acquire progressive value in the years that follow."

The other and smaller volume relates to a number of important minor points of principle and conduct, such as Punctuality, Keeping Secrets, Ventilating Houses and Churches, the Power of One for Good or Evil, Reading too Much, Fireside Amenities, &c. We can assure our readers that it is well worth reading and heeding.

The Life and Death of Jason. By William Morris. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

The Earthly Paradise. Vol. I. By William Morris. London: F. S. Ellis. 1868.

"Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again, for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

* * * * *
"The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear.

* * * * *
"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate."

So does Mr. Morris describe his aim, at the beginning of this first volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, and the same may apply equally to the former book, *The Life and Death of Jason*, which belongs essentially to the same scheme of work, and would almost seem to have been sent out alone to test the taste of the public, to see whether they would indeed feel the poet to be "born out of due time." It brought back a favourable answer; and no wonder, for a more gracious fluency, a more luscious sweetness, can scarcely belong to any English verse-writer. In *Jason* is an invocation of Chaucer.

"* * * Pardon, if yet in vain,
Thou art my master, and I fail to bring
Before men's eyes the image of the thing
My heart is filled with."

It would be held rash in almost any man to challenge such a comparison as this, and it *was* rash in Mr. Morris. He characterises Chaucer's verse as "clear, and sweet, and strong," and the involuntary response is—ah, here are clearness and sweetness; but where—where is the strength? It is not for want of mastery of language that these volumes fail; it is not for want of fine subjects for the poet's pen; we must look deeper for the initial cause of their incompleteness.

The myths of the South and of the North, of Valhalla, of Olympus, of the Western Paradise, have alike been laid under contribution, and have given charming variety of dress and colour to the different canvases. But beyond this exterior we do not penetrate. In the stories of monsters, maidens, heroes, gods, we have here no sense of concealed symbolic meaning; no hint at the truths of which these are dim and distorted traditions; no shadowing of the internal spirit, which alone can have given to them the power they still wield, and always have wielded, over the hearts of those that hear them. Mr. Morris is a strange spectacle. He is a man living in this nineteenth century, able to free himself entirely—so far, of course we mean, as these books go—from all Christian influences and ideas, yet who does not enter into the spirit of the ancient myths, and who thus practically gives a result of absolutely religionless work. As a consequence, the characters, as he presents them to our gaze, belong after all rather to the nineteenth century than to the old-world days. In the earlier ages it cannot be wrong to believe that individual life was stronger and more marked; virtue was more apparent; vice blacker—to the eye. Yet here we have a Medea whose crimes are half excusable, as being caused, first, by her devoted love to her husband, and then by agonised grief at his unfaithfulness and ingratitude for all she has done and suffered for him: a Medea who sits down to write a lament over her children who must soon be destroyed, and over her husband's lost love, reminding him of all the delight of their first greeting, the terrible dangers they endured together, and were saved from only by her wisdom and art—

"All would I do that I have done erewhile
To have thy love once more, and feel thy smile,
As freed from snow about the first spring days,
The meadows feel the young sun's fickle rays ;"

a Medea who, after planning her rival's destruction, says—

"O woman, whose young beauty has so cursed
My hapless life, at least I save thee this—
The slow descent to misery from bliss,
With bitter torment growing day by day.
And faint hope lessening till it fades away
Into dull waiting for the coming blow ;"

a Medea, in short, who leaves us full of pity rather than anger, impressed with the tragedy of her griefs rather than her wickedness.

Such an anomaly may serve as a specimen of the way in which all angles are smoothed away in these tales.

One thing strikes us as not merely belonging to the century; but, let us hope, *merely* to the decade. Mr. Morris is not altogether so impervious as might be to the charge of over-description of sensuous beauty and delight. True, it is not obtrusive as in some writers; true, it is perhaps a thing difficult in the utmost degree to avoid in telling such tales; but it is almost possible to trace in this respect, as

well as in what might almost be called his supreme command of the English tongue, some analogy with Mr. Swinburne's poetry. It is not that we would reflect on Mr. Morris's propriety of expression, nor hint that there is any impression left behind of lax morality; but those who hold that nothing should be written that is not fit to be read aloud, would be checked here and there by some phrase of dreamy luxurious pleasure in mere physical beauty.

This is all we have against Mr. Morris; and there is, on the other hand, a deep indebtedness to him for so graceful a realisation of glorious old tales, and, above all, a great pleasure in recognising in him one more true poet, even though we make a separate shelf for him, and cannot range him on any consideration with our great strong masters of to-day.

So smoothly do the charmed waters flow, that it is hard to find some little break whence we may dip for our reader's pleasure; but here and there a line can be taken.

"Therefore I speak, as if with my last breath,
Shameless beneath the shadowing wings of death,
That still may let us twain together meet,
And snatch from bitter love the bitter sweet
That some folk gather while they wait to die."

"Then, wearied, on her bed she cast her down,
And strove to think; but soon the uneasy frown
Faded from off her brow, her lips closed tight,
But now, just parted, and her fingers white,
Slackened their hold upon the coverlit,
And o'er her face faint smiles began to flit,
As o'er the summer pool the faint soft air."

The following description of a storm in the woods on Pelion—

"The woods grew dark, as though they knew no moon;
The thunder growled about the high brown hills,
And the thin, wasted, shining summer rills
Grew joyful with the coming of the rain,
And doubtfully was shifting every vane
On the town spires, with changing gusts of wind;
Till came the storm blast, furious and blind,
'Twixt gorges of the mountains, and drove back
The light sea breeze; then waxed the heavens black,
Until the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud,
With clattering thunder, and the piled-up crowd
Began to turn from steely blue to grey,
And toward the sea the thunder drew away,
Leaving the north-wind blowing steadily
The rain-clouds from Olympus; while the sea
Seemed mingled with the low clouds and the rain."

The *Earthly Paradise* is the story of some Norwegian sailors' adventures in their search for the Golden Land of the far West, where pain and sorrow and death are not known. Their weary wanderings over, they come to the shores of a kindly people, who receive them hospitably, and agree to meet twice each month to feast together and

tell the traditions of their fathers. In this sitting are given "Atalanta's Race," "The Man Born to be King," "The Doom of King Acrisius," "The Proud King," "The Story of Cupid and Psyche," "The Writing on the Image," "The Love of Alcestis," "The Lady of the Land," "The Son of Croesus," "The Watching of the Falcon," "Pygmalion and the Image," and "Ogier, the Dane." Interspersed are songs of the months, two of which are especially charming.

"APRIL.

"O fair midspring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow,
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

"When summer brings the lily and the rose,
She brings us fear; her very death she brings
Hid in her anxious heart, the forge of woes;
And, dull with fear, no more the mavis sings.
But thou! thou diest not, but thy fresh life clings
About the fainting autumn's sweet decay,
When in the earth the hopeful seed they lay.

"Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I
Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant drift,
Still long for that which never draweth nigh,
Striving my pleasure from my pain to sift,
Some weight from off my fluttering mirth to lift?
—— Now, when far bells are ringing, 'Come again,
Come back, past years! why will ye pass in vain?'"

"JUNE.

"O June, O June, that we desired so,
Wilt thou not make us happy on this day?
Across the river thy soft breezes blow
Sweet with the scent of beanfields far away,
Above our heads rustle the aspens grey,
Calm is the sky with harmless clouds beset,
No thought of storm the morning vexes yet.

"See, we have left our hopes and fears behind,
To give our very hearts up unto thee;
What better place than this then could we find
By this sweet stream that knows not of the sea,
That guesses not the city's misery,
This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames?

"Here then, O June, thy kindness will we take;
And if, indeed, but pensive men we seem,
What should we do? Thou wouldst not have us wake
From out the arms of this rare happy dream,
And wish to leave the murmur of the stream,
The rustling boughs, the twitter of the birds,
And all thy thousand peaceful happy words."

A verse or two from "Atalanta's Race," part of the prayer offered by Milanion to Venus, is all our lessening space will allow us to add to our quotation.

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before
Not single-hearted as I deem came here,
Therefore, unthanked, they laid their gifts before
Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear,
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
O set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where nought but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track—
The golden age, the golden age come back!"

Don Roderick. A Spanish Tale. By William Meikle. 1868.
Moffat and Co., 6, D'Olier Street, Dublin.

A somewhat trite and silly story told in bad rhyme, may not be called a poem; so Mr. Meikle has done well to call his production simply "a tale." A Christian of high birth sent from home by intrigue when a babe, and brought up in the family of a Moorish chieftain as a son, falls in love with the Moor's daughter as soon as he discovers that she is not his sister. The damsel's father is obdurate, and the couple are secretly married; ultimately the youthful husband falls in with, and is conquered by, Don Roderick; the latter becomes interested in the affairs of his captive, and contrives that all shall end happily.

The Siege of Derry: A Prize Poem, in Four Cantos. And Occasional Pieces. By Thomas Young, M.A. 1868.
Moffat and Co., 6, D'Olier Street, Dublin.

THE estimate which we have formed of the contents of this little volume (the chief merit of which consists in the fact that there is not very much of it), will be understood when we say that the bulk of it is prize-poem—and prize-poem too in its feeblest form. The most considerable of the "Occasional Pieces" appears to have been written for a competition (the author naïvely tells us that it obtained *second-class* honours at Edinburgh); so that ninety-one pages out of the hundred and twelve here set forth, owe their composition to the kind of inspiration suggested by a premium. Like most productions of the class, it is written with the best possible intentions, and in a mild and well-meaning style; full of twaddle and abounding with the most astonishing versification, it is published "at the request of many friends."

Some of the songs introduced into the body of the *Siege of Derry*, though rather of the nature of foreign matter, are somewhat less

insipid than the surrounding verbiage. The following stanza is the refrain of a song on winter :

"O the grizzly-bearded winter
Breathing forth his lethal breath,
[Surely reigns a cruel tetrarch
Under unrelenting death."

This stanza follows each verse of the song—the repetition probably induced by the combined attractions of the words *lethal* and *tetrarch*. By the way, why *tetrarch*?—would *hecatontarch* or *chiliarch* have served the turn as well as *tetrarch*, had the exigencies of the metre permitted? or is there some mysterious allusion to the four seasons? and do spring and summer also reign as tetrarchs under death, with such unpleasant attributes as lethal breath? We confess our inability to answer these questions. Against poor death, the lord of the tetrarchs, our poet is dreadfully violent; he addresses him in another place thus :

"My curse upon your greedy maw—
My curse upon your clutching paw—
My curse upon your cruel jaw—
For ever and for aye !"

This is certainly strong language, even when addressed to the last enemy.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Young is thoroughly contented with the prize which his poem obtained before publication; we fear that the public will not award him much additional glory.

The Story of Mairwara ; or, Our Rule in India. Longmans. 1868.

THIS book is one "written for a purpose," viz., to protest against the cession to native rule of a state which has been thoroughly civilised under British guidance. Mairwara was once the wildest and most untractable state in Central India; it was, in fact, little better than the lair of hill-robbers and brigands, at once the pest and the terror of the neighbouring districts. General Hall (who is the hero of the book) was appointed "Superintendent" of Mairwara on its submission in 1822; and, in a very short time, altered the whole aspect of affairs. At the end of thirteen years, when General Hall was compelled by his health to resign his post to Colonel Dixon, the Mairs were a pattern nation, according to the glowing account of our anonymous author. Some little credit is given to Colonel Dixon for his subsequent management—but only so far as he developed the designs of his great predecessor. At the time of the great mutiny, Mairwara was a bulwark of the English power; and now (the author complains) an ungrateful government has been allowing some native princes to entertain hopes of acquiring—under what is called "the Mysore policy," but for no just cause—the dominion over a state that

has never been free except under British rule. For an *ex-parte* statement of a vexed question concerning Indian territory (a subject at all times hotly debated), *The Story of Mairwara* appears to us to be particularly clear and interesting even to the general reader.

The Book of the Knight of the Tower of Landry. Now done into English by Alex. Vance. Dublin: Moffat and Co., 6, D'Olier Street.

MONSIEUR LANDRY DE LA TOUE, a gallant French knight, was moved to write a book, to warn his daughters against the vices of the world and the general corruption of society, "in the beginning of April, in the year of our Lord thirteen hundred and seventy-one." The quaintness of the style of this book (for Mr. Vance would fain be thought quaint) may be gathered from two of the headings of chapters, which we give as specimens. The twenty-sixth chapter is "Of those who, on feast days, decline to wear their best clothes;" the twenty-eighth chapter (omitted by Mr. Vance) treats "Of those who lark and titter in church." By far the larger part of the book is fairly represented by these sentences, and will be considered either quaint or silly, according to the taste of the reader. Unfortunately, there are other parts less unobjectionable, which fact the preface excuses thus:—"Without wishing to offer any sort of disrespect to the young women of the rising generation—or yet to their mammas, their nurses, their ladies' maids, their governesses, or their school-mistresses—I may yet be allowed to question if there is one in ten of them (however they came by their information) who is not as informed, in every way, at seventeen, as were the daughters of the Knight of the Tower at the close of their plain-speaking old father's sermon." For our own part, we do not affect books which require such an apology, nor books containing chapters which require to be headed (as the third chapter is headed) "*This chapter the reader may as well read to him or her self.*"

Homeric Studies. By Edmund Lenthal Swifte. Printed by James Madden and Son, Leadenhall Street. For Private Distribution. 1868.

THESE "studies" are specimens of translation from the Iliad; here is the first book complete, with a number of passages besides. The translation is in unrhymed Iambic lines of fourteen syllables, and is done line for line. "In no sentence, or clause of a sentence," has the translator "overstepped Homer's linear limit." "I have also," he says, "sedulously observed his repetitions, his composite terms, his stock epithets, and—other than where more skilled Hellenists than myself have foregone their rendering—his enclitics." He has not followed the modern rule of adopting into English the Greek names of Homer's gods and goddesses. "Jupiter and Juno," he says, "Mars

and Venus, Neptune and Vulcan, have become English names; but Zeus and Heré, Ares and Aphrodité, Poseidon and Hephaistos, will not readily be other to English ears than Heathen Greek."

"Homer's linearity," thus the preface begins, "like Samson's hair, is the element"—we should have said, is one of the essential elements—"of his power." There is, we apprehend, a great deal in this. At all events we feel, in reading these specimens of translation, what we have never completely felt before—that we have a real transfusion of the spirit and manner of the phrase and the pace of Homer; and that an unclassical English reader would, from reading such a translation, have a true rendering to himself of what Homer was as poet and storyteller. We give entire the famous description of the shield of Achilles, as admirably translated, line by line, clause for clause, and epithet for epithet—

"THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

"So answering he left her there, and to his bellows went,
And turned them to the fire, and set them onward on their work;
In twenty several furnaces the bellows all were plied,
But pouring with impetuous blast their streams of heated air;
One while on this side issuing, another while on that,
As Vulcan's master-hand the work directed at his will.
The purdurable brass and tin he cast into the fire,
The silver, and the worshipped gold: upon the anvil-stock
He stayed the massive anvil; then, with his right hand he grasped
The sledge-hammer's huge weight, and with his left the furnace tongs.

"First work of all—a Shield he wrought; close-welded, broad, and strong;
Framed curiously in all its parts; and with a triple rim
Bright-shining hooped it round; whereon a silver baldrick hung.
Five-fold the plating of that Shield; yet on it many a shape
Of subtlest thought and rarest skill was cunningly designed;
Thereon were graven the broad Earth, the Firmament, the Sea;
The Sun, continual in his course; the Moon in her full orb;
And all the Signs, whose circle forms the Star-Crown of the Heavens:
The Pleiades, the Pluvie, Orion's armed might,
And Arctos, named in common speech—the Wain—which duly turns
Around Orion, and his track obsequiously attends—
The only Star in all the Heavens undipped in Ocean's stream.

Then formed he two fair Cities; homes of Men articulate:—
In one of these were solemnised weddings and wedding feasts;
Brides from their chambers were led forth, with torches freshly lit,
And many a hymeneal song was chorussed on their way.
Around them the young bridesmen danced, while in the joyous band
Were mingled sounds of flute and lyre; and curious matrons stood
In her own door-way each, and gazed, and wondered as they passed.

"There was a gathering multitude, met in the Judgment-hall:
Where words between two men, about the death-fine of a man,
Who had been slain, ran high: the one, protesting to the throng
That all was paid; the other one, that nought had been received;
Till each went off to seek a judge who should decide the cause;
The while with this one and with that the standers-by took part.
But soon the heralds stayed their talk; for now the Elders came,
And in the sacred circle took their chairs of polished stone:
Each in his hand the sceptre of a clear-voiced herald bore;
Leaning whereon he in his turn stood up, and judgment gave;

While on the floor in open court two golden talents lay,
For him whose proof should be pronounced the surer of the twain.

"Before the other city two beleaguering camps were pight,*
Shining in arms; wherein the chiefs divided council held;
Whether to raze it to the ground, or for its ransom take
One half the riches stored within its goodly treasure-house.
In no wise would the townsmen yield, but planned an ambuscade;
Setting their wives, their daughters, and their helpless babes among
Their men forespent with age, behind the safeguard of the walls.
On then they moved; and at their head Mars and Minerva went;
Golden of presence each, and each in golden vesture clad:
Graceful and grand were they in arms, as best did gods beseeem,
And wonderingly eyed by all the lesser following folk.
Soon as the men were halted, and the ambuscade was set,
Fast by the river where the beasts to water would be driven
They crouched them down, and covered close their armour's brazen sheen;
This done—a file of lookers-out was posted far aloof,
There waiting till they should descry the sheep and straggling kine.
Nor long they waited; for anon two herdsmen came in view,
Preluding on their pipes, and nought expecting a surprise.
Then the far-sighted watchers rushed upon them, and cut off
On every side the droves of kine, and the unblemished flocks
Of white-woolled sheep, and out of hand the attendant herdsmen slew.
But, when the multiplied uproar among the beasts was heard
In either camp, the soldiers from their tables hurrying leaped
On their fast-trotting steeds, gave chase, and presently came up:
Then, drawing rein, they fought the fight along the river's side,
And foe with foe exchanged the thrust of brazen-pointed spears.
Then was there strife, and thronged turmoil, and ruthless fate was there:—
One freshly-wounded man she held, and one unwounded yet;
While trailing through the battle's din a dead man by the heels:
The mantle o'er her shoulder cast was red with blood of men,
Who met in arms once more on earth like living folk, and fought
And haled away together both the dying and the dead.

"There, too, a fallow land he wrought, fresh fields and pastures new;—
Broad-lying—thrice it had been ploughed; and many ploughmen drove
Their yoke of oxen round and round the circuit of that field;
While, as at every turn they reached its boundary, stood there
Ready at hand a serving-man, to fill for each a cup
Of honey-sweetened wine; then straight along the furrow's track
Through the stiff clods they pressed to reach the boundary again:—
Dark was its outward show; but when upturned by the share,
Changed into very gold: so great the marvel of that work!—

"Then formed he a rich harvest field:—one hand the reapers drew
Around the standing corn, and with sharp sickles cut it down;
While, as the crowded sheaves between the ridges fell to earth,
The careful binders swathed the rest along the furrows' side.
Three of the binders overlooked the work; and, close behind,
Boys gathered up the fallen ears; bearing them in their arms,
And diligently tending; as the silent master leaned
Upon his staff beside the ridge, well satisfied in heart.
Beneath a distant oak the board by serving-men was spread:
A huge ox had been dressed; and for the reapers' supper store
Of barley cakes besprent with meal was by the women baked.

"There, too, he wrought a Vineyard, by its clusters bended down,
Fair-seeming, golden-hued, with grapes of purple flush o'er-hung;

* *Pight for pitched.* But we complain of this as an affected archaism.

And right across the ground were set the silver-shining props :
 Around it lay a deep dark trench ; and near, a fence was drawn
 Of brightest tin ; the only way, whereby the vintagers
 Had passage to their daily work of gathering-in the grapes.
 The maidens and the bachelors, joyous alike of heart,
 In wicker baskets helped to bring the bunches honey-sweet ;
 While in the midst of them a lad from his melodious lute
 Drew sweetest music, as he sang in gentlest undertones
 The song of Linus ; and the troop joined hands and went along,
 With chant and chorus marking time, and dancing on their way.

" There, too, he formed upon the shield a drove of straight-horned kine ;—
 And skilfully were all the kine fashioned in gold and tin ;
 As they were driven from their stalls unto the pasture-ground,
 Along the babbling river's side and by the quivering reeds ;
 While the golden imaged herdsmen held their watch upon the kine.—
 Four was their number ; nine sharp dogs were following at heel ;
 When two fierce lions sprang among the leaders of the herd.
 On a loud bellowing bull they leaped, and with a mighty roar
 Dragged him away ; the youths and dogs still holding on their track.—
 Then rended they in strips and shreds the hide of the huge bull,
 And gorged his inwards and black blood ; vainly the herdsmen held
 Continual chase, hallooing on the nimble-footed dogs,
 Whom nought could make to try their teeth upon the lions' skin,
 Stopping at whiles to yelp and bark, and slinking then away.

" Then, the great Lame-of-either-foot designed a pasture ground,
 In a well-wooded vale enclosed ; where pens of white-woolled sheep,
 Farmyards, and shepherds' huts, were seen, and closely-covered sheds.
 There, the great Lame-of-either-foot in severals forms devised
 A choral measure, like the Maze by Dædalus in Crete
 For Ariadne wrought, the-maid-with-richly-flowing-hair.
 On this Youths and Damsels wooed-by-wealthy-suitors joined
 The rounded dance, the hand of each resting on other's arm ;
 White robes and veils the maidens wore ; the tunics of the men,
 Well-woven, were perfumed with oil, and lustrous to behold :—
 Fresh garlands bound of these the brow ; and golden-hilted swords
 By silver baldricks at the side of those were brightly hung.
 Together they right deftly on their well-accustomed feet
 A measure strode ;—so at his lathe the Potter sits, and tries
 The regular working of its wheel with his experienced hands.—
 Thus, one with other, they in rows the measure trode again ;
 And gazing numbers stood around the love-inviting dance,
 In full content of heart ; while to his lute a minstrel sang
 Harmonious ; and in their midst, with the music keeping time,
 A troop of tumblers bounded in, and postured through the throng.

" This done—his latest labour on the close and complete Shield—
 Around its utmost rim he poured the mighty Ocean-stream.—"

Who or what Edmund Lenthal Swifte may be, we know not. We trust that what he says towards the end of his preface is but a piece of masquing. "*Ego et Poeta meus*—the partnership must now be closed. 'At fourscore years' (and a year or two beyond their following decade) 'it is too late a week' for attending the Iliad to its *ῥαφον* 'Εκτροπος ἰπποδαμιοι: but in hands fresher than mine from their academics, the unvarying fourteen syllables of the Iambic will present an unrhymed correlation with the average fifteen of the Hexameter ; and this, not rhythmally only, but, *teste meipso*, in the idiom and word-store of our forefathers, and their self-supported nationality of phrase."

If Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swifte be indeed a veritable personage and patriarch of ninety-two years old, his zest, spirit, vigour, and agility as a thinker and writer, are miraculous. If the translator is but masquing, we may fairly hope to see a real transfusion of Homer into English from the hand of one who has produced the "Studies" before us.

Nature's Nobleman. By the Author of "Rachel's Secret."
In Three Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

FULKE BARHAM, the "nobleman" and hero of this finely-told story, is a gentleman who, on coming of age, finds himself obliged to quit his ancestral home of Barham Lings, and to depend on his own exertions for a livelihood. A stone quarry of considerable value having been devised to him, in such a way as to be beyond the reach of his father's creditors, he determines to work it until he shall have paid off his father's enormous debts, and recovered the family inheritance. At the opening of the tale Fulke is introduced to us in his lodging in the Close of Slumborough, an ancient and quiet cathedral city, of which, by the way, the author has given such exact and picturesque descriptions, that the reader who happens to be acquainted with that city cannot fail to recognise it before he has got through the first half-dozen chapters of the book. The main interest of the story centres in this Mr. Barham, who, after long and prodigious efforts, after reverses and disappointments which would have crushed any ordinary man, succeeds, with the lucky assistance of an opportune death, and the recovery of some long-lost parchments, in winning back the family property. Around the principal hero is a very interesting group of characters. There are the aristocracy of the Cathedral Close, especially the ladies of the clergy attached to the cathedral, of whom about as flattering a picture is drawn as Mr. Trollope, in his *Framley Parsonage*, has drawn of the clergy themselves; Mrs. Slydersley, the Mayoress, a slightly-exaggerated specimen of the *nouvelle riche*, whose great ambition is to find, during her husband's mayoralty, an eligible husband among the "upper ten" for her large lymphatic daughter; Mr. Shenstone, a hearty old country squire, living at a neighbouring hall; Marmaduke Miller, an old bedesman of the cathedral precincts; Beatrice Rossitur, a magnificent girl, possessed of a dark dreadful secret; Jocelyne Mayburne, a young girl from the Scotch moors, with whom Mr. Barham is in love; and several others of secondary importance. The author is very hard upon the Church ladies of Slumborough, and portrays fashionable Ritualist ladies and feminine Ritualist curates with a terrible power of sarcasm; discriminating carefully, however, between these and the genuinely pious and self-denying class of Ritualists, of whom two excellent representatives are given in the Dean and Sister Agatha. There is altogether an abundance of varying incident; and, as the plot advances, the strange and chequered love-story between Barham and Jocelyne, the latter

part of which is told with extraordinary power, enchains irresistibly the reader's attention. The whole tendency of the tale is good; and there are passages calculated to awaken thought in minds to which the preacher or the avowedly religious writer might find no access. Such novels as *Nature's Nobleman* must not be included in the censure which may be passed, with only too much justice, upon the majority of the flimsy and scatter-brained works of fiction which deluge our circulating libraries at this season of the year.

H KAINH ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. Novum Testamentum Græce. Recensuit, inque usum Academicum omni modo instruxit, Constant. Tischendorf. Editio Academica ex Triglottis Stereotypa Quinta, Prolegomenis emendatis auctisque. Londini: Williams et Norgate. 1867.

THIS is a beautiful manual, and one which the critical student of the Greek Testament may well regard as a treasure. It contains the results of the latest inquiries of the devoted editor, who has given up the last twenty-seven years of his life to researches bearing on the correct text of the New Testament. The readings of the *Codex Sinaiticus*, and some which have been brought to light by a more careful examination of the celebrated Vatican MS., have been allowed great weight in the settlement of the text. It is well known that the principle of Tischendorf is to attach the greatest importance to the readings of the oldest MSS., especially when they are confirmed by passages in the early Fathers. This we conceive to be the only safe general rule; though its application must be modified by certain principles suggested by internal considerations. In the valuable Prolegomena prefixed to this work, Tischendorf repeats the principles which he had already laid down in the Prolegomena to his edition of 1849. These it may be desirable to give in substance. 1. Those readings are to be suspected which are peculiar to one or other of the ancient authorities, and which, at the same time, evince the influence of a certain school of thought. 2. Those readings are to be set aside which, though sanctioned by very many MSS., have manifestly or very probably arisen from a mistake of the transcribers. 3. In parallel passages, especially of the synoptical Gospels, those readings which differ should, as a general rule, be preferred to those which agree. 4. A reading has the highest probability, which may naturally have given rise to the other readings, or which may even contain in itself the elements of those readings. 5. Those readings are to be retained which are in accordance with the peculiar Greek style of the authors of the New Testament, and in particular with the usages of the individual writer. This branch of sacred criticism has been more elaborately treated by Mr. Scrivener in his Introduction, but the brief statements of Tischendorf are well worthy of attention. The Prolegomena contain also an instructive history of the leading editions of the Greek Testament, and some discriminating remarks on the peculiar character of

those of Lachmann and others. The devotion of the accomplished and indefatigable Tischendorf to this branch of sacred study is beyond all praise.

Apologetic Lectures on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity. Apologetic Lectures on the Saving Truths of Christianity. By E. C. Luthardt. Translated by Sophia Taylor. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Clarks. 1869.

THE former of this pair of useful works in its earlier form has been already warmly recommended in this journal. The present is a much improved edition, incorporating the latest additions and improvements of the author on his fifth edition. The fact that it is so popular in Germany is very encouraging, and a renewed examination of it confirms our opinion that it deserves to be equally popular among ourselves. Its notes take account of many of the difficulties raised by English science, especially by the theories of Darwin and the advocates of the extreme antiquity of the human species. We select one:—

“Perty finds in Darwin’s proposition, that man arose from a single primordial cell by a process of natural generation during about twenty million years, only ‘bold flights and arbitrary assertions.’ The celebrated Louis Agassiz calls Darwin’s transmutation theory, ‘a scientific blunder, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its method, ruinous in its tendency,’ and the famous natural philosopher, Von Baer of Petersburg, writes to Rudolf Wagner: ‘The more I read Darwin, the more do I return to my own (limited) theory of transmutation.’ Rudolf Wagner moreover, designates Darwin’s theory, a ‘magnificent historical romance;’ lately, also, Goppert of Breslau, relying on an acquaintance, as intimate as it is extensive, with the whole department of botanical knowledge, especially with the primeval races of plants, declares and maintains, in opposition to the fantastic assertions of Darwin, that vegetable palæontology teaches in the clearest manner, that ‘new species, without intrinsic generic connection, have in all periods arisen and perished,’ and that the several orders have experienced no kind of change from the most remote periods to the present day. And Liebig evidently has Darwin in his mind when he speaks of the ‘Dilettantism which assumes that it must have been more convenient to the Creator, instead of making these germs or cells capable of most manifold development, to endow but one cell with life, and then to leave to time and chance the unfolding of the idea by means of this one cell.’ And in support of his proposition that ‘strict scientific research knows *nothing* of a series of organic beings,’ he refers to Bischoff, ‘that master in the history of development,’ who, speaking of the time as already come in which it is declared to be ‘insufferable and absurd annoyance for man to esteem himself higher and better than the brutes, and that ignorance alone can seek to uphold the distinctions which justify his pretensions,’ goes on to oppose such notions, by saying: ‘The more intimately we become acquainted with the structure of animals, and

especially of the rarer kinds of apes, the more convinced shall we be that in spite of manifold and great coincidence between them and mankind, there yet exist even corporeal diversities quite as great as any which have, in other instances, induced the setting up of different genera and species. The series of beings so enthusiastically received and defended, is upon nearer acquaintance resolved into separate members and types which, though they do indeed exhibit and develop among themselves a decided advance in organisation, yet by no means fit into one another in immediate succession, but furnish instances of leaps and differences greater than there need exist between man and brute to separate them one from another by an impassable abyss. To add to these a philosopher of high and accurate scientific research, we may cite Fechner, who pronounces against Darwin's conclusions, 'in which the enormous mass of facts adduced do not furnish the slightest proof,' and 'whose numerous inductions make a mountain, in a certain sense, bring forth a mouse.'

The Saving Truths of Christianity we gladly welcome through the same graceful translator's pen. They are thoroughly Lutheran, and therefore not so congenial with our English tastes, especially on the doctrine of the Sacraments. But they are clear, evangelical, and more popular in their style of expression than most of the elaborate German works with the translation of which we are familiar.

Baptist History : from the Foundation of the Christian Church to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. By J. M. Cramp, D.D. Elliot Stock. 1868.

As a polemic work we have nothing to do with this volume. The subject is too important to be settled in a few brief pages—all that is devoted to the discussion here. Moreover, the argument does not begin hopefully, as the following partly detached sentences will show:—"Let us begin with the New Testament. Who can read that blessed book with serious attention without coming to the conclusion that the religion of which it treats is personal and voluntary; and that none are worthy to be called Christians but those who 'worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh'?" When Moses addressed the Israelites, and exhorted them to obedience, he included their children in his exhortation, because the children were in the covenant. . . . Judaism was a national institute: Christianity is an individual blessing. . . . Hence, when the Apostles wrote to Christian churches, their mode of address was altogether different from that adopted by Moses. They did not say, 'You and your children,' or represent the children as in covenant with God, and therefore entitled to certain rights, and bound to the performance of certain duties. . . . If those individuals were parents, they were taught to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' but their children were not *classed with them*, as the children of the Jews were; nor could they be, till they

themselves also repented and believed. It is an obvious inference, that no modern society deserves to be called a Christian church which is not founded on such principles as have been now explained." No refutation of the principles on which this book is written could be more effectual than those very sentences, candidly weighed.

But the history of the community—when we once pass from the early ages, the testimonies of which are dealt with in a very meagre manner, to the time when it *became* a community—is intensely interesting. The work has something of the sketchy character which its original publication in the form of letters contributed to a serial in Nova Scotia stamped upon it; but it is plain and unambitious and true; and Mr. Stock has set it before the English reader in a very attractive form.

Speeches on Questions of Public Policy. By John Bright, M.P. Edited by James E. Thorold Rogers. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan and Co. 1868.

THE number of eloquent Englishmen is not large enough, and oratory is too useful an art in this country, to permit educated men, of what party soever, to be indifferent to these volumes. Their historical importance is considerable, for the speeches here collected cover a period of thirty years, and record a growth in the policy of England more revolutionary than the changes which have marked any former era in the annals of the nation. We have nothing to do, however, with the political use of Mr. Bright's orations. We shall notice, simply, their literary merit as spoken compositions. Separated from the adjuncts of an imposing presence, a voice of great compass and great flexibility, and the enthusiasm of political interest, few speeches might be expected to suffer more from the ordeal of a calm criticism than the addresses of Mr. Bright; yet few suffer less. Their composition is not always accurate, the disposition of their topics is not scholarly, they lack the finish of consummate art; and yet the most exacting reader never regrets these defects. The language is plain and sufficient, the arguments are skilfully arranged for popular conviction, the ornaments are carefully subjected to the master design of the speaker; and in the hottest strife of debate, when the retort, the illustration, and the climax, are evidently extemporary, the audacity of the orator is always justified by the result. One is sometimes puzzled to account for the success of certain speakers. No one who has heard Mr. Bright can fail to detect the spring of *his* eloquence. It is his sympathy for men; and, as certain ranks of our fellow-creatures are more palpably the objects of this feeling than others, his too exclusive attention to these classes has narrowed the range of his statesmanship, and given an intense party-colour to his public life. This sympathy impresses its sincerity upon all Mr. Bright's hearers, friends and foes; and makes him, on popular questions, the most weighty speaker in the House, and on all subjects on which he may

choose to declaim to them, the most potent mover of the masses. The very graces of his diction, the tender and beautiful words that curiously find their way into passages of the sternest declamation, may be traced to sympathy. In the absence of this quality, reasoning is light without heat, and embellishments are flowers wrought in tapestry, and not grown in the field.

Next to his sympathy, a robust understanding may account for Mr. Bright's success. Its action is not trammelled by metaphysical subtleties or dialectic tastes; nor is it overridden and obscured by an unmastered imagination. As an instrument for directly possessing an audience of what he means, the style of Mr. Bright's speeches will compare favourably with that of any orator, ancient or modern. In statement, there is perspicuity and despatch; in reasoning, there is simplicity, and a judicious economy in the selection of argument; and in the language there are no hard collisions to grate upon the ear, and no tricks of affectation to vex the taste. Denham's description of a noble river will scarcely exaggerate the oratory of Mr. Bright in his highest mood:—

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage: without o'erflowing, full."

"The materials for selection," says Mr. Rogers, "are so abundant, that I have been constrained to omit many a speech which is worthy of careful perusal. I have naturally given prominence to those subjects with which Mr. Bright has been especially identified: as, for example, India, America, Ireland, and Parliamentary Reform. But nearly every topic of great public interest on which Mr. Bright has spoken is represented in these volumes." The speeches have been revised by Mr. Bright himself; the editor is responsible for their selection, and for the index. A remarkable speech on India opens the first volume. It was delivered in 1853, four years before the Mutiny. Mr. Bright's claim to the distinction of a statesman may be fairly examined by the views he then adventured, as compared with the changes which have since renewed our Eastern empire. When the following words resounded through Parliament and the country, very few even intelligent Englishmen knew more of India than of the moon; fewer still knew enough to hazard an opinion on any Indian question whatever:—

"Let us abandon the policy of aggression,* and confine ourselves to a territory ten times the size of France, with a population four times as numerous as that of the United Kingdom. Surely that is enough to satisfy the most gluttonous appetite for glory and supremacy. Educate the people of India, govern them wisely, and gradually the distinctions of caste will disappear: and they will look upon us rather as benefactors than as conquerors. And if we desire to see Christianity, in some form, professed in that country, we shall sooner attain our object by setting the example of a high-toned Christian morality than by any other means we may employ."

* Oude, the cause of our troubles, was annexed three years after this warning.

The careful student will observe that Mr. Bright's latest speeches are the best, and that those delivered in the House of Commons are better than his addresses at complimentary banquets, or his harangues in public halls and theatres. It is true that some of his finest strains have been heard in Birmingham and Manchester; but while the absence of parliamentary restraints, and the responsive sympathy of admiring crowds, may draw out a more various and passionate eloquence, the absence of *opposition* leaves in abeyance the greatest powers of this extraordinary speaker. He is never seen to such advantage as when engaged in hard conflict with "foemen worthy of his steel." The debates of 1866 on Lord Russell's Reform Bill will ever be remembered as marking a brilliant epoch in the annals of parliamentary oratory. Mr. Bright's contributions to these famous discussions, as examples of party-fighting, were probably never surpassed even by Mr. Fox himself. The member for Birmingham had been attacked, in the House and out of it, by men of nearly every party, including his own; and in the celebrated "Adullam" speech, he retorted upon his chief opponents with a wit so ready and felicitous, with strokes of sarcasm so new and sudden in conception, and yet so truly aimed, and the whole effort was sustained by an energy so triumphant, that the victims of his indignation were proud to be beaten in such a style; friends and enemies alike joined in the clamour of applause that rang through the country the next day. With the soundness of his arguments or the general wisdom of his policy, we have nothing to do. The oratorical excellence of these speeches is an educating power; the analysis of their merit will be the duty of instructors and the privilege of pupils in an art which has been but sparsely cultivated in England, and of which our language preserves fewer models than of any other department of literature. The late Lord Brougham used to maintain that no man could win the highest success as an orator who was not familiar with the Greek language. The study of the classical tongues has largely contributed both to the wealth and harmony of our own: and it will be an evil time for English learning when the masters of antiquity cease to be studied by English speakers and writers. But it is a proud testimony to the treasures of a language when orators and poets of the first rank can build up their style without going from home for materials. It is generally known that Mr. Bright is no classical scholar, but he has been a careful student of his mother tongue; and, judging from such indications of preference as are furnished by quotations and slighter reminiscences of readings scattered over these volumes, he has been a fond listener to the music of the poets. He has somewhere acknowledged his obligations to Milton. Perhaps sympathy with his political doctrines first drew Mr. Bright to the author of the *Areopagitica*; and in the prose and verse of the great Puritan he has evidently worked as in an auriferous soil, and become rich in a style of English unsurpassed by the most classical speakers of his time. We commend new aspirants for oratorical fame to follow Mr. Bright's example, and dig in the mine of Milton's prose.

The Witness of the Old Testament to Christ. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1868. By the Rev. Stanley Leathes, M.A., Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London. London: Rivingtons. 1868.

SCPTICISM, in modern times, is wiser than its forefathers. Outside of heathendom St. Paul's work was done, when, with the inspired, Christ-propheying, Old Testament Scriptures in his hand, he had proved that Messiah was to be a sufferer, and that the suffering Jesus, and no other, was Messiah. Contemporary Christian apology has a different task to perform. It is humiliating enough that it should be so; but so it is. The point in question now is, whether those same Old Testament Scriptures are inspired, and whether they have anything to say about a Christ at all. The days are gone when men were content to lop off the branches of revelation, and strip away its bark. Now the "feller is come up against" it, and the axe is laid to the root of the tree. In the volume before us, Mr. Leathes makes a useful contribution to the literature which wrestles with this giant of destructive criticism. Without attempting to argue at length either the inspiration of the Old Testament, or the fact that Messianic prediction is woven up into every part of its fabric, he raises, as he says, "a definite issue between Belief and Unbelief," by showing, in certain select instances, that what Christians have commonly held to be prophecies of Christ in the Hebrew Scriptures, are really, as matter-of-fact, prophecies of them; that to deny this, is to fly in the face of history and of all reason; and that, so far as the writer's argument extends, the ground is utterly cut away from under the feet of the sceptic. The representative cases employed by the author for the purposes of his polemic are those of the promise of the seed given to Abraham, the promise of the son made to David, and the marvellous description of Jehovah's servant contained in the fifty-second and following chapters of Isaiah. Mr. Leathes argues, and for the most part satisfactorily, first, that the passages containing these reputed predictions are no forgeries of any kind, but *bonâ fide* historic records, dating every one of them many centuries before the Christian era; and, secondly, that the nature and relations of each severally are such as to admit of no rational explanation, except on the hypothesis that they are Divine announcements beforehand of the incarnation, offices, and work of the eternal Son of God. The theories which set aside or eliminate the distinctly Messianic application of his passages, Mr. Leathes shows to be arbitrary and untenable. On the other hand, the demands of historical and literary justice, he contends, can only be satisfied by finding in them—what the Christian Church has always found—supernatural revelations, given by God under special circumstances, in furtherance of His primeval purpose to redeem the world by Jesus Christ. Some parts of this general argument, particularly those relating to the hypothesis which identifies the son of David with Solomon, and to the critical phantoms which have played

their antics about the sublime prediction of Isaiah, are marked by a width of view, a careful marshalling of facts, and a cogency of logical deduction, which claim our best thanks. Now and then, however, there has appeared to us to be a lack of some of these qualities in the management of the discussion. And we cannot but think that Mr. Leathes has weakened the impression which his lectures, as a whole, are fitted to produce, by attempting to define too precisely the kind of knowledge which the Old Testament prophets had of the subject of their prophecies. With some of his views of what the prophetic "consciousness" implied, we entirely agree; but he pushes his doctrine on this subject to lengths which lay him open to the charge of riding a theological hobby. It is loss, and not gain, to the argument to insist that the prophets apprehended Messiah as a "person whose existence lay deep in the bosom of God;" and that "they saw" in Him "not only the Messianic attributes, but also," as Mr. Leathes most unhappily, though not without apology, expresses himself, "the Messianic consciousness of God."

A cautious use of language does not form part of our author's strength. Else surely, he would never say, that the Seventy-seventh Psalm describes "an ideal and imaginary king." And still less, would he have penned the following passage in the preface to his volume. "Suppose that the history of Abraham is not a record of facts; that it is mythical, and not actually true. Yet, even then, this position remains unshaken; namely, that the spiritual truth with which it is fraught is the purest Gospel truth. You cannot destroy the spiritual teaching of our Lord's parables by reminding us that they are parables; that teaching is eternally enshrined in them, and is greater or less, according to the wisdom of the disciple. It is not otherwise here. . . . Destroy the historic worth; you cannot destroy the spiritual meaning, which is neither less nor more than the Gospel shows it to be."

"*Destroy the historic worth!*" Why, "the historic worth" is the very thing which Mr. Leathes undertakes to establish. And more than this, it is all that the sceptic cares to dispute. Grant the mythical, or, if you please, the parabolic character of the Old Testament records, and there is an end of the controversy. The earlier Bible is very good; it is full of Gospel truth. And so are the Vedas, and so are the Zendavesta, and the Koran; not quite so good, perhaps, as Moses and the Prophets, but still good, and to the spiritual instinct full of great religious and moral principles which will never die.

The most conspicuous weakness of Mr. Leathes' book, however—and it connects itself closely with his use of language—is the apparent saying and unsaying which characterises so much of it. He holds strongly and reiterates again and again the doctrine, that men's understandings must be spiritually "opened," if they are to "understand the Scriptures;" and, in particular, that the grand purport and scope of Old Testament prophecy can only be apprehended under this Divine illumination. Now, not only do we not dissent from Mr. Leathes in this belief; we most thoroughly agree with him. The moral earnestness and eloquence with which he writes on this subject, com-

mands our highest sympathy and admiration. And we lament with shame and sorrow, that so obvious a first principle of Christianity is so generally ignored or thrust into the background by professed students of the Bible. But our author is not careful to distinguish between the regions of purely scientific and of supernaturally moral evidence. He perpetually seems to say, that while this or that argument is a literary or historical demonstration, it is not a demonstration, and can only become such by force of that superadded conviction which the Spirit of God gives to those who obey Him. We are perfectly sure, that Mr. Leathes does not mean this. But we are equally sure, that to nine out of every ten of his readers he will appear to mean it, and by so much will reduce the effect which his argument as an argument ought to produce upon them.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Mr. Leathes' volume is valuable both for what it contains and for what it suggests. The most important part of it, as we think, is the extended "note" on the authorship of the last twenty-seven chapters of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, contained in the appendix. Here Mr. Leathes is at home, both as a Hebraist and a critic, and does his work nobly. We call the special attention of our readers to the philological argument of this portion of Mr. Leathes' book.

Philosophical Papers. I. Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Logic. II. Reply to Mr. Mill's Third Edition. III. Present State of Moral Philosophy in Britain. Macmillan and Co. 1868.

IN leaving Britain for the United States, Dr. McCosh presents to the public these papers, which, for their compass, are perhaps the ablest and most suggestive contributions to philosophical science that have come from the pen of their distinguished author. No philosophical student can afford to be without them.

The Atonement. By the Rev. Archibald A. Hodge, D.D., Author of "Institutes of Theology." London: Nelson and Sons. 1868.

DR. GOULD, of Edinburgh, introduces this volume to the British public as editor. It is just what those who know Dr. Hodge would expect—able, logical, thorough, but strongly Calvinistic. It affords an excellent digest of modern theories, and, in particular, of modern heresies, English, American, and German, respecting the mysteries of sin and guilt, and God's way of reconciliation by Christ.

We are obliged to postpone notices of *Lord Shaftesbury's Speeches*, the *Life of Rev. George Steward*, Mr. Coley's *Life of Rev. Thomas Collins*, the venerable Thomas Jackson's volume on *The Institutions of Christianity*, and many books besides.

The Holy Land, Past and Present (Virtue and Co.) is an abridgment, for popular use, of an elaborate work by the Rev. Henry S. Osborn, M.A., and besides embodying *Sketches of Travel in Palestine*, contains the results of much study respecting the Holy Land and the Holy Places, their ancient and more modern history, recent discoveries, the truth or falsehood of local and ecclesiastical traditions, &c. It is a careful and interesting book.

Dr. Lee's small volume on *The Increase of Faith* (Blackwood and Co.) has reached a second edition. It is a thoughtful, orthodox book, on experimental religion, and treats, in particular, "of the infancy, growth, and maturity of Christian faith." The writer appears to be a very moderate Calvinist. It is strange, however, that any scholar should have a doubt respecting the soundness of Olshausen's exposition of Eph. iv. 11-13, as referring, in its general scope, to the perfect upgrowth of the whole Church, including all and each of its members, into the unity of the ideal manhood "in Christ Jesus."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published a cheaper edition (12mo.) of De Pressensé's work on *Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work*; and also a volume of beautiful and thoroughly Christian sermons by the same accomplished preacher and apologist, entitled, *The Mystery of Suffering, and other Discourses*. The same publishers have also issued a new and cheaper edition, in the same form, of *Ecce Deus*, the authorship of which is now acknowledged by Dr. Parker, of Manchester. The third volume of the *Pulpit Analyst* keeps fairly up the promise of the two former volumes, as respects ability and suggestiveness. We observe, however, that the old orthodox element is being gently eliminated. Mr. Baldwin Brown's theology pervades the volume.

Messrs. Strahan and Co. furnish English readers with two valuable helps to Bible study, Dean Alford's *How to Study the New Testament in a Second Section on the Epistles*; and a small volume by Dean Howson, on *The Metaphors of St. Paul*.

Messrs. Rivington seem now to be the publishers in ordinary for the High Anglican school. They send us three more volumes of Newman's *Parochial and Plain Sermons* (vi. to viii.), thus completing the issue. Some of the very best of his sermons are in these volumes. For instance, in the last volume are the five sermons on the history of Samuel and Saul, on "the Call of David," and on the "Vanity of Human Glory," and the subtle and characteristic sermon entitled *Sudden Conversions*. In the sixth volume his special theology, as he taught in 1842 or thereabouts, comes out in such sermons as those entitled respectively, *Life the Season of Repentance* (in which sermon are many true and penetrating passages), *Apostolic Abstinence, a Pattern for Christians*, and *The Eucharistic Presence*. The sermon in this volume on *The Weapons of Saints*, Professor Kingsley has made famous by his attack, which called forth in reply the *Apologia*. Newman's vital errors as to the nature of faith and justification pervade all the volumes. Messrs. Rivington have also published a Romanist manual of piety, edited by an undisguisedly Romanist Anglican, the Rev. Orby Shipley, entitled *Preparation for Death*, and translated from the Italian of Bishop Alfonso, of St. Agatha. From the same house is issued a new and cheaper edition of *Liddon's Bampton Lectures*. Our readers know our mind about this volume. Mr. Liddon is a high sacramentalist; but his masterly and eloquent volume must needs be read by every student of theology. The author of the well-known hymn *Abide with Me* was, however, by no means a Romanising clergyman, although his *Miscellaneous Poems* come to us from the same eminent publishers. They are always pious and pleasing, and include some strains of great tenderness.

Sermons for all Classes, by Mr. Morris, of Ipswich; *The Hive, a Storehouse for Teachers*; *The Christian Patriarch*, by George G. S. Thomas, are published by Mr. Stock. The first is a cheap (shilling) volume of plain but stirring sermons; the second has been found, in its monthly issue, very useful for the teachers in Sunday-schools; the third is the record of a fine and venerable Methodist, Mr. Robert Gate, who died at Penrith two years ago at the age of eighty-six,

and who was universally respected throughout the town and neighbourhood in which he had lived so long. All denominations concurred in doing him honour; his funeral sermons were preached in three different places of worship in the town; Churchmen and Nonconformists vied in their acknowledgments of the unsectarian and untiring Christianity of this truly primitive Methodist. Methodists, at any rate, will be glad to add this small volume to their collection of religious biographies.

Of *Educational Books* we have to notice the following. Mr. Washington Moon's "Bad English" (Hatchard and Co.), in which he exposes the mistakes in grammar and composition of Lindley Murray and other grammatical authorities, is well worthy of the careful study of all who aspire to write English elegantly and accurately. Escott's *Juvenalis Satire* (Virtue and Co.) is an elegant edition of the great Roman satirist with Prolegomena and English Notes. Mr. Escott was lately a scholar of Queen's and is now Lecturer in Logic at King's College, London. The Ninth Thousand (enlarged) is published, by Mr. Murby, of the useful *Analysis of English History*, by Mr. William C. Pearce and Mr. Hoper. Mr. Richard Wormell, Master of Arts and Medallist in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at the London University, publishes (also through Mr. Murby) an *Elementary Course of Plain Geometry* in which the way is shown by a much directer route than Euclid's Elements to the mastery of plain geometry, together with the algebraic expressions and deductions which are correlated with, or correspond to, the geometrical constructions and theorems. There can be no doubt that a more compendious introduction to the higher geometry, synthetic and analytic, than is furnished by Euclid, must before long be introduced into the schools and universities of this kingdom, as has long been the case in mathematical France, and also in Germany. Mr. Wormell's little book, accordingly, we commend to the attention of teachers of mathematics.

Mr. De Liefde's *Beggars, or the Founders of the Dutch Republic* (Hodder and Stoughton) will prove a congenial introduction for young people to the grand history which has been written by Mr. Motley. It is a tale, but illustrates a noble and heroic drama of national life—the birth-throes of a people who may not be numerous, but have proved themselves strong and great, and made themselves famous. *The Legends of King Arthur; compiled and arranged by J. T. K.*, is the very book for young people who desire to understand the Laureate's "Idylls," and to learn the best part of the oldest and most famous national legends of Britain. *Tales from Alsace* (Nisbet and Co.) contains "Scenes and Portraits from Life in the Days of the Reformation, as Drawn from Old Chronicles." It has been translated into French by Professor E. Rosseew St. Hilaire, whose highly recommendatory Preface is prefixed to this edition; here it is presented in English, having been translated direct from the original. This is a genuinely good Christmas Book. *Busy Hands and Patient Hearts* and *Stories from Germany* (Hodder and Stoughton) are both translated by the same accomplished hand, that of Annie Harwood, and may both be strongly recommended, as well for their genius and spirit as for their tendency. *Lost in Paris*, by Edwin Hodder (Hodder and Stoughton), is a capital book for young folks.

Queer Discourses on Queer Proverbs, by "Old Merry," is too "witty" for the serious, and too wise and homiletic for those who are seeking amusement. *Old Merry's Annual*, edited by "Old Merry," is a book which may safely be recommended to all young people as at once entertaining and wholesome. A little more gush and hearty humour and a little less moralising, would perhaps effect some improvement. The *Annual*, however, is deservedly a favourite.

END OF VOL. XXXI.

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